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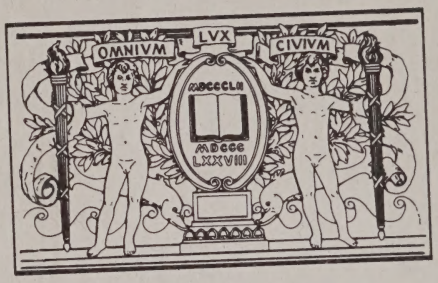

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. XV.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. VI.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. XXXVI.

NEW SERIES, No. XI.

JULY 1822.

ART. I.—1. *Essai sur Jean Jacques Rousseau par Bernardin de St Pierre.* Paris, 1818.
2. *Histoire de la vie et des ouvrages de J. J. Rousseau par V. D. Musset Pathay.* 2 Vols. 8vo. Paris, 1821.

NOTWITHSTANDING the length of time which has elapsed since the death of Rousseau and the strong interest which has always been felt in his person and character, there is yet no good biography of him in any language. His Confessions supply the deficiency for the greater part of his life; but like the charming memoirs of himself by Franklin they break off before its close, and leave of course some of the most interesting scenes wholly undescribed. The fulness of this recital, as far as it goes, is probably however one of the principal reasons why no supplementary work has yet been attempted by a writer of competent ability. The second of the publications, whose titles are prefixed to this article, is a laborious and well meant effort, made by an enthusiastic admirer of Rousseau, to complete his history and to vindicate his character and principles, from all the charges that have been made against them. This second object is so plainly injudicious, that it betrays at once a want of power and philosophy in the mind of the biographer. The intelligent friends of Rousseau are the first to admit that his errors of theory and practice

were numerous and considerable. There is also an entire absence of literary talent in the execution of the work, and it has no other merit than that of bringing together from various quarters all the facts that are known respecting the life of the famous Genevan, and of rendering more accessible several detached accounts, which had previously appeared of particular passages in his history.

The Essay of Bernardin de St Pierre is of a different description, as may be supposed from the name of the writer. It has the attraction of style, which uniformly marks his productions, and the interest which necessarily attends the observations of one deep and powerful thinker upon the character of another. It is however only an unfinished fragment of less than a hundred pages, which the author did not complete, and which has lately appeared with some other unpublished writings in the edition of his works which we noticed in a former number. One or two passages contained in it were inserted by the author in the Studies of Nature. We propose to lay before our readers several extracts from this interesting little sketch, and shall afterwards add a few others from the materials collected by the new biographer.

The acquaintance of Rousseau and Bernardin de St Pierre commenced in the following manner. The latter was returning home in the year 1771 from the Isle of France after his long and unsuccessful chase in pursuit of fortune; and touched in his way at the Cape of Good Hope, where he was detained for some time. In a letter from this place he dwells in strong language upon the pleasure, which he promised himself from his return of enjoying two summers in the same year—the month of January when he wrote being the time of vintage at the Cape and corresponding with that of August in France. The person to whom this letter was sent communicated it to Rousseau, who immediately expressed a desire to become acquainted with the writer. Upon his arrival at Paris, St Pierre was accordingly introduced to the eccentric philosopher. The latter received him with great cordiality, and said that he should always esteem a man, whose mind, on returning from the land of fortune, was occupied with the expectation of enjoying two summers in one year. Such was the beginning of their acquaintance, which grew into a lasting and intimate friendship. These facts are related by the biographer of St Pierre. His own narrative

commences with the following account of his first interview with Rousseau.

'In the month of June 1772, a mutual friend accompanied me to the dwelling of J. J. Rousseau, which was then in the *Rue Platrière* nearly opposite the post office. We ascended three pair of stairs and knocked at the door, which was opened to us by Madame Rousseau. She said to us—"Come in, gentlemen, my husband is at home." We passed through a small antichamber neatly set out with household furniture into a room where Rousseau was seated in a great coat and white cap, copying music. He rose with a smiling air and placed chairs for us, and then sat down again to his work, conversing with us at the same time.

'He was of middling stature and thin. One of his shoulders appeared a little higher than the other, either from a natural defect, from age, or from his habitual attitude. In other respects he was well proportioned. His complexion was dark with a tinge of red on the cheeks—his mouth handsome—his nose well formed—his forehead round and high, and his eyes full of fire. The lines, which fall obliquely from the nostrils towards the extremities of the mouth and give the face its expression, denoted in his acute sensibility and something like distress.

'His sunken eyes and heavy eyebrows indicated melancholy, and the furrows in his forehead profound sadness; while at the same time a number of small wrinkles at the outer corners of the eyes, which closed when he laughed, expressed a lively and even satirical wit. These opposite qualities predominated by turns in the general expression of his countenance, accordingly as his mind was affected by the different subjects that occurred in conversation. When tranquil, it exhibited something of them all; and inspired at the same time feelings of affection, respect, and pity.

'Near him was a spinnet, which he occasionally touched. The furniture of the chamber consisted of two small beds of blue and white cotton and hangings of the same, a chest of drawers, a table, and a few chairs. There hung against the wall a plan of the wood and park of Montmorency, where he had lived, and an engraved portrait of the king of England, formerly his patron. His wife was seated at her needle work; a canary bird was singing in a cage which hung from the ceiling, and several sparrows were picking crumbs of bread at

a window that opened toward the street. At the antichamber window were placed several boxes and pots of indigenous plants. Altogether there was an air of neatness and quiet simplicity in this little establishment, which was singularly pleasing.

'He spoke to me at first of his travels; and the conversation afterwards turned upon the news of the day. He then read to us the manuscript of a letter he had just been writing, in answer to one in which the Marquis de Mirabeau requested him to publish something more upon political subjects. He entreats the Marquis not to insist upon his engaging again in the bustle of literary controversy. We talked of his works, and I told him that those which pleased me most were the *Devin du Village* and the third volume of *Emile*. He appeared to be charmed with my opinion. "They are also those," said he, "which I am best pleased to have written. My enemies may say what they will, but they will never compose a *Devin du Village*." He showed us a collection of several sorts of seeds which he had arranged in little boxes. I said to him, that I had never seen before so large a collection of seeds made by a person, who had so little land to sow them in. This remark made him laugh. When we took our leave, he conducted us to the head of the stairs.

'Some days afterwards he came to return my visit. He was dressed in a complete suit of nankeen with a round wig curled and powdered, his hat under his arm, and a little cane in his hand. His appearance was plain but very neat, as that of Socrates is said to have been. I offered him a piece of marine cocoa with its fruit to increase his collection of seeds, and he accepted it. I shewed him a beautiful species of amaranth from the Cape, the flowers of which resemble strawberries and the leaves strips of gray cloth. He thought it very curious, but I could not offer it to him, as I had already presented it to another friend. As I accompanied him back across the Tuilleries, we perceived a smell of coffee. "There," said he, "is a perfume, of which I am very fond. When the other lodgers in the house where I live burn their coffee, my neighbours shut their doors to keep out the smell, but I open mine." "Then you are fond of coffee," said I. "Yes," said he, "ices and coffee are almost the only luxuries for which I have a taste." I had brought with me from the isle of Bourbon a bale of coffee, and had made up several parcels for presents to my friends. The

next day I sent him one of these with a billet, in which I said, that knowing his love for foreign seeds I requested his acceptance of these. He returned a very polite note, in which he thanked me for my attention. The day after I received another note, written in a different tone, of which the following is a copy.

"Sir, I had company with me yesterday and was unable to examine the parcel which you sent me. We are hardly acquainted yet, and you begin by making presents. Such proceedings place us on too unequal a footing, as my fortune does not allow me to make any in return. You will therefore take back your coffee, or we never meet again.

"Accept my very humble salutations

J. J. Rousseau."

'I wrote him in answer, that as I had obtained the coffee in the country were it grew, the quantity and quality of it were of little importance to me, but that I would leave him to make his own choice in regard to the alternative proposed. The dispute was finally accommodated upon my consenting to accept from him a root of ginseng and a work on ichthyology, which had lately been sent to him from Montpelier, and he invited me to dine with him the next day. I accordingly went to his lodgings at eleven o'clock in the morning. We conversed till half past twelve, when his wife laid the cloth. He took a bottle of wine, and putting it upon the table, asked me whether it would be enough for us, and whether I loved to drink. How many are to dine? said I. "Three," said he, "you, my wife, and I." When I dine alone, I replied, I generally drink half a bottle of wine, and when I am with my friends, a little more. "In that case," said he, "there will not be enough, and I must go down to the cellar for another bottle." His wife served two dishes, one of pastry, and the other under a cover. "There," said he, pointing to the pastry, "is your dish, and here is mine." "I am not particularly fond of pastry," said I, "but I trust you will permit me to taste of your dish." "By all means," said he, "they are both in common; but few people are fond of this. It is a Swiss dish, composed of pork, mutton, chestnuts, and vegetables stewed together." It proved to be excellent. These two dishes were succeeded by slices of beef in salad, biscuits and cheese, and finally coffee. "I do not offer you cordials," said he, "because I have none. I am like the cordelier who preached against adultery; I would rather drink a bottle of wine than a glass of cordial."

'During dinner we talked of the Indies and of the Greeks and Romans. Afterwards he shewed me several manuscripts, among which were a continuation of *Emile*, some letters on botany, a little poem in prose on a scripture subject, and some charming passages translated from Tasso. Do you intend to publish these works? "God forbid," replied he, "I wrote them merely for my amusement and that of my wife." "O yes!" said madame Rousseau, "they are very touching—poor Sophronia! I wept enough when my husband read that passage to me." She told me at length that it was nine o'clock, and I took my leave. The ten hours in succession, which I had passed, seemed but an instant.'

After this account of the commencement of their acquaintance, St Pierre enters into a number of details respecting the preceding events in the history of Rousseau, which are now much more fully known from the Confessions. The following passage describes the manner in which he disposed of his time at this period of his life, and the state of his pecuniary affairs.

'He rose in summer at five o'clock and copied music till half past seven, when he breakfasted. At breakfast he amused himself by arranging in papers the seeds, which he had collected in his walk the day before. After breakfast he copied music again till half past twelve, when he dined. At half past one he went out to a coffee house to take coffee, and we often met for this purpose at a house in the Elysian fields. In the afternoon he took his walk into the country to collect plants, always keeping his hat under his arm in the hottest weather, and in the sun. He thought that the action of the sun upon his head was beneficial. I sometimes represented to him that the covering of the head employed by different nations was uniformly thicker in proportion as their climate approached the equinoctial line, and mentioned in proof of this remark the turbans of the Turks and Persians, the high pointed hats of the Chinese and Siamese, and the mitres of the Arabians—all which nations endeavour to maintain a large volume of air between the surface of the head and the covering they wear upon it, with a view of moderating the action of the sun; while most of the northern nations wear a close cap. These remarks made no impression upon him, and he always replied by appealing to his own experience. I am inclined to think however that his subsequent illnesses were owing in part at least to this practice. He never went out when it rained. "I am just

the reverse," said he, " of the little figure in the Swiss barometer. When he comes in I go out, and when he goes out I come in." He returned from his walk a little before dark, supped and went to bed at half past nine.

'One morning I was at his house, when the servants of his customers came in the usual way to take the music he had copied or to bring him more. He received them uncovered and standing. To some he said, " the price is so much," and took their money ; to others, " how soon must I return you this paper ?"—to which the servants perhaps would answer, " my mistress wishes for it in a fortnight," and he would reply, " Oh that is impossible, I have a great deal of work, and cannot possibly do it in less than three weeks." Sometimes he accepted and sometimes refused the work that was proposed to him, and went through the whole business with perfect seriousness. When we were alone I could not help saying to him, " Why do not you turn your talents to some better account ?" " Oh !" said he in answer, " there are two Rousseaus in the world—one rich, or capable of being so if he would, a singular, capricious, fantastic being—this is the public Rousseau. The other is obliged to work for his living, and that is the one before you." " But," said I, " why not choose some better employment than that of copying music ?" " Every employment," said he, " has its inconveniences, and copying music is an occupation I am fond of. I do it for pleasure as well as for profit; and I should continue to do it, if I had a hundred thousand livres a year. Nor is it below the situation in which I am placed by fortune. I am the son of a workman and a workman myself. I do what I have done since I was fourteen years old." " But your works," said I, " ought to have put you at your ease : they have made the fortune of a great many booksellers." " Twenty thousand francs," said he, " is more than I have received from them. This however would have been a little fortune to me, if I had obtained it at once and invested it; but receiving it in small sums at different times, I spent it as it came. A Dutch bookseller has settled upon me out of gratitude, an annuity of six hundred francs, half of which is to be continued to my wife after my death. This is all my fortune. My little establishment costs me twenty-five hundred, and I am obliged to make up the difference by my labor." " But why," said I, " did you not sell your manuscripts dearer ?" In answer to this he observed that he had obtained as much as he could for them,

and mentioned in particular their several prices, which I do not now remember. That of *Emile* was seven thousand francs. "But," said I, "you might now write more." "Would to God," said he, "that I had never written any thing. My books have been the cause of all my misfortunes, as Fontenelle predicted to me that they would be. When he read my first publications he said to me—'I see what your success will be, but remember what I now tell you. I have turned my literary talents to as good an account as most persons. They have procured me wealth, rank, and reputation, but with all this I have never received so much pleasure as pain from any one of my productions. When you take your pen in hand, you must bid farewell to repose and happiness.' And I find he was right. I was never quiet again till I laid it aside. It is now ten years since I have written any thing." Racine is reported to have said the same thing. Here then are three literary men of the highest reputation and all unhappy. The profession of authorship must be a very miserable one in France.'

The conviction here expressed by St Pierre of the wretchedness of the literary profession in France did not prevent him from devoting himself to it for the rest of his life, and from finding much more tranquillity and happiness in the pursuit, than he had derived from the more active enterprises of his earlier years. In reality the misery inflicted upon two or three distinguished authors, by their own morbid sensibility, is no argument against the profession of letters. This unfortunate disposition of mind is more the result of temperament than of particular intellectual qualities or professional pursuits. It may be observed in persons of every employment, and we are not inclined to think that the proportion of those who suffer from it is unusually great among literary men of eminence. If Pascal, Racine, and Rousseau in France—if Swift, Cowper, and Johnson in England were the victims of nervous disease, we may find among their contemporaries in both countries examples not less illustrious of an opposite kind. Fontenelle himself, one of the luckless wights mentioned by St Pierre, sustained the weight of its sorrows for a century, and was acknowledged to the last to be the gayest and most gallant man in Paris. In general it has been observed that men of letters are uncommonly vivacious—no bad proof that their condition is at least tolerable. Montesquieu says of himself, that every morning when he opened his eyes,

he enjoyed a secret satisfaction at beholding the light of another day; and that he had never in the course of his life felt a chagrin which was not removed by an hour or two of reading. The cheerfulness and gaiety of Voltaire are sufficiently known, and are the more remarkable as his health was generally bad. In England, if report say true, we need not go beyond the wits of the present age to find examples of the happiest and most amiable social qualities united with the highest poetical and literary talent: although it must be allowed on the other hand that the sentimental sorrows of lord Byron and the Lake poets are entitled to their full share of compassion. Dr Johnson was morose; but his great contemporaries, Burke, Hume, and Adam Smith, were uncommonly amiable; and our own Franklin, not inferior to any of them in genius, was still more remarkable for the cheerful sweetness of his temper. If Pope was occasionally splenetic, his disposition seems to have been radically good, and his life on the whole as happy a one as could well have been passed by a man of so many infirmities. He tells us himself that Rowe would laugh all day, and dwells with enthusiasm on the social qualities of Bolingbroke. Shakspeare and his contemporary poets we know were happy to a fault; and the wits of Charles will not be accused of having been uncommonly miserable. In short, we apprehend that a general survey of the private history of men of literary eminence would shew that instead of being as wretched as they are here and elsewhere represented, they enjoy life as much as any other class of persons.

For, to touch the matter a little more deeply and not to rest wholly in examples, it would be rather singular if the case were otherwise. If literary talent supposes an acuteness of sensibility which makes its possessor more vulnerable to the common accidents of life, it implies in like manner the 'divine philosophy,' which cures the wounds they inflict, and is itself, as the poet says, 'a perpetual feast of nectared sweets.' Success in letters, if not so intoxicating and brilliant at the moment as some others, is a pure and lasting source of enjoyment. It is true that like all other success it makes enemies; but their malicious attacks are only testimonials of merit in a particular form, and will be so considered by an author who makes a just estimate of his own worth. The radiant queen of the ball room regards the sneers and sidelong looks of rival belles as not less essential to her triumph, than the homage of the admiring beaux. The mistake seems to arise from confounding the

condition of the successful and unsuccessful candidates for literary distinction. The profession of letters is rather a dangerous one to embark in, at least as a means of support; because while the highest talents are requisite for success, mediocrity is less valued and worse paid than in most other pursuits. The unsuccessful candidates in this as in all other professions are necessarily dissatisfied and unhappy; nor is it unnatural that they should attribute their misfortunes to the injustice of the world, rather than their own defect of talent. These persons complain of course very loudly of slighted merit and public caprice. But to say that the few who have reached the envied heights of literary eminence, and are basking in the full sunshine of general favor, are also of necessity miserable, is, we apprehend, a rash and hazardous assertion, neither consistent with abstract probability, nor supported by actual experience. We might as well predicate unhappiness of a young beauty at the opening of her first winter in town—of a king on his coronation day—or of a pair of lovers at the close of a novel.

But however this may be in general, there have been doubtless individual cases, in which the highest and most extensive reputation has failed to secure the happiness of its possessor, and that of Rousseau was among the number. The nervous disease under which he labored embittered all his triumphs in the field of letters, rendered him through the whole of his life one of the most miserable of human beings, and quite deprived him at times of the use of his reason. His irritability displayed itself occasionally in forms bordering very nearly on the comic, as in the following instance related by St Pierre.

'One day I was going to call upon Rousseau to return a botanical work which I had borrowed of him, and met his wife coming down the stair case of his lodgings. She gave me the key of his apartment, saying that her husband was at home, and I opened the door. He received me in perfect silence and with a severe and solemn air. I spoke to him, but he replied only in monosyllables, still copying his music, and often erasing and blotting what he had written. To relieve the embarrassment of the situation, I opened a book which was lying on the table. "The gentleman is fond of reading," said he with a troubled voice. Upon this I rose to go, and he, rising at the same time, conducted me to the head of the stairs. I begged of him not to take this trouble, and he observed in answer, that this was the proper way to treat strangers. I made no reply.

but retired in great emotion, and with a settled determination never to visit him again.

'I had not seen him for two months and a half, when we met one afternoon at the corner of a street. He came up to me and inquired why I had ceased to visit him. "You know the reason," said I. "There are some days," said he, "in which I wish to be alone. I return from my solitary walk so quiet and happy—I have there offended nobody—nobody has offended me. I should regret," said he, with an air of tenderness, "to see you too often; but I should be still more grieved not to see you at all. I am afraid of intimate friendships, but nevertheless I have a project, when the proper time comes."—"Why," said I, "do you not hang out a signal at your window, when you wish to receive my visit? or if you choose to be alone, why not tell me so when I come?" "Do you not perceive," said he, "that my ill humour gets the better of me? I struggle with it awhile, but it finally prevails, and breaks out in spite of me. I have my faults, but if we value a person's friendship, we must take him as we find him." He then invited me to dine with him, the next day.'

The following anecdotes, related by Corancez, indicate very clearly an occasional aberration of intellect.

'I had perceived for some time, says this narrator, a striking change in the habits of Rousseau, and I often found him in a state of convulsion, which altered his physiognomy entirely, and gave it an expression really frightful. His looks were vacant and wild: he would turn half round on his seat, and passing his arm over the frame of his chair, move it rapidly, backward and forward, in the manner of a pendulum. Whenever at my entrance, I saw him take this posture, I expected the most extravagant conduct, and I was never deceived. On one of these distressing occasions he said to me, "do you know why I feel so remarkable a partiality for Tasso?" "No," said I, "but I think I can guess. Tasso, united with the utmost richness of imagination, and the highest poetical talent, the advantage of being posterior to Virgil and Homer, and was able of course to profit by their beauties, and their faults." "Yes," said he, "there is something in that: but I value him because he predicted my misfortunes." I made a motion, as if intending to speak, but he checked me. "I understand you," said he, "you mean to say that Tasso lived a long time ago, and could have no knowledge of the events of my life. Of this I

know nothing, and perhaps he knew as little; the fact is, he predicted them. Observe that there is this remarkable property in the poem of Tasso, that if you take a single stanza from the work, a single verse from any one of the stanzas, or a single word from any one verse, the whole poem falls to pieces; so precise was he in his language, and so careful not to insert any thing superfluous. Now with the 77th stanza, of the 12th canto, to which I allude, the case is different. Take it away, and the poem remains as perfect as before. It has no connexion with any thing that precedes, or that follows; it is wholly superfluous. The probability is, that Tasso composed it involuntarily and without understanding it himself: but the application to me is clear enough." He then repeated this miraculous stanza, which is the following.

Vivrò fra i miei tormenti, e le mie cure,
Mie giuste furie, forsennato errante.
Paventerò l'ombre solinghe, e scure,
Che'l primo error mi recheranno innante:
E del sol, che scoprì le mie sventure,
A schivo, ed in orrore avrò il sembiante.
Temerò me medesmo; e da me stesso
Sempre fuggendo, avrò me sempre appresso.

Still, still 'tis mine with grief and shame to rove,
A dire example of disastrous love!
While keen remorse for ever breaks my rest,
And raging furies haunt my conscious breast,
The lonely shades with terror must I view,
The shades shall every dreadful thought renew:
The rising sun shall equal horrors yield,
The sun that first the dire event revealed!
Still must I view myself with hateful eye,
And seek, tho' vainly, from myself to fly!—

'I had presented to him the musician Gluck, after first obtaining his permission; and this distinguished artist, whose genius he valued and admired, was for some time received by him with great distinction. One day, however, without any previous misunderstanding, he said to Gluck, that he was sorry to give a gentleman of his age the trouble of going up three pair of stairs so often, and begged him in future to abstain from it. Poor Gluck was quite distressed about this for several days. As I had presented him to Rousseau, I thought

myself at liberty to inquire the reason why he had treated him so rudely. "Pray," said he, "do you think that Gluck, who has habitually composed music, for poems in the Italian language, so favorable for this purpose, now employs the French, although so very difficult, merely to shew his powers? Do you not perceive that it is because I have asserted that it was impossible to compose good music upon French poetry, and that he wishes to convict me of an error? This is the reason why I have broken with him."

'At another time, I called upon him, after assisting the evening before, at a representation of the *Devin du Village*, and thinking to flatter him, I gave him an account of the applause and enthusiasm, with which it had been received. I was surprised to see him redden with anger. "What," said he, "will they never be weary of persecuting me?" I was quite unable to understand how applause could be construed into persecution. "Oh yes," said he, "it is quite natural that you, with your simplicity, should consider applause as applause: you do not know the adroitness and malignity of my enemies. They first spoke ill of the piece; but finding that the public persisted in applauding it, they have changed their mode of attack, and now assert that I stole it: and to make the crime as great as possible, they are constantly exalting the value of the work."

He sometimes admitted himself that the occasional singularity of his conduct was the effect of madness.

'One day at table,' says the writer last quoted, whose narrative of his acquaintance with Rousseau is incorporated in the biography before us—'one day at table he described to us the precipitate manner of his return from England. He had taken it into his head that M. de Choiseul, then prime minister in France, was endeavoring to get possession of his person; and in order to make his escape, he quitted his residence at a moment's warning, without money, and leaving most of his effects behind him. At this time he burnt the manuscript of a new edition of *Emile*, which he afterwards regretted. He was obliged to pay his tavern bills, by breaking off pieces from the silver forks and spoons, which he had with him. He finally arrived at Dover. The wind was contrary, and this natural occurrence was immediately construed into a device of his enemies, to prevent his departure. Without knowing the language, he got upon an elevation, and harangued the people, who, of course, did not understand a word that he said. The wind

finally changed and permitted him to sail. These details were all given by himself, and he added, that he could not disguise from himself or us that he was laboring at the time under a temporary fit of insanity. "Such indeed was the severity of it," said he, "that I even suspected this excellent woman," pointing to his wife, "of being in league with my enemies."'

The following passage is from the narrative of St Pierre.

'We met one morning at a coffee house in the Elysian fields, in the intention of walking together to Mount Valerian. Before setting out, we took chocolate together. It was a fine morning, the wind westerly, the air fresh, and the sky thinly fleeced with large white clouds, interspersed in fields of blue. We entered the *Bois de Boulogne* at 8 o'clock, and Jean Jacques began to botanize as we continued our walk. In a solitary part of the wood we saw two young girls, one of whom was dressing the hair of the other. This pastoral scene struck us both very agreeably. "My wife tells me," said Rousseau, "that in the province where she was born, the shepherdesses constantly assist each other in this way in dressing in the open field." We came to the river, and passed in the boat with a great number of persons who were going, from devotional motives, to Mount Valerian. We climbed a very steep ascent, and on reaching the top found ourselves hungry, and began to think of dinner. Rousseau conducted me to a hermitage, where he knew that we should be hospitably received. The monk who admitted us conducted us to the chapel, where they were chanting the litanies of Providence, which are very beautiful. We entered just at the moment when they were pronouncing these words,—*Providence that carest for empires! Providence that carest for travellers!* These simple and affecting expressions filled us with emotion; and when we had prayed, Rousseau said to me with much feeling, "I now experience the truth of the saying in scripture,—*Where two or three are met together in my name, I will be with you.* There is a sentiment of quiet and happiness here which goes to the heart." I said to him, "If Fenelon were living, you would become a catholic." "Oh," said he, in a transport of feeling, and with tears in his eyes, "if Fenelon were living, I would try to be his footman in the hope of becoming his valet de chambre." We were introduced to the refectory,

and sat down to hear the sermon, which Rousseau listened to very attentively. It turned upon the injustice of the complaints of man. God created us from nothing, and we have no claim whatever upon his justice. When the sermon was over, Rousseau said to me in a tone of the deepest emotion,— "Ah! what a happy thing it is to believe." We returned by a very pleasant road, talking of Plutarch. Rousseau called him the great painter of misfortune: and quoted his account of the deaths of Agis, Antony, and Monimia, the wife of Mithridates, of the triumph of Paulus Emilius, and the sorrows of the sons of Perseus. "Tacitus," he observed, "alienates our feelings from men, but Plutarch reconciles us to them." We were walking at the time under some large chestnut trees in full bloom. Rousseau cut off one of the blossoms with his little botanical sickle, and shewed me the beauty of the flower. We then agreed to take a walk the next week to the hills of Sèvres. "There are fine fir trees there," said he, "and heaths all covered with violets." The mention of fir trees reminded me of the north of Europe, and I took this occasion to relate to him my adventures in Russia, and my unfortunate loves in Poland. They interested him very much, and at parting he pressed my hand, and expressed to me how much pleasure he had received from our excursion.'

Not long after the time to which this narrative relates, the health of Rousseau declined and he became incapable of the daily labor, to which he had so long resorted for subsistence. Various proposals of aid and comfort were made to him from different quarters, which his jealous and misanthropic temper led him to decline. He was induced at length to comply with the offer of Mr de Girardin and to take up his abode in an apartment at the castle of Ermenonville, where this nobleman resided. During the little time that he passed at this place, he gave lessons to the children of the proprietor: and one of them, who is now a member of the house of deputies, frequently takes occasion to felicitate himself in his speeches upon having been the pupil of Rousseau. It was hardly a week however after his removal to Ermenonville that he died very suddenly; and although this event happened within a few miles of Paris, and at a time when the reputation of Rousseau was at its height, it has always been and still is in a degree uncertain whether his death was natural or volun-

tary. The opinion of some of his most intelligent and warmest admirers both at the time and since was in favor of the latter supposition. Among this number was Mad. de Stael, who took the strongest interest in the subject, and expressed her opinion in her letters upon Rousseau published soon after his death. Corancez, who was intimately acquainted with him for several of the last years of his life and who made the most exact inquiry on the spot where his death happened and elsewhere, came to the same conclusion. On the other hand, his wife and the family of Mr de Girardin positively affirmed that he died of apoplexy, and the surgeons who examined the body in order to certify the manner of his death confirm this relation. The particular facts, as far as they are known, appear to be the following.

His wife relates in a letter which she wrote to Mr Corancez in the year 1798 in answer to one from him making inquiries upon the subject, that on the day of his death, which was the 3d of July 1778, her husband rose early as usual, but did not go out according to his common practice. He was that day to give the first lesson in music to Mademoiselle de Girardin. The family breakfasted, but he ate nothing, either from indisposition or some other cause. After breakfast his wife went out at his request upon some commission; and at her return about 10 o'clock she heard the cries of her husband as she ascended the stairs. Upon entering the room, she found him lying upon the floor. He was sensible, and requested her to open the window and then to place him upon the bed. Some remedies were administered, and after taking them he rose from the bed and sat up.—While sitting, he was struck with another fit of apoplexy and fell from his chair with such violence, that he gave himself a severe wound in the forehead, which bled profusely. He died without uttering another word. The certificate of the surgeons is dated the same day, and states, that after a full view of the body they both make report, that M. Rousseau came to his death by a serous apoplexy.

The accounts which attribute his death to suicide are two. The first is related by Madame de Stael, who gives as her authority a Genevan, whom she does not name, but who she says lived much with Rousseau at the close of his life, and had inquired with great exactness into the circumstances of his death. This account states, that on the day when he died,

he rose very early in good health, but affirmed that he should never see the sun again; that he took some coffee, which he had prepared himself, and then walked out; that not long after he returned and soon began to suffer great pain, but would allow no assistance to be called, and died in the course of the morning. Corancez heard the same account from his father in law, with the variation that Rousseau went out before taking his coffee and brought back some plants, which he infused into it. Supposing the truth of these details, it is to be presumed that he gave himself poison.

The other account is that of Corancez himself, who went out to Ermenonville to visit Rousseau the very day of his death. Upon arriving at the last post house on the way to this place, the post master informed him of the unfortunate event; and expressed his surprise that a man, like Rousseau, should have committed suicide. Corancez inquired the manner, and was told that he had shot himself with a pistol. Upon his arrival he communicated this information to Mr de Girardin, who contradicted the statement with warmth, and proposed to Corancez to shew him the body, observing at the same time, that Rousseau had fallen from his seat and made a hole in his forehead. The offer of seeing the body was declined. The wound in the forehead, however inflicted, seems to have been deep, as Corancez was informed by the sculptor Houdon, who took a model of the face, that he found some difficulty in filling it up for this purpose. Corancez was told by Mad. Rousseau at this time, that her husband, just before his death, requested that the window might be opened, and looking out upon the landscape expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing once more before he died the face of nature, which had always been the object of his fond devotion. An engraved representation of this scene is frequently to be met with, having an inscription under it to the effect just mentioned. From all that he could learn by himself and others, Corancez drew the conclusion, that Rousseau had taken poison in his coffee, and finding his sufferings intense and long, had brought them to a close by a pistol.

This is all that is now, or probably ever will be known upon the subject. The direct evidence is strong in favor of the supposition of a natural death. The account of Madame Rousseau is sufficiently clear and probable. It is confirmed by Mr de Girardin, a person of the first respectability, who

had apparently no motive for deception, and who had every means of obtaining information, as well from Madame Rousseau as from the female servant who lived in their apartment, and probably witnessed the event. It is also confirmed by the certificate of the surgeons. These authorities seem to establish satisfactorily the truth of the statement. On the other hand, it may be observed, that there is a contradiction in some trifling particulars between the letter of Madame Rousseau, and what is known with certainty of the circumstances. She affirms positively, that Mr and not Madame de Girardin came into the apartment of Rousseau at the time of his illness; while Corancez was told by Madame de Girardin herself, that it was she who saw him. But as this fact, true or false, has no connexion with the principal event, there could be no motive for deception, and the anxiety of Madame Rousseau to make her account correct, even in unimportant particulars, rather argues in favor of her veracity. Supposing, however, the perfect accuracy of the narrative of Madame Rousseau to the extent of her knowledge, her husband might still have taken poison without her knowing it, since she states herself, that he ate nothing at the usual hour of breakfast, and immediately after requested her to go out on business. Her absence left him sufficient time to prepare and take his coffee. But this account, though it has come down in two or three different ways, and was evidently current at the time, cannot now be traced to any certain origin, which might serve to determine the degree of its authenticity. Contradicted as it is by so large a body of direct evidence, it throws but a slight shade of uncertainty upon the subject. The account of Corancez comes in a more authentic shape, but is also refuted more completely; because the fact related in it could not be true without having been known to Madame Rousseau, Mr de Girardin, and the surgeons. If we admit this account therefore, we are obliged to suppose, (as Corancez himself does,) a combination among these persons to conceal the real state of the case; and this is a very improbable thing, considering the respectability of some of them, and the slight inducement they could have for such a course of proceeding. There is, it is true, an appearance of deception in the story of a deep wound in the forehead occasioned by a fall from a seat: but it may be observed on the other hand, that had the wound been made by the dis-

charge of a pistol at so small a distance, it would be at least equally singular that it was not deeper and more considerable than it seems to have been. Few heads treated in this way would give much scope to the art of the sculptor. Taking together all the evidence we have upon the subject, we should therefore conclude without much hesitation, that the probability, at least, is in a favor of a natural death: and this we believe is the opinion now generally entertained, although the present biographer leans to the other.

It is rather remarkable, that the correctness of the account of Corancez should not have been put to the test of an examination of the remains of Rousseau. Ample opportunity has been given for this purpose by their repeated transfer from place to place since his death. Not long after this event they were taken from Ermenonville at the request of the National Assembly, and deposited in the vault of the Pantheon, or Church of St Geneviève, where they remained undisturbed till within the last few months. Since the late change of ministry in France they have been removed, with those of Voltaire, from this place; and we observe with pleasure by the newspapers, that Mr de Girardin, whom we have had occasion to mention already, as a pupil of Rousseau, and one of the house of deputies, has requested permission to restore them to the Isle of Poplars. The conduct of the generals of the allied army upon their entry into France, forms an agreeable contrast with this ferocious persecution of the illustrious dead. They extended to the memory of Rousseau the same respect, which Marlborough and Eugene exhibited a century before for the living virtues of Fenelon, and exempted the village of Ermenonville from military contribution. Whatever may be in future the resting place of Rousseau's mortal remains, he has secured for his name a monument, which the caprice of ministerial authority is equally incapable of giving and of taking away. Ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος: '*The world itself,*' says Thucydides, '*is the sepulchre of illustrious men.*'

Of artificial monuments, the one erected to his memory, in conjunction with that of Fenelon by Bernardin de St Pierre, is perhaps as honorable as some others of a more imposing character. St Pierre himself gives the following account of it in a note at the close of the Studies of Nature.

'I happened to meet some time ago with one of those little plaster urns, which the Italians sell in the street for three or four sous, and the idea occurred to me to place it in my hermitage, with a suitable inscription, as a monument to J. J. Rousseau and Fenelon, in the manner of those, which the Chinese erect in honor of Confucius. There were two small escutcheons upon the urn, on one of which I wrote '*J. J. Rousseau*,' and upon the other '*F. Fenelon.*' I then set it up at the height of six feet from the floor, in a corner of my study, with the following inscription,'

A la gloire durable et pure
De ceux, dont le genie éclaira les vertus,
Combattit à la fois l'erreur et les abus,
Et tenta d'amener leur siecle à la nature ;
Aux Jean Jacques Rousseaux aux François Fenelons
J'ai dedié ce monument d' argile,
Que j'ai consacré par leur noms,
Plus augustes que ceux de César et d' Achille.
Ils ne sont pas fameux par nos malheurs,
Ils n'ont point, pauvres laboureurs,
Ravis vos bœufs ni vos javelles ;
Bergères, vos amants ; nourissons vos mamelles ;
Rois, les états ou vous regnez ;
Mais vous les comblerez de gloire,
Si vous donnez à leur memoire
Les pleurs qu'ils vous ont epargnés,

To Fenelon and Rousseau I erect
This little monument of clay, and write
Upon its sides their honorable names,
More glorious far in my esteem, than those
Of Cæsar or Achilles : for with them
Superior genius was arrayed in all
The loveliness of virtue. Not upon
The base of human misery did they build
The temple of their greatness, but they waged
The better war of truth, essayed to stem
The tide of vice and error, and bring back
Corrupted mortals to the holy law
Of nature. They required, ye simple swains,
No contributions from your scanty store
Of flocks and herds ; ye mothers and ye maids,
No sons and lovers from your bleeding hearts
To die in distant battles ; never broke
The peace of neighhouring kingdoms, and they ask,
To grace their sepulchre, no other tears
But such as they have wiped from suffering eyes.

In another part of his works St Pierre has introduced the following epitaph, written by himself upon Rousseau.

'He cultivated music, botany, and eloquence: he disdained fortune, and contended with hypocrites and tyrants. He improved the condition of infants, and increased the happiness of mothers; and he was persecuted. He lived and died in the hope, which is common to us all, of a better life.'

We have left ourselves no room for observations on the works of Rousseau; nor, after all that has been said upon the subject, would it be easy to offer any thing very new or interesting. His reputation, as a vigorous and elegant writer, remains undiminished; and is probably as well established as that of any author of modern times. His philosophical opinions are variously esteemed, according to the views and interests of those who judge them; but as they accord in substance with the liberal ideas, which are making such rapid progress in all parts of the world, they stand a good chance of gaining, rather than losing, hereafter in the public estimation. The spirit of his political writings is excellent; but their scientific value is not perhaps so great as it has sometimes been considered. The theory of a *Social Contract*, though somewhat plausible at first view, does not bear the test of accurate examination, and is rarely admitted at the present day by competent judges. But the examination of this subject would require of itself a long treatise; and it is much too important and extensive to be touched upon, even superficially, at the close of an article.

ART. II.—*A Discourse delivered at Plymouth, December* 22, 1820, *in commemoration of the first settlement of New England. By Daniel Webster.* Boston, 1821, 8vo.

AMERICANS have been repeatedly charged by those foreign writers, who find it for their interest to hold up our national character to ridicule before the great republic of letters, with being deficient in that patriotic attachment to the land we spring from, in that filial and pious regard for the ashes of our forefathers, which the people of other countries feel proud to cherish. We are scornfully told of the shifting population of our villages, and reproached with a migratory, restless, and unstable disposition, and are pointed to the enterprising spirit

of adventure, which is constantly pouring out the inhabitants of the eastern states into the luxuriant valley of the Mississippi, in the proof and justification of the charge. You have no fixed and settled feeling of affection for the spot, on which you were born and bred, say our accusers; none of that deep veneration for the 'genius of the place,' which lifts up the soul of an Asiatic, as he wanders through groves consecrated for uncounted years to the repose of his fathers' dust, and the worship of his fathers' gods; or which inspires the European, while he gazes on temples, palaces, and monuments of the dead, in whose revered piles every stone is associated with some heart-thrilling recollection of the past; none of those lofty sentiments of awe, which are awakened in the breast of the inhabitant of an older country, as he treads upon the field of battle, that has been fattened with the blood, and immortalized by the achievements of his gallant ancestry. From this unfounded charge, we desire no more ample vindication of our name, than is afforded by the strain of ardent love of country pervading Mr Webster's discourse, which we trust and believe meets with a response in the bosom of every native American. Destitute, as we know our country to be, of those works of ancient art, upon whose pillared halls and sculptured marble the admiration of mankind has been accumulating fresh glories, age after age; and destitute, as we hope it will long continue, of those costly structures, which have been piled up in the old world by caprice, by luxury, by superstition, or by pride, at the expense of unutterable misery on the part of an oppressed people, still we contend, and we may cite the occasion, upon which, and the place wherein this discourse was delivered, no less than the discourse itself, to bear us out in maintaining, that Americans regard the scenes of their national glory with sentiments, as honorable to their character, as they are worthy of the cause of liberty and of patriotism.

'We have come to this Rock,' says Mr Webster, in the course of his introductory remarks, 'to record here our homage for our Pilgrim Fathers, our sympathy in their sufferings, our gratitude for their labors, our admiration of their virtues, our veneration for their piety, and our attachment to those principles of civil and religious liberty, which they encountered the dangers of the ocean, the storms of heaven, the violence of savages, disease, exile, and famine, to enjoy and to establish. And we would leave here, also, for the generations, which are rising up rapidly to fill our places,

some proof, that we have endeavoured to transmit the great inheritance unimpaired; that in our estimate of public principles and private virtue, in our veneration of religion and piety, in our devotion to civil and religious liberty, in our regard to whatever advances human knowledge, or improves human happiness, we are not altogether unworthy of our origin. There is a local feeling connected with this occasion, too strong to be resisted; a sort of *genius of the place*, which inspires and awes us. We feel that we are on the spot, where the first scene of our history was laid; where the hearths and altars of New England were first placed; where christianity, and civilization, and letters made their first lodgment, in a vast extent of country, covered with a wilderness, and peopled by roving barbarians. We are here, at the season of the year, at which the event took place. The imagination irresistibly and rapidly draws around us the principal features and the leading characters in the original scene. We cast our eyes abroad on the ocean, and we see where the little barque, with the interesting group upon its deck, made its slow progress to the shore. We look around us, and behold the hills and promontories, where the anxious eyes of our fathers first saw the places of habitation and of rest. We feel the cold which benumbed, and listen to the winds which pierced them. Beneath us is the Rock, on which New England received the feet of the Pilgrims. We seem even to behold them, as they struggle with the elements, and, with toilsome efforts, gain the shore. We listen to the chiefs in council; we see the unexampled exhibition of female fortitude and resignation; we hear the whisperings of youthful impatience, and we see, what a painter of our own has also represented by his pencil, chilled and shivering childhood,—houseless, but for a mother's arms,—couchless, but for a mother's breast,—till our own blood almost freezes. The mild dignity of Carver and of Bradford; the decisive and soldier-like air and manner of Standish; the devout Brewster; the enterprising Allerton; the general firmness and thoughtfulness of the whole band; their conscious joy for dangers escaped; their deep solicitude about dangers to come; their trust in heaven; their high religious faith, full of confidence and anticipation:—all these seem to belong to the place, and to be present upon the occasion, to fill us with reverence and admiration.' pp. 10—12.

Indeed, the honorable testimony borne throughout this discourse to the character of our ancestors, to our own estimation of that character, and to our sincere and warm attachment to the land, in which are the graves of our kindred and our race, is one of its most remarkable features. It fastens our attention while Mr Webster is placing before us, in the most

lively and graphic coloring, the circumstances of the settlement of Plymouth, while he traces the peculiar qualities of the colonies which settled New England, in distinction from others of ancient and modern times, while he looks back to seize and delineate the leading traits of our history for the last hundred years, and most of all in his elucidation of the nature of society and government in New England. We have no design to attempt following him through all these comprehensive topics, illustrated and adorned as they have been by his masterly hand. Our design is merely to introduce a few observations upon one or two subjects, which it did not come within the scope or nature of the discourse to discuss minutely, but which the perusal of it suggests, concluding with a brief notice of the period in the history of New England immediately preceding the event so admirably commemorated by Mr Webster.

The difference between the colonies of New England and those established by the Greeks and Romans, and by the nations of modern Europe in the East and West Indies, with the effects of this difference upon the character of our country, is very fully explained in the discourse. And it is worthy of observation that much, perhaps most, of this difference, great as it is, will appear, on examination, to have been contrary to the manifest wishes and declared intent of the Enslish government, and of all the original grantees of New England. Paradoxical as this may be thought, it is not the less a literal truth. At the commencement of the revolution, the confederate colonies might be arranged in five distinct classes. In some of them, as in Virginia and New York, the property of the colony and the administration of its government were united in the crown. In others, like the Carolinas, the crown had reserved to itself the government of the colonies, which were owned by certain individuals. A third kind was that where both the colony and its government had been granted to personal proprietaries and their heirs, as Pennsylvania to William Penn, and Maryland to lord Baltimore. All the colonies of New England, Plymouth, Massachusetts with Maine and New Hampshire, its dependences, New Haven, Connecticut, and Rhode Island originally constituted a fourth division, in which both the government and the ownership of the colony resided in the people themselves, who occupied the soil; but after the consolidation of Plymouth and Massachusetts into a single province, governed by agents of the crown, the condition of Massachusetts was

unlike that of any other colony in English America. Now it is evident from this, in the first place, that, as the colonists in this part of the country, unlike the rest of the colonists, united in their own persons the possession of the soil, the *proprietorship* of the colony, and the direction of all departments of the government, of course they were almost independent of the metropolis from the beginning. It is equally clear that nothing could have been farther from the design of king James, than to allow of this independence. These colonies, as planned by the projectors of them, or at least as organized by their charters, were mere private trading companies, incorporated by the crown for the better management of their business, like any other mercantile corporation. Hence, in the old laws of Massachusetts, we do not find the colonists spoken of either as the subjects of any prince, or as the citizens of any state, but as *freemen of the corporation*, whose affairs were regulated by a governor with a board of assistants or directors, controlled in the last instance by all the corporators assembled in general court. This simple fact is the key to much which is obscure in the early laws, history, and pretensions of New England. When the first charters were drawn up, as the whole tenor of them plainly proves, no one ever dreamed that they comprised a constitution of civil government; and that the grantees had a right to transfer themselves and their charters to America, in order to establish there a new form of government and a new code of laws independent of those of England, was an exposition of the charters, as unexpected as it was displeasing to the metropolis. Assuredly, the English council never anticipated that the transcendent powers of the governor of a mighty province were concealed under the seemingly insignificant authority of the head of an obscure trading corporation; nor that such a corporation, under the guise of by-laws, was about to erect a peculiar system of internal administration, the germ and outline of a form of government for future independent nations; nor that this corporation would assume to itself the right of establishing a representative legislature, contrary to the express provision of its charter; nor still less that the colonists could so shelter themselves under the obscurities of their charter, as to substitute treason to the colony in the place of treason to the king, exercise the privilege of coining money, and otherwise invade the most sacred branches of the royal prerogative with impunity. Yet such was the course pursued

by Massachusetts and her sister colonies in New England ;— a course, that was largely conducive to the growth of those peculiarities in our forefathers' views, which are described with so much force and felicity by Mr Webster.

'They came hither,' are his words ;—'They came hither to a land, from which they were never to return. Hither they had brought, and here they were to fix, their hopes, their attachments, and their objects. Some natural tears they shed, as they left the pleasant abodes of their fathers, and some emotions they suppressed, when the white cliffs of their native country, now seen for the last time, grew dim to their sight. They were acting, however, upon a resolution not to be changed. With whatever stifled regrets, with whatever occasional hesitation, with whatever appalling apprehensions, which might sometimes arise with force to shake the firmest purpose, they had yet committed themselves to heaven and the elements ; and a thousand leagues of water were soon interposed to separate them for ever from the region which gave them birth. A new existence awaited them here ; and when they saw these shores, rough, cold, barbarous, and barren as then they were, they beheld their country. That mixed and strong feeling, which we call love of country, and which is, in general, never extinguished in the heart of man, grasped and embraced its proper object here. Whatever constitutes *country*, except the earth and the sun, all the moral causes of affection and attachment, which operate upon the heart, they had brought with them to their new abode. Here were now their families and their friends, their homes and their property. Before they reached the shore, they had established the elements of a social system, and at a much earlier period had settled their forms of religious worship. At the moment of their landing, therefore, they possessed institutions of government and institutions of religion ; and friends and families, and social and religious institutions, established by consent, founded on choice and preference, how nearly do these fill up our whole idea of country! The morning, that beamed on the first night of their repose, saw the Pilgrims already established in their country. There were political institutions, and civil liberty, and religious worship. Poetry has fancied nothing, in the wanderings of heroes, so distinct and characteristic. Here was man, indeed, unprotected and unprovided for, on the shore of a rude and fearful wilderness ; but it was politic, intelligent, and educated man. Every thing was civilized, but the physical world. Institutions, containing in substance all that ages had done for human government, were established in a forest. Cultivated mind was to act on uncultivated nature ; and, more than all, a government and a country were to commence, with the very first found-

ations laid under the divine light of the christian religion. Happy auspices of a happy futurity! Who would wish that his country's existence had otherwise begun? Who would desire the power of going back to the ages of fable? Who would wish for other emblazoning of his country's heraldry, or other ornaments of her genealogy, than to be able to say, that her first existence was with intelligence, her first breath the inspirations of liberty, her first principle the truth of divine religion?'

Connected with this subject of the peculiarities in the nature of the colonies of New England is another inquiry as to the kind of connexion, the degree of dependence, in which the colonists considered themselves placed with respect to England. It is very certain that when the puritans began to flock to America, for the sake of indulging in their own forms of religious worship unmolested, strong suspicions were awakened in the minds of the high-church party, that the motives, views, and purposes of the emigrants were not purely loyal. The bigoted upholders of the established church knew that the dissenters had been persecuted with unrelenting severity in some reigns, and harshly treated in all.—The inevitable consequence of this must be to estrange and alienate them from the interest of their native land, in which they were compelled to lead a life of insecurity, degradation, and wretchedness. Conformable to this is the testimony of historians. 'Speculative reasoners in that age,'—says Hume in allusion to the colonists,—'foretold that, after draining their mother-country of inhabitants, they would soon shake off her yoke, and erect an independent government in America.'—Indeed, it is well understood, that the puritans burned with an equally ardent zeal for both civil and religious freedom. They were alike for purging the high places of the church from its abominations, and for withstanding the exorbitant power arrogated by the Tudors and the Stuarts. And if the government had promoted and facilitated, instead of checking, the voluntary expatriation of these turbulent spirits, king Charles would, perhaps, have been spared the humiliation of dying on the scaffold, by the axe of the common executioner, and an obscure sect of religionists, might never have entertained pretensions so lofty as to be induced to lift up a soldier of fortune, to fill the throne of the Plantagenets. Among the emigrant puritans, there was, undoubtedly, a large number of the most distinguished leaders in the long parliament, and bravest partizans of the round-head

troops. John Hampden resided some time in Plymouth, and Hugh Peters, in Massachusetts :—which later colony recounts among its governors, the artful diplomatist, zealous republican, and enthusiastic sectary, sir Henry Vane. Nay, it is a certain fact, for which Mather, Neal, Hutchinson and Hume, are sufficient vouchers, that Charles I. by an order of council, prevented the intended emigration of several men, who soon afterwards contributed to strip him of his crown and life, among whom were Haslerig, Pym, and Cromwell. There was, therefore, ample cause for the mother country to be watchful of the colonies ; but the government at home carried their jealously too far, when they suspected the exiles of a design to throw off their allegiance to the crown. Our ancestors entertained very peculiar opinions with relation to this point. They distinguished subjection, observes Hutchinson,* into necessary and voluntary. *Necessary subjection*, according to their ideas, arose from actual residence within a country, to whose laws the resident would feel himself obliged by duty and compelled by situation to submit. But they maintained that every person was justified in expatriating himself, even in the extreme case when the state should be in pressing need of his services, provided his inherent unalienable right to liberty of conscience was invaded. Such was their own condition. Now as they purchased their lands of the original inhabitants of the country to which they removed, succeeding at the same time to the soil and the dominion of that country, they conceived that they should thus have been rendered wholly independent of the English government, had they not accepted a charter therefrom, and thus entered into a state of *voluntary subjection*, binding them in circumstances where all necessary subjection was at an end. In short, they considered their allegiance to the crown to rest on charters alone, and a mutual compact made between the parties for their common benefit, which became null and void so soon as either violated the conditions of the agreement. But for them to have disclaimed the authority of the metropolis, at this early period, would have been sure destruction ; because the Dutch settlers along the Hudson, and the French in Acadia would gladly have seized upon the least occasion for crushing our colonies, were they not fearful of provoking the resentment of England. Of course the

* History of Massachusetts, i, 452.

colonists would feel cautious how they rashly divested themselves of their only safeguard, although it is unquestionable that the bond of union, which connected them with Europe, hung loosely upon them, since they assumed and exercised the right of enacting what laws, and adopting what form of government seemed most conducive to their interest, without pausing to inquire whether the common law was or was not infringed.

There is no part of this discourse, which seems to us more honorable to the speaker, than that in which he alludes to the venerable John Adams; a man, whose high career and signal fortune bear witness to the justice of the distinguished praise bestowed on him by Mr Webster. Well may the patriot of the revolution say, in the words of the poet quoted by Cicero,

Gratus sum
Laudari a te viro laudato.

The whole passage is so admirable, that we cannot forbear extracting it.

'It is now five and forty years since the growth and rising glory of America were portrayed in the English parliament with inimitable beauty, by the most consummate orator of modern times. Going back somewhat more than half a century, and describing our progress as foreseen from that point by his amiable friend, lord Bathurst, then living, he spoke of the wonderful progress, which America had made during the period of a single human life. There is no American heart, I imagine, that does not glow, both with conscious patriotic pride and admiration for one of the happiest efforts of eloquence, so often as the vision of "that little speck, scarce visible in the mass of national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body," and the progress of its astonishing development and growth, are recalled to the recollection. But a stronger feeling might be produced, if we were able to take up this prophetic description where he left it, and placing ourselves at the point of time, in which he was speaking, to set forth with equal felicity the subsequent progress of the country. There is yet among the living a most distinguished and venerable name, a descendant of the Pilgrims; one who has been attended through life by a great and fortunate genius; a man illustrious by his own great merits, and favoured of heaven in the long continuation of his years. The time, when the English orator was thus speaking, preceded, but by a few days, the actual opening of the revolutionary drama at Lexington. He, to whom I have alluded, then at the age of forty, was among the most zealous and able

defenders of the violated rights of his country. He seemed already to have filled a full measure of public service, and attained an honorable fame. The moment was full of difficulty and danger, and big with events of immeasurable importance. The country was on the very brink of a civil war, of which no man could foretel the duration or the result. Something more than a courageous hope or characteristic ardor would have been necessary to impress the glorious prospect on his belief, if, at the moment before the sound of the first shock of actual war had reached his ears, some attendant spirit had opened to him the vision of the future;—if it had said to him, "The blow is struck; and America is severed from England for ever!" if it had informed him, that he himself, the next annual revolution of the sun, should put his own hand to the great Instrument of Independence, and write his name where all nations should behold it, and all time should not efface it; that ere long he himself should maintain the interest, and represent the sovereignty of his new-born country, in the proudest courts of Europe; that he should one day exercise her supreme magistracy; that he should yet live to behold ten millions of fellow-citizens paying him the homage of their deepest gratitude and kindest affections; that he should see distinguished talent and high public trust resting where his name rested; that he should even see, with his own unclouded eyes, the close of the second century of New England, who had begun life almost with its commencement, and lived through nearly half the whole history of his country; and that, on the morning of this auspicious day, he should be found in the political councils of his native state, revising, by the light of experience, that system of government, which, forty years before, he had assisted to frame and establish; and great and happy as he should then behold his country, there should be nothing in prospect to cloud the scene, nothing to check the ardor of that confident and patriotic hope, which should glow in his bosom to the end of his long-protracted and happy life.'

Mr Webster's discourse is replete with original views; but that portion of it, which relates to the public institutions of New England, bears, in a peculiar manner, the stamp of his vigorous and discriminating mind. Among the many important subjects there discussed, we must confine ourselves to that of general instruction.

'Having detained you so long with these observations, I must yet advert to another most interesting topic, the Free Schools. In this particular, New England may be allowed to claim, I think, a merit of a peculiar character. She early adopted and has constantly maintained the principle, that it is the undoubted right

and the bounden duty of government, to provide for the instruction of all youth. That, which is elsewhere left to chance, or to charity, we secure by law. For the purpose of public instruction, we hold every man subject to taxation in proportion to his property, and we look not to the question whether he himself have or have not children to be benefited by the education, for which he pays. We regard it as a wise and liberal system of police, by which property and life and the peace of society are secured. We seek to prevent, in some measure, the extension of the penal code, by inspiring a salutary and conservative principle of virtue and of knowledge in an early age. We hope to excite a feeling of respectability and a sense of character, by enlarging the capacity and increasing the sphere of intellectual enjoyment. By general instruction, we seek, as far as possible, to purify the whole moral atmosphere, to keep good sentiments uppermost, and to turn the strong current of feeling and opinion, as well as the censures of the law and the denunciations of religion, against immorality and crime. We hope for a security beyond the law and above the law, in the prevalence of enlightened and well principled moral sentiment. We hope to continue and prolong the time, when, in the villages and farm houses of New England, there may be undisturbed sleep within unbarred doors. And knowing that our government rests directly on the public will, that we may preserve it, we endeavour to give a safe and proper direction to that public will. We do not, indeed, expect all men to be philosophers or statesmen; but we confidently trust, and our expectation of the duration of our system of government rests on that trust, that by the diffusion of general knowledge and good and virtuous sentiments, the political fabric may be secure, as well against open violence and overthrow, as against the slow but sure undermining of licentiousness.'

We did intend, when we set out, to make some farther extracts from this discourse; and Mr Webster's ardent denunciation of the slave trade, which we well remember to have produced an effect on his audience like electricity, furnishes an inviting topic for remarks, which we are deterred from pursuing, through apprehension, lest this article should be drawn out to an unreasonable length; for which reason we must content ourselves with merely copying the conclusion of the discourse.

'The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and the occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist

only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

* * *

'Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government, and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred and parents and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth!'

Having made these observations concerning Mr Webster's discourse,—not so much because we flattered ourselves that our tribute of praise would increase his celebrity, as that we could not suffer one of the finest pieces of the day to pass unnoticed in our journal,—we now proceed to describe, according to the intimation already given, a period in our history, which is very closely and directly associated with this discourse, namely, a period of more than a century and a half, which elapsed between the discovery of America and the settlement at Plymouth;—embracing the early intercourse of Europeans with our country, their voyages of discovery, commercial enterprises, and unsuccessful attempts to establish colonies in this quarter of the new world. The events, which happened during this interval, although by no means wanting in interest or importance, have been passed over in silence by some of the ordinary compilations connected with this subject, touched upon but cursorily and slightly by most

of those compilations, and presented to us by none of them in a clear, distinct, concise, and authentic narration. We will therefore, without any farther preface, give some account of our *ante-colonial* history,* a knowledge of which is necessary to the full understanding of many obscure points, in the antiquities of the eastern colonies.

What European it was that first approached this part of the continent, is a matter of doubt and uncertainty. Norway, whose hardy seamen were the earliest, and most adventurous navigators of the northern waters of the Atlantic, claims the distinction for Biron, a Norwegian, who is affirmed by Crantz, Pontoppidan, Torfæus, and others to have discovered, about the year 1001, an island, which he called Winland, from the profusion of grapes found growing spontaneously upon it, and which some late writers suppose to have been Newfoundland. A more questionable account of the discovery of the same island in the fourteenth century by a fisherman of Friesland, as related by Zeno, a Venetian navigator, may be read in Hakluyt or Purchas.—France, also, puts in her claim to the honor of the discovery, although her writers produce no satisfactory testimonials in support of her pretensions. The inhabitants of her maritime provinces habitually frequented the Grand Banks, sailed up the great river of Canada, and even published a chart of the neighboring seas, in the very beginning of the sixteenth century:—from which her historians argue, though with little plausibility, that her intercourse with America should be traced back to some obscure and unrecorded era in the darkness of the middle ages. Still more uncertain are the well-known pretensions of the Welch, who, to this day, piously seek for the descendants of Madoc among the savages beyond the Mississippi.† But, without stopping to

* The history of New-England may be distinguished into five periods or epochs, namely, the *aboriginal;* the *ante-colonial*, as used in the text; the *colonial;* the *provincial*, extending from the forfeiture of the first charters to the revolution; and the *constitutional.*

† The truth or falsehood of these pretended voyages is a curious subject of controversy, for which, however, this is not the proper place. Those, who feel disposed to enter into it, will find ample gratification in many books, that could be mentioned, especially Pontoppidan's History of Norway; Torfæi Historia Vinlandiæ Antiquæ (a rare tract in the Ebeling Library;) Southey's Madoc; Williams' Inquiry into the truth of the Voyage of Madoc; Encyclopédie Méthodique, Géographie, art. Canada; Purchas' Pilgrimage, p. 617; Charlevoix, Nouvelle France, tom. i; Gomara, Historia de las Indias, c. 37; and Belknap's American Biography.

consider these conflicting claims and apocryphal voyages, all which are proved by very slender evidence, we will come directly to the first voyage of discovery to this region, of which we possess any certain intelligence, that undertaken by the Cabots under the auspices of Henry VII of England.

While Spain was pushing her discoveries in the south, guided by the skill of Columbus and Vespucci, the king of England, animated with the hope of wealth and empire, planned an expedition for the purpose of exploring the ocean towards the north-west, where he was induced to believe there was a passage to the Indies. With this object in view,—the same which has been so frequently resumed and as frequently relinquished by his successors, and which is pursued so zealously at the present day,—with this object in view, Henry VII granted a royal commission to John Cabot, a Venetian pilot, residing at Bristol, and to his three sons, authorizing them to make discoveries in countries unknown to christians, assume the sovereignty of the countries discovered, and enjoy exclusive trade with the inhabitants. By virtue of this commission a small fleet was afterwards equipped, partly at the king's expense, partly at that of private individuals, in which Cabot and his son Sebastian embarked, with a company of three hundred mariners, in May 1497. Our knowledge of this voyage is collected from many detached and imperfect notices of it in different authors, who, while they establish the general facts in the most unquestionable manner, differ in many particular circumstances. The most probable account seems to be, that Cabot sailed north-west a few weeks, until his progress was arrested by floating icebergs, when he shaped his course to the south-west, and soon came in sight of a shore named by him *Prima Vista*, and generally believed to be some part of Labrador or Newfoundland. Thence he steered northward again to the sixty-seventh degree of latitude, where he was obliged to turn back by the discontent of his crew. He sailed along the coast in search of an outlet as far as the neighbourhood of the gulf of Mexico, when a mutiny broke out in the ship's company, in consequence of which the farther prosecution of the voyage was abandoned.—Cabot reached England with several savages and a valuable cargo, although some writers deny that he ever landed, and it is certain that he did not attempt

any conquest or settlement, in the countries which he discovered.

The voyage of Cabot was not immediately followed by any important consequences; but it is memorable as being the first voyage that is certainly known to have been made to this continent, and, as such, being the title by which the English claimed the territories that they subsequently acquired here. Three entire reigns, however, passed away before this title was effectually asserted, or even consummated by the formalities usual with Europeans. Various circumstances, which the histories of the period sufficiently develop, drew the attention of the English nation from the new world, and engrossed the counsellors of Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary; nor was it until the reign of Elizabeth, when the views and power of England were extended by commerce, that the subjects of the maiden queen resumed their purpose of gaining establishments in America. Spanish literature, which, in the preceding reign, became fashionable in the court of Philip and Mary, had now diffused a knowledge of the new world among men of education and rank. The inexhaustible wealth, moreover, which Spain derived from her transatlantic dominions, excited the cupidity of the English, and plainly pointed out to them the quarter in which they could most successfully signalize their hatred of the prince, who sent forth against them the misnamed Invincible Armada. In this reign, therefore, among the many other splendid maritime enterprises which distinguished it, were the attempts of sir Humphry Gilbert, sir Walter Raleigh, and sir Richard Grenville to establish colonies in North America. Their exertions led to a better knowledge of the country, on which the 'throned vestal' bestowed the name of Virginia; and one of them formally took possession of it. But the miscarriage of their chief design was so complete, and aggravated by so many disasters, that the ardor of the nation for establishing colonies abroad was nearly extinguished.

Here, then, occurs another pause in the colonial enterprises of England. In common with the rest of Europe, she still continued to fish in the waters of North America, and trade with the savages on the adjoining shore; but there she stopped. Many years had been thus consumed in petty commercial adventures, when at last the voyage of Bartholo-

mew Gosnold, roused the nation from its lethargy. This voyage is the first, in which any particular examination was made of what is now New England. Fortunately we possess an authentic account of it, written by one of the company, and preserved in Purchas; by means of which, in connexion with Dr Belknap's valuable commentary thereon, we have pretty complete information concerning the proceedings of Gosnold.—He set sail from Falmouth (March 26th, (o. s.) 1602) in a small bark with only thirty-two men, intending, as it seems, to leave a colony in America; although historians are totally silent with respect to the projectors and patrons of the undertaking. Unlike preceding navigators, who, in making the voyage, had adopted a circuitous route by the gulf of Mexico, he steered as nearly west as the winds and currents would permit, and thus pointed out the only direct and proper course to Virginia. After a lapse of seven weeks he descried land within the bay since named Massachusetts; but not feeling satisfied with the first harbour entered by the ship, he pursued the windings of the coast to the southward, exploring and naming Cape Cod, with the islands and other remarkable objects in its neighbourhood. The ship's crew landed repeatedly, for the purpose of trading with the natives, and examining the country, its soil, its productions; and every thing, on which they cast their eyes, became a new source of wonder and delight. The savages were peaceable in their deportment, cordial in welcoming the strangers, and adorned with plates, pendants, and rings of copper, from which the English were led to flatter themselves, that the country afforded mines of this metal, perhaps of others more precious. They found the forests abounding with stately trees of the richest foliage, interspersed with gay lawns, over which numerous herds of deer were wandering in the fearlessness of undisturbed freedom.—Not only did they ascertain by experiment that the soil was propitious to the growth of European vegetables, but they saw many plants flourishing around them with the wildest luxuriance, which, in England, were slowly produced by careful cultivation. In short, the whole aspect of the country, so novel, so picturesque, impressed their minds with the image of an earthly paradise.

Animated with such feelings, Gosnold selected for his colony's residence one of the most romantic of the beautiful groupe

of islets, named by him Elizabeth's Islands. After building a house, however, and making arrangements for a settlement, he found the provisions of the company insufficient to support them till they could obtain another supply from home ; and the savages beginning to assume a hostile appearance, he was obliged to abandon his undertaking. Accordingly he re-embarked ; and, arriving in England, after an absence of about four months, with a rich lading of sassafras and furs, quickly diffused the reputation of his new discoveries.

The consequences of this voyage were more important than its seeming insignificance would lead us to anticipate ; for it revived among the English that ambition to acquire colonial possessions, which the inadequacy of former attempts had rendered unsuccessful. The length of the voyage from England to Virginia was diminished, as we should judge from inspecting the map, nearly one half by Gosnold's judicious innovation ;—at least Capt. Smith, the hero and the historian of the colony of Virginia, whom we shall mention more particularly hereafter, states that it was lessened more than five hundred leagues ;—and, in those days, an addition to a voyage of twenty-five or thirty degrees, in the open sea, was looked upon as greatly enhancing the risk of it. Besides, a new region had been discovered by Gosnold, which was represented as being in the highest degree delightful, nay, in the words of the original journalist of the voyage, as absolutely ravishing. The people of England could now perceive a vast continent spread out before them, of which they considered themselves the rightful and exclusive lords. Its interior provinces, indeed, were yet unexplored ; and their knowledge, even of its sea-coasts, was superficial ; but, as mankind are always prone to magnify what is uncertain, this very doubtfulness of the character of the country was perverted into a presumption of its excellence. They felt assured that, if they were industrious and persevering, the produce of the soil would liberally reward their exertions, and they hoped, without having occasion for either industry or perseverance, to start up into sudden opulence, fondly cherishing the belief that this continent, like its sister in the south, would yield them gold and silver in inexhaustible abundance.

Schemes for transporting colonies to North Virginia, as this part of America was then called, again became popular ; and, while these were in agitation, two vessels were despatched

(A. D. 1603) by the merchants of Bristol, under the command of Martin Prinne, partly on a commercial speculation, partly to ascertain whether Gosnold's account was entitled to full belief, or whether he had not concealed the defects and heightened the excellencies of the country, with a fond partiality for his own discoveries. Prinne examined the coast and islands, which Gosnold had discovered, besides meeting with many new objects of curiosity, and, after collecting a cargo of furs and sassafras, returned in safety to England ;— bringing back to his countrymen the most complete assurance of Gosnold's veracity, together with such other accounts in favour of the western continent, as greatly increased their passion for colonial establishments.

A report, similar in tendency, but in language still more rapturous, was made by George Weymouth, who, (A.D. 1605) being sent by the earl of Southampton and the lord Arundel of Wardour, in quest of a north-western passage to China, is chiefly remarkable as having first explored the river Penobscot.

With respect to these three voyages, we should recollect the observation made by Hubbard, in his history of New England, in forming our opinion of the flattering description of the country given by Gosnold, Prinne, and Weymouth. They landed here in the spring of the year, at a season when all nature is clad in verdant freshness ; and their error consisted, not in delineating the mildness of the climate and the luxuriance of the vegetable creation in too partial coloring, but in supposing these qualities of the country to be permanent and invariable. Englishmen, also, who were acquainted only with their own comparatively tame natural scenery, could not feel otherwise than delighted by the richness, profusion, and magnificence, which characterize the scenery of North America. Considering these circumstances, we certainly have a right to discharge Gosnold and his immediate successors from any imputation of wilful falsehood or designed misrepresentation, although, when the true condition of the country came to be known, the disappointment arising from the unexpected inclemency of the winter months was one of the most serious obstacles to the settlement of North Virginia.

Still the immediate effect of these voyages was to awaken the dormant spirit of colonization ; the warmest promoter of which was Richard Hakluyt, prebendary of Westminster, who, having early imbibed a taste for commercial knowledge, spent his

whole life in diffusing a relish for his favorite pursuits, and left behind him in his Collection of Voyages, a lasting monument of his enlightened and persevering zeal. In the opinion of Dr Robertson, England is indebted to him, more than to any other man of that age, for her transatlantic dominions; since at length, chiefly by his instrumentality, an association was formed of sufficient wealth, numbers, and character to authorize the strongest hopes of eventually peopling a considerable portion of the new world with Englishmen. The charters granted by queen Elizabeth having either expired by the lapse of time, or been forfeited by the attainder of the grantees, new patents were become necessary; and the projectors accordingly petitioned the king that he would be graciously pleased to sanction their designs with the royal authority. The reigning prince was James I, a monarch equally distinguished for his actual imbecility in the affairs of government, and for his pedantic affectation of political intelligence. He was delighted with the prospect, which was now opened to him, of displaying his legislative abilities, and eagerly engaged in an enterprise, that was so consonant with his tranquil and pacific temper. Resolving to patronize the intended settlement by his peculiar superintendence, he not only granted the petitioners a charter under the great seal of England, but also composed, with his own hand a system of colonial ordinances.

The letters-patent comprised a grant of all that extensive region of North America, which stretches along the sea-coast, between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of latitude, and which, says Hubbard, being considered too vast to be moulded into a single government, was divided into two several colonies, both possessing equal privileges, and nearly equal extents of territory. The patentees of the first colony, residing chiefly at London, were authorized and required to settle south of the forty-first degree of latitude; and those of the second, residing chiefly at Plymouth, designed to fix their settlement north of the thirty-eighth degree; but neither colony was permitted to approach within one hundred miles of the establishment made by its confederate.

As no part of New England was settled by virtue of this charter, and as it is well abridged in several popular works, particularly the introduction to Chief Justice Marshall's biography of Washington, we shall interrupt our narrative but for a moment, in order to give such an account of it as is necessary

for comprehending the operations of the Plymouth and London Companies.—The government of each colony was vested, then, in the first instance, in a council of thirteen residing in the projected settlements; and a Board of Control was formed in England, consisting likewise of two councils of thirteen; the members of the several councils, being nominated by the king, and obliged to act conformably to his instructions. The patentees were empowered to export commodities from the mother country free of customs for seven years, to search for and work mines of gold, silver, and copper, and to declare the trade of the colonies open to all nations. Every right, which the colonists or their descendants could enjoy in their native land, was nominally secured to them after their emigration; they being privileged, also, to hold their estates by the most liberal tenure recognized by the laws of England; but all these assurances of giving stability to private rights were in effect annulled, and the rights themselves reduced to a mere name, by the several clauses in the charter, which conferred on the king the sole power of ruling the colonies by his laws, instructions, and appointments. In fact, the letters-patent were soon followed by a code of ordinances for the internal administration of the projected colonies, drawn up by the royal hand, as a model of the utmost perfection of ingenuity in legislation. This code, confirming the charter in several particulars, added many very odious features to it, requiring the religious ceremonies and tenets of the colonies to be conformable to the established church, vesting all the powers of government in the colonial councils subject only to the revision of the king and of the superior councils, and reserving to the king alone a right to make such alterations as he should see fit, in the system of colonial jurisprudence. The palpable and gross impolicy of this instrument, by which, on the one hand, the personal rights of the colonists were effaced for ever, and, on the other hand, the metropolis neglected to secure for itself any of those exclusive commercial advantages, which, in other countries and at later periods, have been made the basis of every system of colonization,—the evident impolicy of such an instrument compelled the king to revise it time after time, and soon tempted the colonies, settled under its authority, to establish, without waiting for the royal consent, those representative forms of government, which have ever since been the boast and salvation of America.

With this charter, however, and with these colonial laws, such as we have seen them to be, the two companies went into operation. A few adventurers, hastily drawn together by the company of London, undertook the settlement of South Virginia, (A. D. 1607,) and, after a long struggle with the difficulties inseparable from their situation, succeeded in laying the foundations of that rich and powerful commonwealth. The company of Plymouth, with which alone the scope of our proposed remarks connects us here, was feebler than its associate, and therefore slower in effecting the purpose of its creation. Some principal members of the company of Plymouth, among whom sir John Popham, lord chief justice of the court of king's bench, and sir Ferdinando Gorges, a gentleman of influence and fortune in the west of England, were the most zealous, sent two vessels, soon after they were incorporated, to explore their new acquisitions. One of these vessels was seized by the Spaniards, as an interloper; but the safe return and favorable report of the other encouraged the adventurers to prosecute their undertaking. A colony was therefore organized, (A. D. 1607,) consisting of George Popham, as president, Raleigh Gilbert, as admiral, and six inferior officers, with about one hundred private individuals; the fancy of the projectors having fashioned the outlines of a large and flourishing state. They selected a small island at the mouth of the river Kennebec for their place of residence, induced by the commodiousness of its situation, as a port for fishermen, and wholly unconscious of the excessive coldness of the climate. Arriving here towards the close of the year, they were barely enabled to build and fortify a store-house before the cold became intense; and they were afterwards oppressed by a rapid succession of hardships, unforeseen and unprepared for. Having emigrated in the expectation of enjoying a perpetual spring in America, it is easy to conceive how great was their disappointment, when they found themselves exposed to the premature and unusual severity of a northern winter. The loss of their store-house by fire, and the death of their president had already depressed their courage, when tidings arrived of the death of sir John Popham, who was the very soul of the expedition. Gilbert, also, returned to England in the spring, having succeeded to a rich inheritance, by the death of his brother, sir John Gilbert. A tradition has existed among the neighboring Indians, that this colony, without any

provocation, killed a number of their ancestors by an atrocious and unprincipled stratagem, and thus converted a friendly tribe into persevering and implacable foes.* The resolution of the adventurers seems to have sunk under these accumulated misfortunes; for the settlement was soon afterwards abandoned in despair.

North Virginia now became the subject of detraction as violent and unauthorized, as its former celebrity had been extravagant. The prostrate colonists seemed anxious to hide their disgrace by invectives against the cold, sterile regions which they had forsaken; and they were so far successful, that the company of Plymouth never made another effort of equal magnitude with the expedition to Sagadehoc. This part of America continued to draw the attention of merchants, by whose ships it was frequently visited, and a few enterprising individuals, among whom sir Ferdinando Gorges was pre-eminent, defrayed the expense of several voyages thither, which combined the pursuits of science and gain. These voyages were instrumental in developing the true character of the country, and in making its advantages more notorious; but were seldom productive of any more important or memorable consequence. Many attempts were made by Gorges individually, both in person and by his agents, to establish colonies in North Virginia, with a perseverance worthy of better fortune, than it obtained; for, after spending a large portion of his life and estate in these attempts, and involving himself in several vexatious suits, the whole issue of his exertions was the establishment of an inconsiderable settlement in Maine, which one of his descendants was glad to sell for a small consideration to the flourishing colony of Massachusetts. John Smith, also, so well known in the early history of Virginia, for his address and heroism, and for the romantic interest awakened by him in the breast of Pocahontas, undertook two voyages to this country, once in the service of private individuals, and again in that of the company of Plymouth. His first voyage was wholly commercial in its object, and as such was very successful; but it was more remarkable for the circumstance, that, in the course of it, Smith made a personal survey of the principal islands, rivers, bays, and capes, from which he constructed a chart of the coast, and presented it to the

* The particulars of this tradition may be seen in the Collections of the Mass. Hist. Society, vol. i. p. 251.

prince of Wales, afterwards the unfortunate Charles I, who bestowed on the country the distinguishing name of New England. The energy of Smith prevailed on the company of Plymouth, soon after his return (A. D. 1615,) to make one more languid exertion; but this second voyage ended unhappily; for the ship, in which the colony embarked, and which Smith himself commanded, being unjustly seized and detained by the French, this expiring struggle of the adventurers likewise proved ineffectual.

Thus it appears that every attempt of this company to effect the design of its institution, was eventually frustrated. The furs, fish, and other productions of New England, continued to be an object of commercial enterprize, both to the company and to private merchants; but, although one or two petty voyages were made for the purpose of farther discovery, few persons retained any serious thoughts of colonization. Nor ought this, when we consider the subject attentively, to occasion any surprise. So long as the object of establishing colonies in America was the acquisition of riches, it was not to be expected that shrewd and calculating capitalists would engage in it, until they discerned a fair prospect of success. They would be slow to hazard a certainty for the sake of what was exceedingly uncertain. Large sums of money were necessary for the collection and transportation of colonists, and the maintenance of them until they should be capable of supporting themselves, in a wild and uncultivated country. Nor was it easy to find persons, who were willing to quit England for America. The nature of the voyage, the hardships to be expected from residing in the new world, the want of precious metals in the country, to allure and stimulate adventurers; the love of home implanted in the breast even of the lowest of the populace,—all these difficulties would render it no easy task to gather together a respectable body of colonists. A passage across the Atlantic was not then considered as it is now, to be safe at any season, and as an agreeable voyage at all times excepting in the coldest months of the year, but, on the contrary, was regarded with apprehension by all but experienced mariners. Besides, the early attempts of Raleigh and others to make settlements had completely failed, and every fresh disaster, not only disheartened the merchants and gentry, who lost by means of it, but deterred others from engaging in such hazardous experiments.—If, indeed, the first Eng-

lish navigators had found upon this coast a succession of mighty, polished, and wealthy barbaric empires, overflowing with a population that was rich without strength, luxurious without refinement or knowledge, factious and divided without skill in war, in short, laboring under the infirmities, without enjoying the corresponding benefits attendant on a high degree of civilization, and therefore presenting an easy prey to the conqueror; if the English emigrants, like the Spanish, had been introduced to a country covered with cultivated lands, and abounding in large and populous cities, to monarchs, encompassed with the whole pageantry of empire, to princes and nobles dwelling in sumptuous palaces, to priests performing their holy rites, in temples illuminated with diamonds and costly gems, instead of the frail products of European art, and walled up with massive columns of molten silver and gold instead of marble, temples adorned with such lavish profusion of gorgeous magnificence, that the most splendid edifices of the old world would seem comparatively poor and mean; if, indeed, the English had fallen upon a northern El Dorado, there is no doubt that they would speedily have rent assunder the ties which bound them to their natal soil, and flowed into Virginia, no less eagerly, swiftly, and precipitately, than the Spaniards inundated Peru and Mexico. But far different was the real situation of things, and different, therefore, the progress of colonization, in the Spanish and English possessions on the continent of America.

So great was the difficulty of obtaining settlers for the first colonies in North and South Virginia, that none but men of ruined fortunes and blighted expectations at home could be prevailed upon to adventure themselves upon what was accounted a forlorn and desperate expedition. Excepting the truly great men, who put themselves at the head of some of the colonies, the mass of the emigrants, were spendthrifts, 'unruly sparks,' in the expressive language of the Virginian Stith, 'packed off by their friends to escape a worse destiny at home,' needy adventurers, men deeply and irrecoverably involved in debts, and such others, continues the same historian, as were much fitter to ruin a commonwealth, than to raise or maintain it. It was this desperate character of the early emigrants, their incurable spirit of insubordination, their idle, dissolute, and irregular habits, the absence of any strong and fixed principle, to reconcile them to a perpetual separation

from their native land, added to their ignorance of the country, which so much retarded the growth of the settlement at James-Town. Nothing but the indefatigable exertions of capt. John Smith prevented its being abandoned, almost in the very outset; and there is little doubt that, notwithstanding the zeal of capt. Smith, sir Thomas Dale, lord Delaware, and other gentlemen of the like spirit, this colony would have shared the fate of its contemporary at Sagadehoc, but for the superior mildness of the climate of South Virginia. It is impossible to say, therefore, how soon the council of Plymouth would have succeeded in colonizing the territory committed to their charge, in the ordinary course of events, by the means, on which they had hitherto relied, and if no stronger motive had intervened, than the remote prospect of individual or national emolument. Nay, there is too much reason to believe that, in a short time, New England would have been irrecoverably lost to Great Britain. French establishments on the north and east, as we shall presently see, and Dutch on the south, were gradually extending themselves more and more into the heart of New England, so that the very name itself was fast yielding place to those imposed on the country by France and the Netherlands. But a mightier principle of action was now at work in England, than either ambition or avarice; a principle, that could steel men against suffering, and shield them from hardship, in situations where any different influence would have proved impotent. An animated, eager, unconquerable love of civil and religious freedom had sprung up under the scourge of ecclesiastical intolerance, a high and ardent enthusiasm, which enabled a band of persecuted pilgrims to do, what rank, power, and wealth had been striving in vain to accomplish.

We have been thus particular in showing the intercourse of the English with this country previous to the settlement of Plymouth. We will now extend the inquiry, although more briefly, to the enterprises of other nations, so far as they had immediate connexion with the history of New-England. To begin with the French, whatever may have been the truth in regard to the conflicting pretensions of France and England, it is certain that the former nation displayed more eagerness than the latter to confirm her title, and place it beyond the reach of dispute, by the formation of colonial establishments in North America. We have already mentioned

how early her seamen were engaged in the cod fishery on the Grand Banks; and their ardor in the pursuit was unremittedly persevering. They fully appreciated the value of a settlement in the vicinity; for although they, together with the people of other nations, had already (A. D. 1518) erected a number of houses on the island of Newfoundland, yet they saw clearly that it would be for their advantage to acquire exclusive possession of the neighbouring continent. With this end in view, Giovanni de' Verazzani, a Florentine in the service of Francis, having explored and copiously described the coast of North America, (A. D. 1524,) to which he gave the name of New-France, was sent thither the next year with a colony; but he and all his companions perishing by some unknown misfortune, his king was for a time deterred from making the projected settlement.

Afterwards, however, the importance of a settlement for the protection of the fisheries and fur trade, being farther urged upon the court of France, several voyages, countenanced by the king, but chiefly the result of private enterprise and munificence, were performed by Jacques Cartier and François de Roberval (A. D. 1534—1549,) in which the geography of Canada was investigated, the country formally taken possession of in the king's name, and a small colony established. But the distracted state of the whole realm of of France, in consequence of the civil wars, which were now raging there with uncontrolled violence, obstructed the progress of colonial enterprises. The disastrous fate of Roberval, and of a numerous train of adventurers, many of them gentlemen of rank and fortune, who embarked for the infant colony, but perished at sea, caused the colony to be long neglected by the French. In the mean time, they constantly pursued the fur trade and the fisheries, but, although the illustrious admiral de Coligni ineffectually attempted to form a place of refuge for his persecuted countrymen in Florida, fifty years elapsed before the people of France entered anew, with much spirit, into projects of colonization.

The political commotions, with which the kingdom had hitherto been convulsed, having at length subsided, and the sceptre of France being now held by the most enlightened of her monarchs (A. D. 1598,) designs were again conceived by the nation of establishing a colony in America, and pursued with unabated activity until their final accomplishment.

Several gentlemen were successively authorized to make settlements in America, with the privilege of exclusive trade among the inhabitants. The most memorable of these commissioners was that of Pierre du Gast, sieur de Ments, by which Henry IV constitued him lieutenant-general of all that region which lies between the fortieth and forty-sixth degrees of north latitude, by the name of Acadia. These limits plainly include all the now middle and eastern states in the Union, beside a part of the British provinces. De Ments instantly collected a number of adventurers of all ranks and professions, began several settlements in Acadia, and then, either in person or by his companions, explored the coast of New-England as far as Cape Cod (A. D. 1604—1606,) twice formally taking possession of the country as a domain of the king of France. In a few years the capital of Canada was settled, and thus France acquired those lasting establishments in the new world, which became, in the sequel, such potent adversaries to the colonial ascendency of England. The new colony of South Virginia, indeed, soon became jealous of its rival neighbors, and commenced those bloody wars between the French and English colonists, which long desolated this country, by forcibly dislodging the little settlement in Acadia (A. D. 1613;) but this temporary check was unavailing, and it was apparent that, in consequence of the negligence and feebleness of the council of Plymouth, the power of France was fast over-spreading the whole extent of New-England.

Nor were the French the sole rivals of England, whom the short-sighted policy of the latter government suffered to grow up in America. The recent enterprises of these two nations had awakened all their maritime neighbors to a sense of the value of colonial acquisitions. The Dutch merchants, more especially, who had already attained a high character for commercial activity and zeal, seized upon the first opportunity, which presented itself, to establish a trading factory in North-Virginia. Henry Hudson, an eminent English navigator, having made two unsuccessful voyages in search of a north or north-east passage in the service of an association of his countrymen, was afterwards employed for the same purpose by the Dutch East India Company. Being again unsuccessful, and yet desirous that some memorable event should signalize his voyage, he resolved to conclude it by

exploring the adjacent coast of America. This design he accomplished (A. D. 1609,) tracing the continent along Acadia and New-England, from the St Lawrence to the Chesapeake, and afterwards sailing up that noble river, which perpetuates the memory of his voyage and of his name. As he landed and held continual intercourse with the savages, who generally treated him with a confidence and good faith that were by no means reciprocated, he enjoyed the most favorable opportunities for judging of this region, which, although he did not discover it, he was certainly the first to examine with exactness. His employers, who readily saw the advantage, which might be taken, of this voyage, immediately (A. D. 1610) commenced a profitable traffic with the inhabitants, and in a few years (A. D. 1613 and 1614) formed two small settlements, which afterwards grew into the cities of Albany and New-York.* Whether the Dutch purchased the claim of Hudson to the tract which he was supposed to have discovered, or whether they considered themselves entitled to it, because he sailed in their service and commission, it is now impossible to determine; but it is certain that they assumed the possession of it in consequence of Hudson's voyage, and retained it for a considerable length of time, to the great annoyance of some of the English colonies, particularly Connecticut, Plymouth, and Massachusetts. But as Hudson did not discover this part of the continent, nor possess any exclusive right to it whatever, neither England nor France, each of which had already taken possession of the whole country with the customary formalities, ever paid much respect to the adverse claim of Holland. And although it is difficult to see how barely landing upon the brink of a vast continent, and verbally claiming it, when the rightful owner is either not present to resist the claim, or, if resisting it, is replied to only by being forcibly expelled from his ancient possessions, although, we confess, it is difficult to see how any such summary and high-handed process as this should legally transfer the property of the soil, yet, as international law was then understood, perhaps England was justifiable in her subsequent conquest of the New-Netherlands.

Such was the early intercourse with America, of those three

* Collections of the New-York Historical Society, v. i.

nations, which were intimately associated with the history of the eastern colonies. But as several other nations were then more powerful, or perhaps we should say, more eminent for their knowledge and success in navigation, than either England, France, or the Batavian Republic, why, it may be asked, were these last so exclusively fortunate in acquiring possessions on the eastern side of North America ?

The maritime states in the north of Europe, if they felt any inclination, were obviously destitute of adequate means, for attempting to make foreign conquests, or to rival those powerful kingdoms, which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, held almost undisputed dominion of the seas. It is not, therefore, at all extraordinary that hardly any settlement in this country was undertaken, at the period under consideration, by Norway, Denmark, Sweden, or the free cities of Germany and Poland, in their national and public character, although the posterity of Swedish and German emigrants now composes a large and most valuable element in the population of several of the middle states. But the inquiry still recurs, how is it that no portion of this country belongs to the inhabitants of South Europe?—The Spaniards, Portuguese and Italians, at this time, surpassed all their contemporaries in the magnitude of their foreign acquisitions and maritime enterprises.—Portugal, whose appearance on the map of Europe is so insignificant, had obtained vast dominions in Asia and America; Spain was absolute mistress of the larger and and richer part of the western world; and the minute republics of Italy, while they thronged every sea with their ships and mariners, were altogether supreme on the waters of the Mediterranean :—yet neither of these nations ever attempted to establish herself on the eastern coast of North America.

With regard to the last of these nations, we need not repeat what we have stated, in a former number, in an article vindicating the character of Amerigo Vespucci, that Italy, being partitioned into straightened republics and petty principalities, whose mutual jealousy exposed them to the incursions of foreign, and the no less desolating intrigues of domestic enemies, was effectually withheld from all enterprizes of extensive and national importance. As to the other two, soon after the successful voyages of Columbus, Gaspar de Cortereal, a Portuguese gentleman, stimulated by the jealousy that subsisted between his country and Spain, as we learn from the Jesuit Lafitau,

sailed at his own expense on a voyage of discovery in which he explored and named the coast of Labrador, (A. D. 1500.) Immediately after his return, he fitted out another expedition, in which he was lost without leaving any vestige behind; and his brother, who sailed in quest of him, experienced the same fate.

A few years afterwards (A. D. 1506,) a Spaniard, of the name of Velasco, is said to have sailed up the river of Canada, and, coasted along the shores of the Tierra de Labrador; but this voyage is doubted by Charlevoix, nor is it mentioned by Gomara. This last writer, however, is not very remarkable for minute accuracy,* and tells us, himself, that several voyages, of which he gives us no account, were made to this coast early in the sixteenth century. Stephen Gomez is the first Spaniard, who is certainly known to have visited this country, which he did in the year following the voyage of Verazzani. But none of these voyages led to any memorable consequence; and Spain and Portugal, notwithstanding their pretensions, appeared to have abandoned the northern parts of this continent to other nations, continuing only to come here occasionally, for the purpose of fishing on the Banks. Accustomed, as they were, to a warm and grateful atmosphere, they probably dreaded a country, which remained buried in snows, for many months in succession; for it is remarkable that no people acquired a permanent footing in the colder regions of this continent, except the hardy natives of a similar climate in Europe. Besides, when Portugal and Spain had planted colonies in the warm, rich, and fertile climes of Asia, Africa, and America; especially when they had swept across the tropical regions of America like a torrent, scarcely resisted by the inhabitants, who were either feeble and unwarlike, or, if warlike, unskilled to withstand the fire-arms and discipline of Europeans; and lastly, when they were pampered with spices, gems, and gold, till their avarice became as greedy and violent as it had ever been insatiable; when they had done all this, they would naturally despise a country, which furnished nothing valuable but furs, whose only commerce thus evinced its wildness, whose climate was known to

* The opinion of Antoino de Solis may be taken as conclusive on this point. He says: Escribiola (i. e. la historia de la Nueva España), primero Francisco Lopez de Gomara, *con poco examen y punctualidad*, porque dice lo que oyo, y lo afirma con sobrada credulidad, fiandose tanto de sus oidos como pudiera de sus ojos, sin hallar dificultad en lo inverisimil, ni resistencia en lo impossible.'—*Conquista de Mexico.*

be inclement, and whose soil was darkened by forests, that sheltered a race of vigorous, warlike, and independent savages.

Art. III.—*A foreigner's opinion of England, &c. By C. A. G. Gœde. Translated from the German, by Thomas Horne.* Wells & Lilly, Boston.

Travellers from the continent of Europe, who have published their opinions of England, divide themselves with a few exceptions into two classes; of which the most numerous is made up of illiberal writers, who speak only the language of prejudice, and represent every object in the hues which their own national prepossessions, or personal antipathies, have thrown over it. The misrepresentations of such persons are so glaring, as generally to carry their refutation with them to the mind of every candid reader. It is not equally easy to guard against the more excusable, but hardly less mischievous faults of tourists of the opposite character. It matters little to the reader, whether he is deceived by a spirit of malignity and censoriousness, or by an overweening partiality on the part of the narrator. He has equal cause of complaint in either case, for he is equally misled; and to the nation which has the misfortune to be injured, it is of little moment whether it be by inordinate praise, or unmerited censure. Not that we have among ourselves any very great reason to murmur at the hardships we have suffered, from the first of these causes, but we have observed of late, that the manners of European nations, towards each other, in this regard are wonderfully softened, and that the writers of the present day, bandy compliments across the channel with as hearty a good will as their predecessors were wont to do invective and abuse. In this age of good humour, and good manners, we certainly are not disposed to act a churlish part, and to find fault with the prevailing sentiment. As indifferent readers, however, whose object is correct information, it is equally important to us, that truth should not be obscured by petulance or flattery. We do not intend to rank the writer now under consideration, in either of the above mentioned classes of travellers, although from a misapprehension of the true character of the government, and people of England, he occasionally falls into the faults of both. The author of this work was a professor in the philosophical faculty of the university at Göttingen; and died prematurely

and much lamented a few years since. He visited England in 1802, a period of great excitement and interest, and appears to have participated in the curiosity at that time prevalent in Europe, respecting the character, resources, and probable destiny of Great Britain. Of all the loyal subjects of the English crown, it is somewhat singular, that the most loyal should be the Hanoverians; who enjoy none of the benefits secured to the British by the constitution of England.—Whether this circumstance throws any light on the connexion between the loyalty and love of liberty, in the subject, we shall not stop to inquire. Notwithstanding his loyalty, our author always intends to be impartial, and so long as he confines himself to facts, we have reason to think he is so; unfortunately, however, he is not satisfied with a recital of what comes under his observation, but endeavours to explain upon philosophical principles, the leading phenomena of the English character. Here he betrays, in common with all continental writers, a surprising ignorance of some of the most obvious effects of a free government. The humblest citizen of the United States, would smile at the labored conjectures of the learned German, upon occurrences that create no surprise in himself, because they are perfectly familiar. The spirit of liberty displays every where the same features which her children instinctively recognize. The want of this perception, leads continental travellers into the most absurd theories, when they attempt to explain the actual condition and character of the English nation. To illustrate our meaning, we shall give a few instances in which the author has bestowed praise where it was not deserved, and condemned what he did not understand. After enumerating several of the great divisions of society in England, and endeavoring to show the intimate connexion between them, and how inevitably the ruin of one must involve that of the rest, he adds:

'It would be easy to demonstrate how all these prominent features of the English character, supply, with a constant stream of light, this splendid luminary of public spirit which sheds such a brilliant lustre over the English constitution. In proportion to the individual varieties of Englishmen, the stamp of public spirit is impressed, in a thousand different forms and shapes upon all ranks and classes of people. It does not indeed, universally wear the same noble character. The enlightened and liberal statesman associates with it the most exalted conceptions, whilst the

narrow minded, selfish shopkeeper blends and confounds i with his own interested views. Upon the whole, however, independently of its different modifications, its glorious effects are universally felt and acknowledged.'

Here, then, according to our author, is the *primum mobile*, from which every minute subdivision of this vast machine derives its impulse. Public spirit is the vivifying principle, which imparts health and vigor to the body politic. In England, it seems, from the palace to the cottage, the public good animates every breast, and enters into every undertaking. If Mr Gœde is correct, the ordinary motives, which impel the species, are here superseded by a disinterested patriotism. To such an agent, what effects may not be imputed? With a stimulus like this, to what degree of excellence may not a nation aspire? We must give the author the praise of having called in aid a power worthy of the occasion, but at the same time we must say, that, highly as we estimate the English character, we cannot impute its excellence to a source so entirely inconsistent with the laws of analogy in human affairs. We are disposed to believe, that a nearer view of society in England would have taught our author to refer her national greatness more to the peculiar influence of her constitution, than to individual virtue. He would probably have discovered that selfish wants and enjoyments were the grand incentives to action, and that the English patriot measured his periods, the English lawyer his briefs, the English physician his pills and powders, and the English shopkeeper his tapes and bobbins, upon nearly the same standard, which regulates the value of similar commodities elsewhere. It is undoubtedly true, that the citizens of free states entertain a purer and more ardent love of country, than can be experienced by the subjects of less popular governments. The encouragement to industry by the security of property, to emulation by the hopes of distinction, to bravery by the certainty of reward, is powerful and constant. The interests of the state and the individual citizen become in a degree identified, and the latter turns to his country, as to the fond parent, who is to share in his success, and whose arms are ever extended to cherish and protect him. This sentiment is as strong in England, as in any nation on the globe, but unhappily refined and virtuous emotions form but one of the ingredients in the human character, and he, who would refer great results to such motives, gives, to be sure,

honorable testimony to the goodness of his own heart, but at the same time betrays but a small share of observation. The felicity of England consists, not in the superior virtue of her citizens, but in the admirable adaptation of her government to the nature and wants of men. The glory of the English arms does not arise from the superior physical bravery of her soldiers over those of any other nation. There are brave men and cowards in all armies. But the English soldier knows that the performance of his duty offers him a surer and a richer reward than could be derived from the most successful criminal enterprise. English politicians are probably not more sincere than those of other nations, but such is the force of public opinion, that the demagogue, to gain his ends, must act the patriot. It is the excellence of the English government to have done better than any other in Europe, all that the best government can do, namely, to make the bad, as well as the good qualities of its subjects subservient to the public. This trait has been so well defined by a late French traveller in England, that we shall be excused for using his words. 'England, after all, is the only country in the world, where chance, perhaps as much as human wisdom, compounding with the vices and the virtues of our species. has effected a treaty between them, assigning to each their respective and proper shares, and framed its political constitution on the constitution of human nature.' We cannot, however, agree in allowing this praise exclusively to the government of England ; we believe it to be the characteristic of all free governments.

Mr Gœde's remarks on the police of England discover an equal misconception of the effects of free institutions upon national character. He is greatly scandalized that quackery is so prevalent, and devotes some pages to the enumeration of the tricks of certain worm doctors, venders of drugs, and wine manufacturers, whose practices he thinks extremely pernicious, and demanding the interference of the police. We agree with him entirely, that such abuses do exist, and in about the same degree, as in other nations equally populous and equally *refined*. But we are by no means convinced, that they are within the reach of any system of police, however rigorous. If our author had pointed out the country where there are not quacks and their underlings to compound and administer potions, and dupes in abundance to swallow them, and where the trader and the inn-keeper never put off bad wine upon the unlucky

customer, we might perhaps have become converts to his scheme of a *sanative police.* Our present opinion is that the most that can be done, is to endeavor, by education and the dissemination of truth, to open the eyes of the multitude to their true interests, and leave the rest to their good sense and sagacity. He also complains that the safety of individuals is neglected, in a strain that will appear to American readers somewhat novel.

'That part of the police, to whose guardianship the personal safety of the subject is committed, is the most remiss in the discharge of its functions. Unhappily, accidents occur daily, which might be easily prevented by a very small degree of official vigilance. There is no festivity, no solemnity, in London, if attended by the sympathizing or inquisitive populace, in which the public rejoicings of the day are not disturbed by some tragical events. Upon some occasions, for example, very slight scaffoldings are erected for the spectators. It almost always happens, that some of them break down; yet has this never induced the London police to take the least cognizance of their construction. When the peace was proclaimed by a public festivity, one of these scaffoldings broke down near the Mansion House, upon which there happened to be more than thirty persons, and many of them were in consequence dangerously bruised; but the Londoners are so very indulgent to their police, that they do not even suspect that it ought to take any steps toward the prevention of such accidents; though not fewer than five of them, during my short stay in London, were announced in the public prints.

'In none of the places, where it is presumed that great crowds of people will flock together, do you discover any traces of a police evincing the least concern for the maintenance of regularity, or the prevention of misfortune. They fight and squabble, (in some instances fatally,) at the entrance of the theatre, and the police has not yet been aroused from its lethargy. It will scarcely appear credible, *that the carriages are not even enjoined to keep the necessary order on such occasions,* yet though such scandalous confusion be always accompanied with unlucky casualties, the police suffers them to be renewed every day. At a subscription ball, which was given in commemoration of the peace, there were nineteen equipages overturned and broken to pieces! When I expressed my surprise to some Englishmen, I was told that it was nothing extraordinary; and they mentioned several excellent routs, where the same accident had happened to a still greater number.'

It is admitted, without hesitation, that these are evils; for we are by no means of the number, who maintain that such

disorders are requisite to keep alive the national spirit. But are they not evils, which necessarily grow out of the exercise of the privileges of freedom? Are they not the rank weeds of a fertile soil, which can hardly be eradicated without injury to the valuable product? The very circumstance mentioned by the author, that the English are not sensible of the inconvenience is of itself evidence, that it is not very great. Probably nothing would excite stronger indignation among the English, than an attempt, on the part of the government, to interfere in cases like those enumerated by the author, and the immediate sufferers would be likely to be the first to discover their resentment. The question is not, whether this or that trifling abuse might be reformed by a more rigid system, but whether they are prepared to submit to a continental police, with its spies and informers, its *gens d'armes*, and *lettres de sureté;* for to this the proposed measures must inevitably lead. It is for them to choose whether they will submit to the inconvenience of occasional tumults, or enter every place of resort for the purposes of recreation, of scientific and literary information, and even of religious worship, between soldiers with fixed bayonets, as occurs constantly at Paris. What is the occasional inconvenience from rogues and vagabonds on the high road, in comparison with the vexatious system of passports and police officers? Public opinion is the censor of English manners and the engine of reform, the laws rarely interfering, unless they are violated. Self-interest is the strongest incitement to correct conduct, for in every occupation there are competitors to take advantage of the least deviation. It is to these, that all free states must confide; and when they are no longer under their control, they may adopt a military police, for they have no longer a character to lose.

In his chapter on education in England the author bestows great praise on the plan pursued during infancy and childhood, which he prefers to that of the continental nations. He also notices a peculiarity in English education, which we strongly recommend, in the hope that it may not be lost upon us.

'A singular maxim of English education is that a stripling is never invested with the dignity of a man, and no difference obtains in the penal laws of the higher and lower classes. A scholar of the first form at Eton, who already indulges himself with the fond hopes of running a brilliant carreer at Cambridge

and Oxford, receives the chastisement of the rod, for any transgression, as certainly as the naughty boy of eight years old, who refuses to submit to lawful discipline.'

What a contrast do our seminaries exhibit, where the rod is barely spoken of as an antiquated instrument of torture, and boys of twelve and fourteen assume the airs and consequence of men. Of the more advanced stages of education in England, the writer seems to entertain a very different opinion, and of the universites he speaks with a degree of contempt hardly becoming a foreigner, who admits that his information is procured at second-hand.

'It will be inferred then, perhaps,' he says, 'that English schools and universities possess an eminent degree of merit. Quite the contrary; in all the different branches of instruction, they are inferior to the other noted seminaries in Europe, by a remove of least two centuries.'

We know of no better standard of the merit of seminaries than the characters and acquirements of those who are taught in them, and we certainly think it savors a little of paradox, to extol a nation in one breath as the only one on the globe which has discovered the true secret of greatness, and in the next to charge her public seminaries with more than monkish degeneracy. We would by no means be understood to defend the practice of the English universities. The objections of a too close adherence to antiquated studies, and an extreme devotion to the classics, to the exclusion of other branches equally important, are in a degree well founded. He might have added, what we think a still stronger objection, that the benefits of an academical education are too exclusive. The expense attending a residence at the university, and the interest necessary to procure admission, deprive a great proportion of the nation of the enjoyment of this advantage, and what is still more to be lamented, the common branches of instruction in England are within the reach of, comparatively, very few. Happily in this country the case is reversed; in New England and some other portions of the United States, no individual, however humble, has to complain that he cannot procure a competent school education. But it is conceded that our praise must stop here; in the higher departments of education, particularly in classical learning, we are still far in the rear of European nations. What Johnson wittily said of learning in Scotland, that 'it

was like bread in a besieged town, where every man gets a share, but no man has a full meal,' may with some truth be applied to the actual situation of this country. This remark is not made by way of reproach; on the contrary, we think it reflects the highest honor on a people, that their first object should be to scatter with an equal hand the blessing of knowledge. The effect of this system on the character of our population, is its highest eulogium. It is however to be regretted, that many among us are not only disposed to rest satisfied with what has already been done, but to look with jealousy on every attempt to introduce a more thorough course of classical instruction. Some men of enlightened minds, and otherwise liberal views, have been known to urge against any innovation, that we have done very well hitherto with our present allowance of Greek and Latin; and why change a system of which we have no cause to complain? Nothing is so unreasonable, as contempt for what we do not understand, and consequently no prejudice is so difficult to overcome. Ignorance in itself is not disgraceful, for it may be unavoidable; but to persist in keeping posterity in darkness, because we ourselves are not enlightened, is the surest index of barbarism. It by no means follows, that, because some are learned, the mass is necessarily ignorant. My taper is not extinguished by the brightness of my neighbour's torch. On the contrary, nothing tends so much to stimulate to exertion, to encourage merit, and to refine and exalt the character of a nation, as a numerous and respectable body of men of learning. One of the first steps toward the attainment of so desirable an end, is to encourage learned foreigners to come among us. By a strange perversity, for which we can give no good reason, our citizens have uniformly shown an aversion to employ foreigners as instructers of youth, at the same time they have held out every lure to adventurers of all descriptions. This prejudice, we have reason to think, is gradually wearing away, and we hope that the example set by the national government, in the excellent academy at West Point, where several very respectable foreign gentlemen are employed, will have a good effect throughout the union.

To return, the author has given several anecdotes in illustration of a defect in English education, of which perhaps almost every traveller in England might furnish similar instances.

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'There is, perhaps, no country where the ordinary science of geography is so little cultivated. In their daily conversation they constantly utter the most ludicrous absurdities, as to foreign parts. They are, in particular, strangely perplexed in forming an adequate conception of Germany. Most of them consider the states of the empire as a sort of parliament, destitute of energy, public spirit, orators, and debates. A well bred Englishman once expressed to me his astonishment, that we (Germans) could have deliberately given such a constitutional preponderance to the House of Peers, "for," added he, "I have never yet heard speak of the German House of Commons." By a strange association of ideas, he had metamorphosed the aggregate sum of all the Electors, and of all the great and petty Princes of the empire, into a House of Peers. The English are most conversant with the geography of France, and are the least acquainted with that of the north of Europe. For example, a Russian banker once told me that in a brilliant assembly at London, an English lady asked him, with much apparent solemnity, whether at Petersburg, the inhabitants were not exposed to danger in the streets, on account of the white bears? It is partly owing to the defective reports of their travellers, who seldom know any thing beyond what they glean in coffee-houses and at places of public resort, that these mistaken notions become radical and inveterate.

The religious dispositions, the jurisprudence, and the political divisions of the English nation, occupy separate chapters, which, as may be supposed, contain nothing particularly new or edifying to American readers. A distinct chapter is devoted to English literature, on which point some idea may be formed of the value of the author's opinions, when it is stated, that he places Ossian first on the list of British poets, speaks with no little contempt of Johnson and his works, and expresses his surprise, that the nation should have been so long insensible to the merits of Darwin and Brown. We must here except the remarks on the English stage, which are very judicious. The justice of the following observations will be generally acknowledged.

'The English give currency to Johnson's aphorism, that the theatre must be a school of morals, without annexing a more exalted idea to this conception, than is usual among ordinary pedagogues. Whoever is desirous to have positive evidence upon this fact need only glance at their theatrical censors. It is indeed somewhat surprising, that among a people whose characteristical distinctions do not proceed from the narrow circumfe-

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rence of a school room, but from an enlarged and liberal survey of mankind, such a doctrine should gain ground; as if common place observations, which may be collected every day in the street, were sacred apothegms to instruct and edify our minds. But this standard has been universally adopted, to ascertain the moral excellence of dramatic poetry. When a character is nicely fashioned after some approved system of morality, when it is richly surcharged with the tinsel and embroidery of moral sentences, and is furbished up with such high coloring, that the spectator cannot divine the whole plot at the very first glance; then all demands are satified. I shall only cite a single performance, which has been universally extolled as a perfect model of this sort, the West-Indian of Cumberland. I have seen it performed at Drury Lane, before a very large audience; and have witnessed to my no small astonishment, the tumultuous applause bestowed upon the trivial sentences interwoven in the body of the piece. Whenever the actor, with a solemn accent, pronounced one of those choice scraps of morality, all the bystanders began to clap their hands, as if the goddess of wisdom herself were promulgating her oracles, for the illumination of mankind.

'Independently of the poets who thus regale the public with the quintessence of morality, there exists at present in this country a certain description of dramatists, who elude the malignity of criticism by usurping the province of ordinary punsters. Never has the temple of wit been more sacrilegiously profaned, than by these petty retailers of bon-mots. One can hardly conceive it possible, that such pitiful conceits should dare to appear upon a stage, where Shakspeare's majestic image may be imagined to reside; but this has actually occurred, and the public has taken them under its protection. The applause bestowed upon the vile productions of an O'Keefe and a Morton, and other poetasters of the same stamp, affords at once a lamentable and an irrefragable proof of this assertion.'

The remarks on the state of the fine arts in England, form one of the most interesting and masterly portions of the book. We believe that the progress of good taste within the last twenty years has had a tendency to confirm the truth of most of the author's opinions in this particular. We shall quote as an example, his judgment of the merits of West, who is, perhaps, better known in this country than most English artists, though we ought to observe that Mr Gœde visited England at a period anterior to the production of Mr West's most distinguished works.

'I have had an opportunity of inspecting a variety of Mr West's pictures, but I cannot pretend to say with which of the two I was most disgusted, their composition or their coloring. The chief property of the former is dissonance and confusion, superadded to several striking irregularities in the drawing; in the latter are accumulated all the combined faults of the English school. Observe, for example, the large altar-piece in the chapel at Greenwich. What infinite difficulty there is, amidst this miscellaneous and huddled assemblage of figures, to distinguish the principal groupe! Neither does it imply much knowledge of anatomy to discern many dislocations in the arms and legs of several conspicuous figures. The coloring is so harsh and cold, that you are almost tempted to imagine the artist had painted a set of masked countenances.'

His strictures are hardly less severe, and quite as just, on the prevailing style of sculpture in England, at that period. Of the performances of Flaxman, however, particularly of his monument to lord Mansfield, in Westminster abbey, he speaks in terms of the highest admiration. He is pleased, through his translator, to pronounce this artist a *constellation* in the firmament of the arts.

The anecdotes interspersed throughout the book are related in a lively manner, and will constitute its chief attraction to a large class of readers. The following will serve as specimens.

'Nothing, in the opinion of a London shopkeeper, conduces more toward establishing his credit, than to have his shop decorated with the ensigns of royalty, and to be able to acquaint the public that he enjoys the protection of his majesty, or one of the princes. Thus you may see near Leicester Square a species of quack's shop very elegantly fitted up, the proprietor of which styles himself, "Privileged bug-destroyer to their majesties!"—On the new road you pass by a house with an advertisement, inscribed in very legible characters over the gateway, announcing that a "Vender of asses' milk to their royal highnesses the duke and duchess of York resides here!"—A short time ago, a strange conceit was entertained by a man, who manufactures wooden legs with much dexterity, and who has placed before his shop, in the Strand, an enormous sample of his art, as a symbol of his profession, which was no other than to apply for the title of "Manufacturer of wooden legs to his royal highness the prince of Wales!" It may easily be conceived, however, that the prince, who has the finest legs in the world, could not comply with this ridiculous request.'

In his observations upon the manners of the English coxcombs, the author commits a laughable blunder, which, whether

real or pretended, is an admirable satire on one of the reigning absurdities of the age.

'But of all their extravagances, their fashionable cant is the most absurd. It is generally an unintelligible gibberish; a compound of broken French, seasoned with some significant and original terms. There are always some which have a run. Thus, the "boar" lately made a considerable figure among them. At all public amusements, which created languor or satiety, every body complained of "the boar." This is the more extraordinary, as there are only foxes and hares hunted in England."

As the author has placed English manners, morals, and domestic life at the head of the long list of topics enumerated in his title page, we were not a little surprised to find that his remarks are almost exclusively confined to London. This is the more to be regretted, as the beautiful scenery of England would have employed the pleasing talent at description, in which Mr Gœde principally excels. The specimen he has given us in this way, in the account of his journey from Dover to London, is just sufficient to make us regret, that he did not think proper to be more communicative. In the following extract, however, great allowance is to be made for the exhilaration, which every traveller experiences on his first introduction to scenes, on which he has long dwelt in anticipation.

'The first cursory survey of England, presents nearly the same aspect, from whatever side a stranger may advance toward the metropolis. One of the most animated high roads, is that leading from Dover to London. On leaving the little town of Dover, as you approach Ewell, a fine spacious plain lies extended before you, which gives the traveller a just idea of the highly cultivated state of the country. No spot is left without improvement; as far as the eye can reach, it discerns traces of laborious industry. All the fields and meadows are enclosed with green hedges, or fenced round with trees. The dwelling houses of the country people, and farmers, appear to be but newly constructed, and are only distinguished from the mansions of the town's people by their cheerful aspect. They are for the most part encompassed with a garden of flowers, and as every one follows his own humor in the style of building, they exhibit a great variety of architecture. Yonder you behold in idea a Gothic Chapel, another mansion is decorated with little pillars, and in a third you observe Roman pilasters jutting out beside Gothic bow-windows. The neatness, that reigns throughout, enhances the pleasing sensation excited by the prospect of universal plenty. The traveller indeed is

not a little surprised when he learns, that these mansions which he deemed the seats of country squires, are only the dwellings of farmers and peasants. He sees a lady seated in a bower of a little garden, with four young girls at her side, clothed in snowy robes of muslin. The mail coach drives up to the door; they rise and hastily advance to meet it. A gentleman from within exclaims with a joyful accent; "there are my wife and children." He jumps out and meets with a most affectionate reception from his darlings. The gentleman and lady salute the travellers, in a cordial manner, the coach sets off, and the stranger on inquiring of his fellow travellers, who these gentlefolks are, is informed that they are a farmer's family settled in the neighbourhood.'

We must take our leave of this work with a sketch of the daily routine of two very different classes of Englishmen.

"About eleven o'clock it grows day with a London beau. He swallows a slight breakfast, slips on his riding coat, and hies away to his stable, where his coachman, grooms and lacqueys, are in punctual attendance. Here his horses are mustered up before him, he takes a strict cognizance of them, makes minute inquiries after their state of health and constitution of body, and distributes the necessary orders relative to their management. If the weather be favourable, he then saunters through the town, on horseback, or drives out in his curricle attended by his servants. His way leads him through all the fashionable streets, and commonly ends after a few rounds in Hyde Park. Should the weather prove unfavorable, he frequents the workshops of the most eminent saddlers and coachmakers, is received with much ceremony, and many professions of regard, bespeaks fresh articles, proceeds to the auction of horses, and every where meets his friends. He then takes a survey of those curious sights with which the eyes of the public are feasted in exhibitions, steps into a print shop on his way and demands the new carricatures; after which he enters a fashionable coffee house. It is now past three. Our beau takes a second breakfast in the coffee house, peruses the public papers, converses with his acquaintances, and arranges with them the parties of pleasure for the ensuing evening. About five he returns home. Here his valet de chambre assists him in adjusting his dress, in which he discovers much taste. Whilst this important business is going forward, he hastily looks over all the visiting cards that have been sent in during the day, and gives the necessary instructions upon this head. At seven he repairs to a genteel coffee house, if no pressing invitation to some grand entertainment call him another way; or as is more frequently the case, betakes himself to a friend's party, where he is always a welcome guest, and considered as a member of the family. About

nine he rises from the table in order to repair to the theatre, not to see the play which is now nearly over, (for such a practice would be quite unfashionable,) but to skip about from one box to another, to shew himself to the ladies, to ogle with strangers, or to range about the lobby with his friends, in quest of those fair ones, whose nets are always spread for gallants and guineas. Should he fortunately withstand these powerful temptations, he then repairs to a ball or rout about eleven, or to one of those splendid houses kept by certain women of fashion, who endeavour to retrieve the low state of their finances by play. About four in the morning he returns home, fatigued with his nocturnal excursions, and next day commences anew the same invariable round'

'To one of my friends,' continues Mr. Gœde, 'I owe the following outlines of the rural employments of an eminent English statesman. He usually rises before seven in the morning. The first matin hours are exclusively dedicated to scientific pursuits, in which particular he always observes a fixed methodical order. At ten o'clock he repairs to the breakast parlour where the whole family are assembled. The newspapers are then examined, and the plans which the family have concerted for the day, proposed and arranged. About eleven they begin to separate. The gentleman mounts his horse, pays a visit to his tenants, traverses the circumjacent country, and in the course of two hours returns from his excursion. At this time his clients, and those who wish to converse with him upon business are in attendance. He usually consumes an hour with them in desultory conversation. It is now near two o'clock. The secretary makes his appearance. The letters which are come to hand are perused, and the pecuniary transactions revised. The secretary receives his instructions, and an immediate reply to the most urgent letters is transmitted by the master himself. His domestic then waits upon him and the ceremonials of dress are adjusted. When this business is despatched, the books and pamphlets sent in by the bookseller, are slightly turned over, and the more important articles are noted and reserved for subsequent use. The hour of five is now past, and the gentleman repairs to the dining room, where the family are reassembled, with the addition of some select friends out of the neighborhood. Half an hour after five dinner is announced, and for this meal rarely more than an hour is allotted. The ladies withdraw, and the gentlemen discuss political and agricultural subjects, &c. while the bottle circulates till the hour of tea arrives, at which the lady of the house presides in the drawing room. The news of the town, family occurrences, and the modern productions of French and English literature, now become topics of discussion. The ladies arraign the literary heroes of the day; the gentlemen conduct their de-

fence, or occasionally appear as their accusers. The literary performances, which lie upon the lady's toilet, are produced by way of reference; and passages are read aloud, which serve to refute or to corroborate an opinion already advanced. The lady sometimes takes her seat at a side-table, and overlooks favorite musical compositions. An elegant supper is served up at eleven, and about midnight the company break up.

'In such harmless amusements a family day is consumed. It may well be conceived, however, that this arrangement is liable to many interruptions;—when an illustrious visiter is expected, when the master of the house makes a rural excursion, or when he follows the chase.'

ART. IV.—*A Collection of Cases overruled, doubted, or limited in their application. Taken from American and English Reports. By Simon Greenleaf, Counsellor at Law.* Portland, 1821.

THE number of cases in this collection is nearly six hundred. Still it is by no means complete. Our own recollection and minutes furnish at least one hundred more; and it is probable that the full number of such cases, in American and English Reports, is one thousand. This statement may surprise some of our readers, and give occasion for new jests about the glorious uncertainty of the law. If, however, the number of reported cases, and the series of years during which they have accumulated, are considered, it will not be deemed strange or unfortunate, that a thousand legal errors have been corrected in half as many years. There are about four hundred volumes of cases decided in England and Ireland, since the reign of Edward II. We, of course, do not include in this estimate the broken cases of elder times, which may be gleaned from the old abridgments, and which reach back to the days of Henry III, nor the numerous little volumes containing accounts of a single case. There are also about one hundred and forty volumes of American Reports, all published since the organization of the federal government, and four fifths of them within the last twenty years.

That in all the courts in England and Ireland, with such extent of jurisdiction and press of business, there should be an average of two errors of judgment in a year, is surely no just cause of wonder or alarm. But our assumption, that there are

a thousand cases, which might be inserted in a collection like Mr Greenleaf's, included the American as well as the English decisions. Of course, the proportion of errors, on that assumption, is less than we have above supposed, for that our own official jurisconsults are infallible, we have not the vanity to believe, nor they the folly to pretend. Besides, there are in this collection, not only decisions, which have been overruled, but those, also, of which, while the general principle is adhered to, the extent of its application only has been subsequently limited, and others which have been merely doubted. Again, many of these overruled cases are judgments, which have been reversed in the higher tribunals, and therefore ought not to swell the list of errors; as such judgments are annulled, and never cited or regarded as authorities. That more errors have not been corrected is a cause of regret and humiliation. An *index expurgatorius* is needed for many a volume of reports. It has perhaps been true throughout the history of the English law, that judges have been less reluctant to correct the errors of their predecessors, than their own; but it is peculiarly true of American judges. It is, however, with admiration of the magnanimity, which attends great talents and thorough learning, that we have witnessed, on more than one occasion, a full and voluntary retraction of his own judicial opinion, by a most distinguished jurist of our own country, whose official labors we have heretofore noticed, and to whose powers and acquisitions we have paid our sincerest homage. 'True wisdom,' says another great judge, 'should induce us all to retrace our steps where we are wrong, and not for the sake of consistency persist to hold our adjudications to be oracles of the law. Judges are not infallible; and from a thousand causes their adjudications are sometimes erroneous. Great talents induce them, on some occasions, to repose too much on themselves. They feel that their contemporaries will be slow to doubt whatever they decide. But in a short time their decisions will be discussed by their weight, and not by their mere authority.' The truth and justness of this *last* remark are daily before our eyes; and the wisdom recommended in the *first*, is exemplified in the practice of the author. It is humiliating and pitiable to see a judge cling to his errors with a convulsive grasp, and search for strained and darksome analogies to fortify his blunders; denying the wisdom, while he half admits the existence of the doctrine which

he combats, and questioning the sagacity of the most accomplished jurists of the age. If this is ever seen, it is in men of little minds and small acquirements. The pride of infallibility belongs only to such.

The law is a progressive science; and 'all rational sciences that are subject to argument and discourse,' says sir John Davis, 'must needs be subject to uncertainty and to error. Howbeit, there is no art or science that standeth upon discourse of reason, that hath her rules and maxims so certain and infallible, and so little subject to divers interpretations, as the common law; so certain, sure, and without questions, are the principles and grounds thereof.'—'If the rules and maxims of the law were a thousand times as many as they be indeed, yet would they carry no proportion with the infinite diversity of men's actions, and of other accidents which make the cases that are to be decided by the law. Besides, it must be a work of singular judgment to apply the grounds and rules of the law, which are fixed and certain, to all human acts and accidents, which are in perpetual motion and mutation.'—'But for all this, it is objected that our later judgments do many times cross and contradict the former directly in one and the same point, which is a manifest argument of incertainty in the law. Assuredly, there are very few precedents of such contrary judgments—scarce two in one age. And yet if the reasons of the later judgments did appear of record, we should find them grounded upon mischiefs and inconveniences arising since the former judgments, or upon other weighty considerations respecting the good of the commonwealth in general.'—'And thus much may suffice to be spoken, to remove that scandal of uncertainty which ignorance doth unworthily cast upon the common law.'

Contrary judgments, 'in one and the same point of law,' are as rare in these days, as in the times referred to by the learned Attorney General of Ireland. An inspection of the cases collected by Mr Greenleaf will shew, that in a great majority of instances, it is only an incidental *dictum* of a judge that has been denied or limited in its application. The cases are few, in which the very point in judgment has been afterwards decided in a different manner. Lord Coke says, that in all his time there were not two questions moved, touching any of the fundamental points of the common law. Sir John Davis says, exchequer-chamber cases were so rare in his day, that the judges were drawn out of their proper

courts scarce twice in a year to deliver their opinions on those doubtful points. And it is asserted by chancellor Kent, that according to Colle's and Brown's parliamentary reports, which have collected all the cases to be found, there were from the year 1697 to the year 1778, (a period of eighty years, and that too the most happy and flourishing in the English history,) only sixty-four cases in error brought to a hearing in the House of Lords. In a small number only of these cases was there a reversal of judgment. In Shower's Parliamentary Reports of an earlier period, there are thirty-seven cases, and but seven reversals.

The facility of appealing from one tribunal to another, which is furnished by the statutes of the United States, and of the several states, has a direct and fatal tendency to impair confidence in the subordinate courts, to foster a litigious spirit, and to impress the minds of suitors, and of the people at large, with the notion that there is no certainty in the law. To the honor of the common law, it should be sounded in every ear, that *an appeal* is not known in that system. 'Upon judgments given in our ordinary courts of justice,' says an ancient sage, 'the law doth admit and allow *writs of error* to be brought, without any touch or dishonor to the judges.' To a more litigious spirit than prevailed in earlier days may perhaps be, in part, ascribed the more numerous writs of error, which are now brought into the House of Lords. In part, too, it may be attributed to the increase of important questions, which originate in the other courts, from a more numerous population, more extended business, and new relations, produced by political changes.

Upon a comprehensive survey of the subject, we shall find cause rather for exultation in the stability and certainty of the law, than for wonder or regret at the occasional conflict of judicial decisions. The causes of the greater diversity of decisions in this country, than in England, are obvious to the most superficial notice. Each state in the Union has its own courts, that are subject to no common revision, except upon national or constitutional questions; and those courts are composed of men of very unequal talents, experience, and learning. On questions of common law, therefore, we must expect there will always be contradictory adjudications by the courts of the different states. There is little or no hope of an uniform national common law. Ancient usages are

different in states which are contiguous, and still more widely different in those which are remote from each other. In every state, statutes have altered the common law, but not in the same particulars in any two of them. In some, the doctrines of chancery are incorporated with the common law; in others, they are kept distinct. For these and numerous similar reasons, we cannot anticipate (perhaps we ought not to desire) the uniformity which distinguishes the administration of the common law in England. In each state, however, and especially in Massachusetts, for which the suggestion is intended, additional securities might be furnished for the stability and certainty of the law. We ought to derive wisdom for future use, from the experience of the last seventeen years, and not sit down contented with past and present good. While the law, or the administration of it, is susceptible of improvement, it ought not to retrograde nor remain stationary. Reports of adjudged cases are called by Bracton *the judgments of the just.* Until 1805, the few reports of legal decisions, which were published in this commonwealth, consisted principally of hasty opinions on half-argued points that were raised in the progress of jury trials. Are the reports of such decisions, by whomsoever made, entitled to this high appellation? Since 1805, law-terms have been held in the several counties, and the advantages have been immense. The junior part of the profession can never duly estimate them; though from the first volume of Massachusetts Reports, they can learn a part of the evils from which they are exempted. In our judgment, however, the system so happily commenced is not half finished. In a word, we believe there ought to be only two places at which law-terms should be held, at Boston and in the interior; and that all legal questions ought to be argued thoroughly, and considered maturely, before they are decided. We are aware of the objections of delay and expense; but a tardy decision is better than a wrong one, and nothing is more manifest than the impolicy and mischief of making litigation cheap. We do not admit, however, nor believe that the change we propose would produce delay. On the contrary, we are certain that it would produce greater despatch, and earlier decisions. The calm and settled attention of eight weeks is sufficient for the determination of any earthly question, but the hurried glance of an evening or two, on the circuits, affords no ade-

quate means of correctly deciding important and intricate causes. They, of course, are continued for months, under the present system, for the purpose of allowing to the court the means, which we propose to furnish in all cases. Nor need the expense be more burdensome to suitors, than it is at present. The legislature can guard this point.

As several decisions reported by Mr Tyng have already been overruled, we trust it is not indecorous to intimate that there may be several others which would not have been made, had the causes been more fully argued, and more maturely considered. And we know of no method so eligible as that which we have above suggested, to ensure full investigation by the bar and the bench. It is not true, as is too often supposed, that the court only are responsible for incorrect adjudications. It is often the fault of counsel, as might easily be shown, and as every lawyer will admit. The bar was instituted to assist the court, and whenever the proper assistance is withheld, the bar is false to its trust. The reputation of the profession, in Massachusetts, is deeply concerned in the plan that we have proposed. They will not be scandalized by the suggestion, that the Reports do not present them, as a body, so prominently, either in point of learning or accumen, as to cause exultation when compared with the bar of some other states, as they are exhibited by their own reporters. This, we fully believe, is the effect of the present system, under which questions are often submitted for the sake of despatch, or to avoid labor, without argument, or at best but carelessly and superficially discussed. In such cases, superior legal attainments are without use and without reward. But we will not at this time pursue these remarks further.

An earnest wish for the advancement of our jurisprudence, and an unalterable persuasion that the plan we have suggested is one of the easiest, and most obvious to effect it, have elicited these few suggestions. It is time a distinction was made, broad and everlasting, between the trade and the profession of the law.

It has sometimes been thought that certainty in statute law might be promoted by reducing all that has been enacted upon one subject, though at distant intervals, into one chapter. We trust the ill success of such attempts will prevent their repetition. The present Probate Law of Massachusetts is a

standing, monitory memento on this subject, and justifies the following sensible and modest suggestion in the advertisement to Foley's Poor Laws.—'It has been for some time proposed to reduce all the laws relating to the Poor into one. But I humbly submit it to better judgments, whether it would not be more advisable to retain our old laws, whose sense and meaning have been determined by various decisions, and to go on making supplemental acts, where these are found defective, than to run the hazard of a new one, which perhaps may be liable to as many misconstructions as the former have already gone through.'

Two very recent decisions, one in the court of king's bench, the other in the supreme court of Massachusetts, on the construction of the statute of frauds and perjuries, strongly evince the different effect, on different judges, of doubts strongly expressed and often repeated. At the very time that the court in England unanimously held that all the doubts concerning the decision in *Wain* vs. *Warlters*, 5 East 10, were idle and not to be regarded, the court in Massachusetts denied that decision, and anticipated its reversal whenever it should be again brought directly into judgment in the court where it was made.

Mr Greenleaf informs us, in the advertisement prefixed to his book, that the present edition is a very small one, and intended chiefly, as it would seem, 'to obtain the judgment of the profession as to the utility of the work and the manner of its execution, and their aid, in augmenting the collection, should this attempt be favourably received.' Of the utility of the work there can be but one opinion. A manual, which should present at a glance, or furnish the means of readily ascertaining what has been repudiated, denied, doubted or limited in its application, in the voluminous and evergrowing volumes of judicial decisions, has long been a desideratum. It is obviously, however, a work which no single hand can rationally hope to render complete. The aid of the profession is therefore wisely solicited, and we hope will be liberally imparted. For accomplishing so much, Mr Greenleaf is entitled to great credit.—In the execution of the work, we find one great fault, which we doubt not will be corrected in a future edition. The point overruled, doubted, or limited in its application, is frequently omitted. This omission occurs seven times in the second page of the book. Thus: '*Anonymous* Sav. 70. pl. 145. Overruled in *Doe* vs. *Redfern*, 12

East 113.' A reader who is destitute of Savile's and of East's reports would derive no benefit from this information, and if he possessed both, he ought not to be obliged to examine them to ascertain what Mr G. states to have been overruled. We have noticed some *errors in fact*, but they are extremely few. In the 67th page, the case of *the king* vs. *Young & Glennie*, 2 Anst. 448, is said to be overruled by by that of *Iggulden* vs. *May*, 2 N. R. 452, and by other cases which have not the slightest bearing upon it. This may be a typographical error. We know of no case that overrules that of *the king* vs. *Young & al.* We believe it to be sound law, and confirmed by subsequent decisions. See 3 Anst. 811, 2 Taunt. 254, and several cases in Virginia. Mr G. may have supposed 6 D. and E. 766, impugns it.

We trust Mr Greenleaf will shew us, in a future edition, the differences in the decisions of different states on the same question. This might be done with small labor, and would greatly enhance the value of the work. For instance, that in New York and New Hampshire, the officer who presides at a popular election is not answerable for rejecting the vote of a qualified elector, unless he acts maliciously or corruptly. In Massachusetts the contrary is determined. The departures from the common law of England, in the different states, might also be added without more labor than the addition would repay. Indeed there is in the present edition some information of this kind, but it is not so full as is desirable.

'The law,' says lord Hardwicke, 'does not consist of particular instances only; but in the reason which runs through and governs those cases which have been determined.' A single judgment, therefore, should not disincline the court to review their first resolutions; much less should it present a bar to subsequent discussion. *Optima legum interpres est res perpetue similiter judicata.* The freedom and intrepidity of Mr Bacon Wood, as displayed in Wightwick's reports, are worthy of all commendation. Mr Greenleaf will have rendered to his profession a most eminent service, if by presenting so many examples of corrected error, he shall induce his brethren to examine decisions without fear, and the courts to revise them without reluctance.

ART. V.—*Œuvres Oratoires de Mirabeau; précédés d'une notice historique sur sa vie.* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1819.

MIRABEAU—ROBESPIERRE—BONAPARTE—These are the three great names of the French revolution. A thousand other actors in this prodigious drama rose in different ways to various heights of power and glory; but these are the three master spirits, who successively set their seals upon the character of three distinct periods; and the union in these leading minds of an utter absence of moral principle with transcendent genius would perhaps go far of itself, independently of any other cause, to account for the series of disasters, which so long frustrated all the attempts of the French people to reform their political institutions. It is fearful to think how much depends in times of trouble on the personal character of individuals. We are fond, for example, of ascribing the success of our own revolution to the excellence of the intellectual and moral habits of our fathers, who achieved it. But what would all their wisdom, and purity, and honesty have availed them, if they had been betrayed by their leaders—if Adams had proved a Mirabeau, and Washington a Bonaparte? If, as we may venture to presume, they would have persevered and finally effected their deliverance, the revolution, under such circumstances, must have assumed a character like that of France, and degenerated into a weary and wasting struggle, instead of being, as it was, compared with any similar event of equal magnitude, a mere holiday diversion.

The three personages, whom we have mentioned, resembled each other in nothing but the ascendency of their characters and the extent of their influence on the fortunes of their country.—The reputation of Robespierre for talent is, however, more equivocal than that of the others; although it seems impossible to account for his ability to strike terror, during two or three years in succession, into the hearts of a great nation, without supposing an extraordinary degree of mental energy. But the diabolical and unexampled excess of mere malignity, that appeared in his character, has withdrawn the public attention from the contemplation of his talents; and he is only recollected as the most remorseless of tyrants. There is, after all, something unnatural and, as it were, mysterious in this personage. He exhibited a singular simplicity and unexceptionable correctness in his private habits; and seems to

have felt no temptation to abuse power for the purpose of accumulating wealth or indulging in sensual pleasure. Liberty was the watch-word of the day; but with him virtue was more especially an habitual theme of discourse; and he goes from his daily labor of assassination to make a voluntary and solemn acknowledgment of the existence of God. His delicate taste and minute attention to his person were also strongly at variance with his political conduct; and there is something startling in the idea of a murderer in a nicely powdered head, and a neckcloth of the finest cambric. These frightful inconsistences almost excite the idea of a good man driven on, like Wieland in the novel, by a sort of fatality or insanity to the commission of continual crimes; and the supposition of a wandering intellect would seem at first thought the most reasonable way of accounting for proceedings more extravagant and incongruous, if possible, than cruel.—With the other two of these characters, the splendor of genius has thrown its dazzling brilliancy over the daring and unprincipled ambition, which accompanied it, as it has done with many preceding conquerors and statesmen of ancient and modern times. Mirabeau and Bonaparte, though hardly possessing higher claims to the approbation of the wise and good, than Robespierre, not having abandoned, like him, all regard for common humanity, and having fired the imaginations of men in a much greater degree, by astonishing exhibitions of power and vast successes, are more frequently thought of, and will probably be finally remembered as the most illustrious persons of their times, rather than as great criminals. They will be ranked in history with the Alexanders, the Cæsars, and the Cromwells; while Robespierre, in the singular blackness and incomprehensible inconsistency of his conduct, must be contented with a station far below even the Catilines; or rather has no parallel whatever, and stands apart, a terrible exception from all recorded categories of the human species.

These three were all orators; and each in a different way. Robespierre, as he was probably inferior to the others in talent, was also inferior to them in eloquence. His manner of speaking appears to have resembled that of Cromwell, and was marked with obscurity and painful effort. To judge from his reported speeches, his reach of mind was extensive, and he generally took a large view of the subject under discussion; but his ideas are not expressed with precision or with elegance;

and make little or no impression on the imagination or the judgment. A bewildering cloud seems to brood over his intellect, as may well be imagined with one, whose aim, in most of his orations, was to establish a connexion between assassination and virtue. Bonaparte, on the other hand, was distinguished for a very different sort of eloquence, if the term may be applied without impropriety to his written addresses to the army. His mind was inflamed to enthusiasm in early life by a contemplation of the great characters of antiquity, and his style, like his conduct, was imitated from theirs. It is impossible not to recognize in the productions alluded to an echo of such speeches as those of Hannibal in Livy, and Marius in Sallust. This bold and brilliant manner was entirely suitable to the audience, for which the addresses were intended; and some of the happiest specimens of it may perhaps stand the test of exact criticism, and be admitted as examples of real eloquence. In general, however, their author's ambitious spirit led him, in writing as in action, into caricature; and he often oversteps the narrow boundary, that divides the sublime from the ridiculous. But eloquence, whether written or spoken, was with Bonaparte only a secondary matter. Mirabeau, with a mental energy probably at least equal, if not superior, was exclusively an orator; and he seems to have possessed all the requisites of eloquence in as high perfection as any orator, that ever distinguished himself, either in ancient or modern times. The shortness of his career, and the peculiar character of the period, prevented him from developing his powers to their full extent, or embodying them in such productions, as will give him a permanent rank with the most celebrated speakers. But, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances, under which he presented himself, he exercised an astonishing mastery over the spirits of a most enlightened audience; and acquired in the short space of two years the reputation, which has not yet been wrested from him, of the most powerful political orator, that France ever produced. We venture to presume, that an article upon so distinguished a personage, including one or two specimens of his manner, will not be uninteresting to our readers; and avail ourselves of the opportunity to offer it, afforded by the publication of this collection, which is not, however, very complete or very judiciously executed. We shall commence with some observations of a more general character, which are naturally suggested by the subject.

The word eloquence seems to have varied a good deal from its original signification; and the abuse of it has proved in practice of more importance than that of most other words, as it has had no small influence on the conduct of public affairs in various countries. Eloquence in its proper sense is the faculty of speaking, that is of extemporizing, in public with effect, and is quite distinct from the faculty of writing well in the closet, or of reading with grace and propriety. In common usage however we apply the epithet of an eloquent man to a good writer and a good reader, at least, a good reader of his own composition, as well as to a good speaker. Now these several powers, though in some measure allied to each other, suppose very different habits, if not talents. A man may be able to write in perfection, who from want of exercise or some original incapacity is unable to extemporize a sentence. This was the case with Rousseau, the most impassioned perhaps of all writers, who from a defect of humour, had not the faculty of commanding his powers even in small circles, and observed of himself that the slightest objection uniformly overset him; and that he had no sense till half an hour after he wanted to employ it. Again, there is nothing more common than to hear a man denominated eloquent, principally because he is able to read in a forcible and impressive way his own written composition, which perhaps on examination has but little value; and which, such as it is, he is quite unable to produce extempore. This is the case with most of our preachers, whose sermons are generally written out beforehand as they are delivered; and whose reputation for eloquence is sometimes founded as much upon their skill in reading, as any other quality. This is also the case with a great part of the orators in the deliberative assemblies on the continent of Europe, who are almost universally in the habit of reading written speeches; a practice which happily is not admitted in our legislative bodies or in the British parliament.

Now this confusion of ideas, which, abstractedly considered, is of little importance, has led to some very serious practical consequences. It may be regarded for example as the cause of the practice which we have just mentioned of reading written sermons and written speeches on political affairs. Both these habits are productive in different ways of great inconvenience. A reasonable degree of expedition in the despatch of public business is extremely desirable on various

accounts; and this is materially impeded in most of the European assemblies by the prevailing opinion that every person who is capable of writing a dull speech or causing one to be written for him, is at liberty to consume the time and patience of his colleagues with reading it to them, under the pretext of speaking to the question. There is not only a great loss of time but an intolerable degree of fatigue and disgust consequent upon this usage. It is enough perhaps to make a sensitive man vote against a measure in itself good, to see a host of orators, not one of whom is capable of uttering a sentence, rising one after another to support it, and coolly putting on their spectacles, and taking out of their pockets their respective quires of eloquence. As the thing is done alike on both sides of all questions, there is no great danger of any unfavorable effect upon the decision of points in dispute; but the practice is at once highly inconvenient and well fitted to create a disgust for the form of representative government itself. With us this evil is not experienced; but the public service would be greatly advanced if it were understood that an orator must not only be able to speak, but to speak well, before he can take the floor with advantage to himself, his party, or the public. If this conviction could be once fairly established in the general opinion, it would save many an unfortunate member from bringing disgrace upon himself and his constituents, and making enemies for life of his colleagues, and that part of the public, probably not a very numerous one, who think themselves bound in duty and honor to read every speech that is printed in the newspapers. This matter is better managed in the British parliament with all its corruption. The speaking is there left for the most part on both sides to a few distinguished members who are capable of throwing light upon the subject; and it is not found that the public service sustains any injury in consequence, as no erroneous measure that has ever been adopted in that country can be fairly traced to a defect of public discussion. If we choose to consider the British as our enemies we should perhaps do well to apply in this case the old Roman maxim, *Fas est ab hoste doceri.*

The confusion of ideas to which we have alluded has also led to the practice of reading written discourses in the pulpit, one of the most unfortunate innovations that has ever been made on the discipline of the primitive church. It is true that we owe to it many volumes of instructive and elegant

sermons; but then what floods of *ennui* have been poured out every week for centuries through the same channels upon the Christian world. We have little hesitation in saying, that since the disuse of persecution, the severest trial to which the faith of believers is exposed, is the necessity of abstaining from attendance on public devotional exercises, or listening to performances, which by their dulness excite very different feelings from those of love to God and man. The great superiority of extempore preaching is evinced in the perfect success with which it is practised by the less cultivated sects of Christians among ourselves and elsewhere. It is true that their discourses give no pleasure to men of education, because the preachers are generally uninformed and narrow minded; but they delight and edify the audience for which they were intended; while divines of much higher pretensions, well instructed in all the necessary branches of knowledge, and dubbed with all the usual degrees, but too often put their hearers to sleep. It is a mistake to suppose that the warmth and zeal of the class of preachers alluded to arise from their ignorance; and it would be highly injurious to the cause of religion to maintain that a fervid feeling of piety is incompatible with intelligence and education. The impassioned manner of the unenlightened preachers is owing in no small degree to the very circumstance of their speaking extempore. When a man who is accustomed to the situation and at ease in it, ascends the tribune to harangue an audience, whether upon religion, politics, or any other matter, which admits of an appeal to the feelings, and no other should ever be treated in this way, a sympathetic communication establishes itself between him and his hearers, at every touch of feeling or flight of fancy a thousand eyes are sparkling with pleasure and swimming in emotion. And is this exhibition to produce no corresponding emotion in the mind of the speaker? We are not stocks and stones, and a man must be something worse who is not inflamed and excited in such a situation. The orator finds his own heart warmed by the sympathy of his audience, his imagination is excited and his thoughts flow with a freedom unknown in the laborious effort of written composition. This increasing excitement produces new exhibitions of interest and feeling in the audience; and these again new bursts of eloquence in the orator; and in this electrical communication of hearts and minds the whole man is wrought up to the

highest pitch of excitement of which his nature is capable; and the torrent of his thoughts and feelings gushes from him in a copious and fiery flood, like lava from a burning mountain. The languor that succeeds to these efforts proves the excess of excitement under which they are made. When Mr Ames concluded his speeches, his nerves, says the writer of his life, seemed to be strained and shattered, like the cordage of a ship after a heavy storm. The effect of extempore speaking in giving life and warmth to the manner of the orator is also seen at the bar; where a counsellor is often wrought up by the mere mechanical excitement of the act to a high degree of of heat and passion, upon matters of mere business, as cases of insurance and patents. Now the effect of introducing a written discourse, whether at the bar, in the pulpit, or in the senate house, is to break this natural sympathetic chain; and to bring in the cold dead letter, like a wall of partition between hearts and minds that are rushing into contact. A discourse may be written under the influence of strong excitement, and will thus have something in its character analogous to the situation. It will then produce emotion in the audience; but there will still be no room for the powerful and salutary reaction, which this emotion would in different circumstances exercise upon the speaker. He must go on pouring out his lukewarm closet conceptions, like iced water, upon the fire which he has himself kindled; and the utmost benefit that he can derive from any sympathetic communication with his hearers is a little additional warmth in his manner as a mere reader. We know that even under these disadvantages a fine writer and a fine reader is heard with extreme pleasure; but it is not difficult to imagine how much greater would be the effect of the same talents and graces displayed under the influence of the high excitement of extempore discourse.

The heart, says Longinus, is the source of all true eloquence. The same thought is expressed by Goethe in his Faust, in a passage of which, as it is rather a pointed expression of a common, though important truth, we take the liberty of offering the following imitation. Faust, better known by the name of Dr Faustus, is consulted by one of his students upon the proper method of acquiring the art of persuasion. "Persuasion," says the doctor in reply—

> 'Persuasion, friend, comes not by toil or art;
> Hard study never made the matter clearer;

'Tis the live fountain in the speaker's heart
Sends forth the streams that melt the ravished hearer.
Then work away for life—heap book on book—
Line upon line, and precept on example:
The stupid multitude may gape and look,
And fools may think your stock of wisdom ample.
But would you touch the heart, the only method known
My worthy friend, is first to have one of your own.'

If then, feeling be the essential part of eloquence, every thing that tends to impede its flow should of course be carefully avoided, and this is the necessary and direct operation of declaiming from written notes.

It may be urged, however, that extempore speaking is a matter of habit, and cannot be practised without the necessary previous training, which does not form a part of our ordinary systems of education. This difficulty, however, is constantly encountered at the bar, where the young practitioner, after devoting many years and much expense to the acquisition of various branches of knowledge, is compelled to risk his success in life upon his ability in an art, to which he has given no attention. But admitting the objection in its full strength, it only serves to place in a clearer light, one of the most remarkable deficiencies in our academical institutions, in all of which this branch of education is wholly neglected. In some of our universities there are foundations devoted expressly to instruction in eloquence, but by the same confusion of ideas which we have mentioned, the term is understood to mean the art of writing and reading, and to teach public speaking does not form a part of the duty of a professor of rhetoric and oratory. We have at Cambridge a trial of skill in declamation, and a distribution of prizes as the reward of success; but declamation, as there understood, does not signify, as it did with the Romans, an extempore harangue on a given subject, but a mere recitation of scraps in prose or verse, a useful exercise enough for boys in grammar schools, but not very well fitted for the improvement of young men, on the eve of engaging in the most weighty occupations of life. This matter was very differently managed by the ancients. The attention of the professional student was directed almost exclusively to the acquisition of the habit of speaking; and the practice of declamation in private, as an exercise, was kept up with unremitted perseverance. We find from Cicero's letters that he continued it through his

whole life. This plan of education was even carried to excess; and instruction in the mere learning of the profession was almost wholly overlooked. The study of a few weeks was thought sufficient for the acquisition of a competent knowledge of law, while many years in succession was devoted to oratory. And it may, perhaps, be said with safety, that if a gentleman, instead of devoting seven years to the study of various branches of knowledge, and no time whatever to improvement in eloquence, should employ one year in acquiring the habit of speaking in public, and six months in informing himself in the most necessary points of learning, he would begin the practice with far more satisfaction to himself and a much better chance of success, than he does at present. In reality, however, it is not necessary or desirable that any valuable department of science, which is now attended to, should be omitted; but only that instruction in eloquence should be superadded to the rest; and that the manly and really useful discipline of declaiming extempore, should be substituted, in the higher institutions, for the present practice of recitation. To learn to speak with effect in public, is the precise object of education with two thirds of our professional men, and with all who frequent our colleges, as far as they may wish or expect to take a part in the government of the country. All other studies are subsidiary to this. And yet at present the subsidiary studies alone are pursued, and the principal object, in the accomplishment of which they are to aid, is entirely overlooked.

We have followed out this train of thought somewhat farther than was necessary for our immediate object, which was, merely to state with distinctness the proper idea of an orator, with a view to a more correct estimate of the character of Mirabeau. If the principles here advanced are correct, the greatest orator is not the one who can bequeath to after ages the best collection of written speeches, but the one who can make the strongest impression, by the use of the noblest means, upon the most enlightened audience. An excellent writer of speeches may be a very indifferent orator, or may not speak at all. Burke, for example, was not heard with pleasure, and in the proper sense of the term, was no orator; although his written speeches are perhaps the choicest specimens in existence, in this form of philosophy and fine writing Isocrates never spoke in public. On the other

hand, Demosthenes and Cicero united the talents of writing and speaking. Their orations, as reported by themselves, are perfect models of the art; and it is known historically that their eloquence produced the strongest impression on their hearers. But even when the same individual combines, in as high a degree as these illustrious characters, the two distinct powers, we are not at liberty to estimate his talent as an orator by his merit as a writer; and in this case, as in every other, we can only judge of his eloquence by the historical and traditional accounts we have of its effects.

Thus, no adequate memorial can ever be preserved of excellence, however consummate, of this delightful art, and we must be content to know that great orators have existed without pretending to judge, except as far as we are guided by mere description, of the kind and degree of their powers. If this consideration is in some respects unpleasant, it is at the same time agreeable to reflect, that we are not obliged to doubt the exactness of the historical and traditional accounts that have come down to us of the great effects produced by the eloquence of former orators, because they have left no written speeches of proportional value. The reputation of Patrick Henry, for example, rests wholly on tradition; but we are not therefore to regard it as unmerited. It is only necessary, in order to estimate it fairly, to strip the accounts we have of it, of all manifest exaggeration and then to take into view the character of the hearers he was in the habit of addressing, and the means he employed to produce effect. The conclusion would probably be, that he was at least equal, if not superior to any orator of modern times.

The fame of Mirabeau also rests in a great measure on tradition and history. We have, it is true, a considerable number of publications of different degrees of importance and value from his pen; but though they all exhibit strong marks of talent, none of them belong to the class of finished and standard works, or justify completely the reputation which we know their author acquired in another field. Some of these, as the *Translation of Tibullus* and *the Letters to Sophia*, were written from merely pecuniary motives, and must be regarded as the attempts of an *amateur* to turn to account in time of need, the arts which he had studied as elegant accomplishments. The *Essay on the Prussian Monarchy* and the *Secret History of the court of Berlin* are rather valuable as repositories of rich and cu-

rious materials, than as literary productions. The various political pamphlets which were published by Mirabeau before the opening of the revolution, although some of them excited at the time very great attention, have also long been forgotten. Among them was the one, entitled *Considerations on the order of Cincinnatus;* intended to point out the inconsistency of this hereditary distinction with our republican institutions. The same view of this subject was also taken, as is well known, by our illustrious Franklin; and although no practical inconvenience has yet resulted from the establishment of the order, it can hardly be denied that it is in theory an offence against the principles of the government. It is easy to conceive that it may have excited strong alarms in the friends of liberty abroad and at home, at a time when the success of our political experiment was still uncertain, to see so important a body as the army exhibit a hankering after the European folly of hereditary rank. These several publications served to indicate the talents of their author, and to recommend him to the public attention; but it was not till his appearance in the national assembly that the secret of his astonishing mental energy was fully revealed. From the first organization of that body till the day of his death he was acknowledged as the undisputed leader of the popular party; and doubtless contributed much by the prodigious power of his eloquence to its final ascendency. If now, on the principles above stated, we attempt to judge of the degree of his talent as an orator by the impression he produced and the character of the audience upon which it was made, it can hardly be denied that his eloquence was of the very first class. The national assembly was one of the ablest and most enlightened bodies of men that ever existed; and it required of course an exhibition of the highest qualities of mind and character to produce effect upon it. The interests under discussion were the most important that could possibly engage the attention of an audience, and nothing but undoubted superiority could have secured the confidence of the popular party to the extent to which Mirabeau possessed it. His reported speeches however give but an indistinct notion of the character of his eloquence. Very few of them were prepared for publication by himself; and hardly any, even at the time of their delivery, could have possessed the qualities of an artificial and elaborate oration. In such a hurry of events there was no opportunity for working ten years in succession upon one speech,

as Isocrates is said to have done; nor was there much room to apprehend that orations would savor of the lamp, in an assembly where the most momentous questions were often proposed and decided without the intervention of a single night. To direct the storm of such deliberations required the highest degree of eloquence, understood in its proper sense, as the faculty of extemporizing with power and effect. It required not only a mental energy sufficient to grapple with and master the greatest questions in philosophy and politics, and an imagination rich enough to afford upon demand an unbounded flow of elegant and forcible words; but the moral qualities that were necessary for bringing these talents, at any moment, into immediate action, dauntless courage, and unshaken self-possession. The very *début* of Mirabeau in his legislative career, clearly proved that he had these latter qualities of a consummate orator, in at least as high perfection as the former. His famous reply to the master of the ceremonies, coming by order of the king to dissolve the Assembly, is one of the shortest orations on record, but it is far from being the one that affords the least conclusive evidence, in regard to the moral and intellectual qualities of its author; '*Tell your master, that we were sent here by the people; and that nothing but the bayonet shall compel us to separate.*' At a time and in a country where the king was still a god, and the master of the ceremonies his high priest, it required a prodigious force of character to break at once, in this way, the charm of their ascendency; and it is no wonder that the person, who was guilty of such sacrilege, should have been regarded at court, as the incarnate spirit of evil; although this opinion is not quite so natural in a philosophical observer, like Madame de Stael.

Mirabeau had reached the age of forty before he commenced his career as an active politician. The maturity of thought and talent, supposed by this age, was probably favorable to his success as an orator; but the antecedent events of his life, while they tended to sharpen his intellect by exasperating his feelings, were unfortunately well fitted for the same reason to give his efforts a dangerous direction. The natural ardor and extravagance of his character, led him in early youth into irregularities, not very unusual in young men of high birth and large expectations, but which, it is said, were repressed by his father, with a hardship, which had

but little tendency to conciliate so lofty a spirit. The paternal authority in the higher ranks of French society was, at that time, nearly as extensive as in ancient Rome. A man of rank could obtain at pleasure an order for the imprisonment of his children for an unlimited period; and we are told that Mirabeau was deprived of his liberty seventeen times in this arbitrary way. He was confined three years in succession in the castle of Vincennes, and during this period he wrote, among other things, his essay on *Lettres de Cachet*, on the blank leaves of the books which were furnished him for reading. It is easy to conceive that under these circumstances he treated the subject with feeling, and in the French phrase, *avec connoissance de cause;* and, also, that when it came to his turn to lead on the attack of the popular host upon the existing establishments, he did it with a good will, and in the spirit of revenge as well as justice. When, however, the revolution began to take an unfavorable turn, Mirabeau exhibited some symptoms of a disposition to relent in his pursuit of vengeance; and on several occasions defeated the attempts of the demagogues in the assembly, without losing his ascendency over the popular party. It is even certain that there existed at the close of his career an understanding between him and the court, brought about either by corruption, or by a real conviction in his mind, that the revolution had gone far enough, and that it was necessary for the public good, that he should throw the weight of his influence into the scale of government. '*I am dying*,' he said upon his death bed, '*and the monarchy will perish with me.*' It may be doubted whether even his influence, great as it was, would have been sufficient, at this period, to check the current of events; and very possibly it was only his untimely death, which prevented him from adding another to the victims of the guillotine. Yet it is difficult not to feel some regret that the experiment could not be tried; and it seems a strange fatality that the only man whose influence afforded the country any hope of deliverance, should have descended to the grave at the early age of forty-two, in the fulness of his strength, and the complete exercise of all his faculties. But the task which Providence had assigned him was to destroy and not to restore. He lived just long enough to complete the essential work of the revolution, and at the very moment of his death was employed in laying the axe at the

real root of the old abuses, by introducing the equal division of estates among the children, in lieu of the feudal system of primogeniture. A speech which he had prepared upon this subject was read from the tribune a few hours after his death, by Mr de Talleyrand, and the measure was adopted. This single law, independently of any other, contained within itself the whole revolution. Mirabeau retained his lofty and inflexible spirit, and the proud consciousness he always felt of his powers, to the last moment of his life. Hearing, just before he expired, the report of a cannon, '*What*,' said he, '*are they celebrating already the funeral of Achilles?*' His remains were entombed in the Pantheon, from which, however, they were subsequently removed upon the discovery of his understanding with the court. Whatever may be thought of his private morals, or even of his political principles, those who like him least must admit the splendor of his talents, and the aspiring grandeur of his character:

> His form had not yet lost
> All its original brightness, nor appeared
> Less than archangel ruined, or the excess
> Of glory obscured.

The following account of the person of Mirabeau and his manner in debate is given by Lemercier, a living French writer of some distinction.

The appearance of Mirabeau was far from being attractive. His figure was clumsy and ungraceful; and it was difficult to see, for the first time, without repugnance, the cloudy, olive colored tint of his complexion, his cheeks ploughed with furrows, his haggard eyes buried in a deep excavation under his projecting forehead, his wide, ill shapen mouth, and his head and breast of a size quite disproportionate to the rest of his person. Nor was there any charm in his enunciation to make up for these defects. His voice was hoarse, and he spoke with a perceptible southern accent. He generally began with slowness and hesitation; and it was not until he became in some degree warmed by his subject, that his manner assumed an ease and energy, corresponding with the copiousness and force of his conceptions. But no sooner did the superiority of his eloquence display itself, than his ugliness was forgotten. His whole person was animated by the fire and vigor of his genius, and put on an entirely new appearance. His massy stature seemed to correspond with the majesty of his language;

his sunken eyes flashed with inspiration, and the muscles of his lips and forehead quivered and palpitated with the various changes of feeling, that succeeded each other in his discourse. Never, perhaps, was there seen a more imposing exhibition, than that of Mirabeau wielding his thunders in a hall, that contained three or four thousand auditors, and breaking down whole corporations at a blow. I should have been glad to observe how Napoleon, who thought he could subdue every hostile force by corruption or violence, would have dealt with this great moral colossus.

The reported speeches of Mirabeau, as we have already observed, are far from giving an adequate idea of the powers, which produced these prodigious effects. In fact, a report by another hand must necessarily be a very incorrect representation of an able speech. If the reporter, as is generally the case, be an indifferent writer, whose skill merely reaches to the grammatical arrangement of a sentence, and who has no thoughts and feelings in common with the orator, he brings down, of course, the inspirations of the latter to his own level, and gives, as it were, the ground plat of a magnificent edifice. If, on the contrary, his genius is equal or superior to that of the speaker, his report will still be incorrect, because it will be little more than a transcript of his own views on the same subject. Chatham, for example, was perhaps the greatest orator, taking the word in its proper sense, that ever appeared in England ; and Johnson was a reporter every way fitted, if the thing were possible, to give a just idea of his manner. But in the admirable report of his short and triumphant reply to the sneer of Walpole at his youth, we lose sight of the orator, and plainly recognize the sententious and epigrammatic style of the great moralist. Still, however, a representation of this sort is better than none ; as it is also the only one that can be had. The speech, of which the following report is given in this collection, was reckoned one of the most powerful efforts of Mirabeau, and is well suited by its length for the purpose of extraction. His object was to recommend the adoption, without examination, of a scheme proposed by Necker, then minister of the finances, and embracing several measures of a very desperate character, one of which was a property-tax of twenty-five per cent. His principal topic is the danger of immediate national bankruptcy.

'Gentlemen, we have heard a great many violent speeches; I shall endeavor to direct your attention to a few simple questions, and earnestly entreat you to listen to them.

'Has not the minister of finances drawn a most alarming picture of our present situation? Has he not told you that delay must aggravate the evil—that a day—an hour—a moment—may render it irremediable? Have we any other plan to substitute for the one he proposes? One of this assembly answers, Yes! I conjure that member to recollect that his plan is unknown, that it would require time to explain and examine it, that were it now in discussion, its author may perhaps be mistaken; or if not, that we may think he is, and that, without the concurrence of public opinion, the greatest possible talents would be of no avail in the present circumstances. I, too, am far from thinking that Mr Necker has proposed the best possible ways and means; but God forbid that at this critical moment I should place my views in opposition to his. However preferable I may think them, I know that it is in vain for me to pretend to his prodigious popularity, the reward of such distinguished services, to his long experience, to his reputation of the first financier in Europe, or to the singular and unprecedented good fortune, which has marked his career, more perhaps than that of any former statesman.

'We must therefore come back to the plan of Mr Necker.

'But why adopt it without deliberation? Do you think, then, that we have time to examine it in detail, to discuss the principles, and go over all the calculations? No, no, a thousand times, no. We can only propose insignificant questions and superficial conjectures. What, then, shall we do by deliberating? Lose the decisive moment, involve ourselves in disputes about the details of a scheme, which we really do not understand, diminish, by our idle meddlings, the minister's credit, which is and ought to be greater than our own. Gentlemen, this course is certainly very impolitic. Is there even common honesty in it? Gentlemen, if we had not proved our respect for the public faith, and our horror of bankruptcy by the most solemn declarations, I could almost venture to scrutinize the secret motives, secret perhaps even to themselves, of those who talk of deliberating upon this great sacrifice, when they must know, that unless made at once, it will be utterly ineffectual. And I would ask those, who seem to be accustoming themselves to the idea of bankruptcy, in preference to excessive taxes, whether a national bankruptcy is not itself the most cruel, the most unjust, the most ruinous of all possible taxes? Gentlemen, one word more, a single word.

'Two centuries of misgovernment have opened a gulf of ruin, which threatens immediate destruction to the monarchy. This gulf must be closed. Take, then, the list of the proprietors of

the country; and select a certain number, whose property shall be sacrificed to pay the public debt. Choose the richest, that as few citizens as possible may be ruined; but be sure to choose enough. Come on then; here are two thousand individuals, who have sufficient property among them to make up the *deficit*. Strike; exterminate the whole; plunge them into the abyss; it will then close; the finances will be restored to order, and the kingdom to peace and prosperity. You recoil with horror from this idea; and yet, inconsistent and pusillanimous souls that you are, you do not perceive, that in decreeing a national bankruptcy, or what is still worse, in making it inevitable without decreeing it, you disgrace yourselves by an act a thousand times more criminal; and, incredible as it may seem, criminal to no purpose. The other sacrifice, however horrible, would at least relieve you from your embarrassments. But do you think, that when you have declared yourselves bankrupt, you shall thereby be clear of debt? Will the thousands and millions, who lose in one moment, by this terrible blow and its consequences, all the comforts, perhaps the necessaries of life, allow you to enjoy quietly the advantages of your crime? Ye cool observers of the incalculable misery that such a consummation would bring upon France, ye selfish souls, who imagine that such convulsions of despair would pass off like the rest, and be only the shorter for their violence, are you very sure that so many millions of starving men will permit you to cover your tables with all the usual delicacies? No! you must perish; and when you have lighted up this tremendous conflagration, you will find that you have sacrificed all your personal enjoyments, as well as your honor.

'This, then, is the point, to which you are advancing. I hear much said of patriotism, appeals to patriotism, transports of patriotism. Gentlemen, why prostitute this noble word? Is it so very magnanimous to give up a part of your income, in order to save your whole property? This is simple arithmetic; and he that hesitates deserves contempt, rather than indignation. Yes, gentlemen, it is to your immediate self-interest, to your most familiar notions of prudence and policy, that I now appeal. I say not to you now, as heretofore, beware how you give the world the first example of an assembled nation untrue to the public faith. I ask you not, as heretofore, what right you have to freedom, or what means of maintaining it, if, at your first step in administration, you outdo in baseness all the old and corrupt governments. I tell you, that unless you prevent this catastrophe, you will all be involved in the general ruin; and that you are yourselves the persons most deeply interested in making the sacrifice which the government demands of you.

'I exhort you, then, most earnestly to vote these extraordinary

supplies, and God grant they may prove sufficient. Vote them, I beseech you; for even if you doubt the expediency of the means, you know perfectly well that the supplies are necessary, and that you are incapable of raising them in any other way. Vote them at once; for the crisis does not admit of delay; and if it occurs, we must be responsible for the consequences. Beware of asking for time; while you are lingering, the evil day will come upon you. Why, gentlemen, it was but a few days since, that upon occasion of some foolish bustle in the *Palais Royal*, some ridiculous insurrection that existed nowhere but in the heads of a few weak or designing individuals, we were told with emphasis, *Catiline is at the gates of Rome, and yet we deliberate.* We know, gentlemen, that this was all imagination. We are far from being at Rome; nor is there any Catiline at the gates of Paris. But now we are threatened with a real danger; bankruptcy, national bankruptcy is before you; it threatens to swallow up your persons, your property, your honor,—and yet you deliberate.'

The turn at the close of the following extract has sometimes been cited as a happy movement. Mirabeau had proposed an address to the king, requesting him to remove the ministers. It was objected by the other side, that such a request would be an infringement of the royal prerogative, and would be inconsistent with the theory of the division of the supreme power into three branches; and the example of England, where the house of commons had recently petitioned the king to change his ministers, and the king had in consequence dissolved the house, was cited as a proof of the confusion introduced into public affairs by this system. The orator replies in the following terms to this part of the argument of his adversaries:

'But, it is said, you will confound the three powers.

'We shall soon have occasion to examine this theory of three powers, which, properly analyzed, will perhaps show the ease, with which the mind mistakes words for things, and acquiesces in accustomed conclusions, without taking the trouble to examine the principles upon which they are founded. The valorous champions of the *three powers* will then inform us, if they can, what hey mean by this large phrase of *three powers;* and how they can conceive of the judicial or even of the legislative power, as wholly distinct from the executive.

'But you forget that the people, whose action you limit by the three powers, is itself the source of all power. You forget that you are disputing the right of the master to control his agents. You forget that we, the representatives of the people, we, in

whose presence all powers are suspended, even those of the chief magistrate of the nation, when he attempts to oppose us—you forget that we do not attempt to appoint or remove the ministers by our decrees, but merely to express the opinion of our constituents upon the administration of this or that minister. What then? Do you refuse us the right of declaring our sentiments, and compel us to contemplate the conduct of ministers in respectful silence, when at the same time you grant us the power of impeaching them, and constituting the court which shall bring them to judgment? Do you not perceive how much more moderate I am than you, and how much more favorably I deal with the government? You leave no interval between perfect silence and impeachment. As for me, I give notice, before I impeach; I object, before I punish; I afford opportunity for weakness and error to withdraw, before I treat them as crimes.

'But look at Great Britain, see what agitation is there produced by the right you claim. It raised the storm in which England was lost. England lost? Great God! what disastrous news! But tell me then in what latitude did this happen? What earthquake, what vast convulsion of nature swallowed up that famous island, that exhaustless store house of great examples, that classic ground of the friends of liberty? But surely you are mistaken; England is still flourishing for the eternal instruction of the world. England is repairing in glorious tranquillity the wounds she inflicted on herself in a paroxysm of fever. England is carrying to perfection every branch of industry and exploring every path that leads to wealth and greatness. You are thinking of some debate in parliament—there as elsewhere, generally mere verbiage. You are alarmed at the dissolution of the house of commons!' &c.

The idea of the subordination of all the departments of government to the supreme power of the people, which is insisted on at the beginning of the above extract, is doubtless perfectly correct; and it suited the argument of Mirabeau to treat the theory of three powers as in some measure inconsistent with that of the sovereignty of the people. In reality, however, it is highly favorable to it, because it regards the executive magistrate, who claims in most countries to be the sovereign, as a mere functionary on a level with the other magistrates, entrusted with the duties of legislation and judgment. This view of the executive office constitutes the real distinction between rational and arbitrary notions of government; and involves in itself the whole theory of liberty. The name of *powers* applied to the branches of administration is perfectly harmless; and no more connects the essential

sovereignty with the office to which it is affixed, than the power of attorney to manage an estate conveys a good title to it.

The following answer was made by Mirabeau, then presiding in the national assembly, to an address from a deputation of the sect of quakers. He refutes all their principles with great *nonchalance*, at the same time that he is overwhelming them with a profusion of polite and complimentary phrases. The whole speech is in fact a piece of delicate *persiflage*.

'Gentlemen! the quakers who fled from persecution and tyranny had a right to address themselves with confidence to the first legislative assembly which ever enacted the rights of man in the forms of law; and France in the enjoyment of her new institutions and in the bosom of peace will become a second Pennsylvania. We admire the philanthropy of your principles. They remind us of the infancy of the human race when society was still in the patriarchal state, and men were united by affections, habits, and mutual wants. Doubtless the principles which should tend to restore this state of things would be the most favorable of all to happiness and virtue.'

'We shall not examine your ideas considered as matters of opinion. We have already pronounced upon this point, and recognized the truth that every man is independent as regards his thoughts. As a citizen, he submits to government; as a thinking being, he acknowledges no political authority. Nor shall we inquire into the correctness of your religious views. The relations of each individual with the Supreme Being are as free as his thoughts. What government would venture to place itself between man and his maker? It is only as rules of society that we shall look at your doctrines, and they will be submitted to the discussion of the legislative body. This assembly will inquire whether the manner in which you certify the regularity of marriages and births is sufficiently formal to afford the necessary security to morals and property; and whether an affirmation made under the pains and penalties of perjury is not substantially equivalent to an oath.

'You are mistaken, my excellent fellow citizens: you have already taken the oath of allegiance which every citizen regards as a pleasure rather than a duty. You have not called God to witness, but you have sworn by your consciences; and is not conscience an emanation from divinity? You say that an article of your belief prohibits you under any pretence from bearing arms. This religious obligation to preserve peace is a beautiful idea; but is not self defence also a religious duty? Would you then submit to oppression? As we have conquered liberty for you and all of us, why should you refuse to assist us in maintaining it? Would your brothers in Pennsylvania have allowed

their wives and children to be butchered by the savages, rather than repulse an attack by force? and is not a tyrant the worst of savages?

'The Assembly will, however, in its wisdom, do justice to all your demands; and whenever I meet a quaker, I shall say to him; my brother, if you have a right to be free, you have a right to prevent yourself from being made a slave. Since you love your neighbor, do not suffer him to be the victim of oppression; this would be equivalent to killing him yourself. You are fond of peace; but weakness is the real cause of war; and universal peace can only result from universal ability to resist aggression. The Assembly invites you to assist at the sitting.

We shall close this article with the short funeral oration pronounced by Mirabeau upon the death of Franklin. The style is rather too pompous; but it is not always that lofty language is so well justified by the dignity of the subject, as in the case of our illustrious townsman.

'Gentlemen! Franklin is dead. The genius which delivered America, and poured such floods of light upon Europe, has returned to the bosom of the divinity. The sage whom both worlds claim as their own, whose name is recorded with equal honor in the history of government, and that of science, is justly entitled to be reckoned among those who have done the greatest honor to our species.

'It has long been the practice of courts to inform each other of the decease of individuals who were only great in funeral orations, and to notice these events by formal mournings. But nations should mourn for none but their benefactors; and their representatives should recommend to their attention and regret no others but the heroes of humanity.

'The Congress has ordered a mourning of two months for the death of Franklin, through the fourteen United States; and America is now paying this tribute of respect to one of her political fathers.

'Would it not become us, Gentlemen, to join in this pious act, to take a part in this public homage to the rights of man, and to the philosopher, who has contributed more than any other to ensure their acknowledgment through the world. Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who compassed earth and sky to accomplish his benevolent objects,—who mastered the bolt of heaven and the sceptre of tyranny. Our free and enlightened country owes, at least, some mark of recollection and regret, to one of the greatest men that ever served the cause of philosophy and freedom.

'I propose that the National Assembly wear mourning three days for the death of Benjamin Franklin.'

ART. VI.—*Intorno all' ingiustizia di alcuni giudizii letterarii Italiani. Discorso di Lodovico Arborio Gattinara di Breme, figlio.* 8vo. Milano, 1816.

OUR attention has been often directed for some years past to the character and condition of the Italian states. Various circumstances have combined to give them an interest in the view of every class of readers; and all can now talk of Italian skies, and Roman ruins, of the Carbonari, or the doge of Venice. To the lovers of novels and poetry, Mad. de Stael and lord Byron have made the peninsula 'a marvel and a show;' the inquiries of the northern critics and travellers have given a new impulse to the curiosity of scholars, and all Americans have had their enthusiasm awakened, though but to sleep again, by a momentary appearance of the spirit of liberty.

The general impression left among us, however, by most that has been said and written, is not, we should judge, very flattering to the present self-complacent and self-styled inheritors of Roman fame. Upon us, who value ourselves so highly on the enjoyment of freedom and independence, the failure of their political enterprises would of course produce no very favorable effect. It has inclined us to receive with additional aggravation what we had been told of their indolence and effeminacy. They figure in our imaginations very much like the Romans, whom Marius represented as the inactive and degraded descendants of ancestors, whose honors they could not sustain; and we admit them to be unworthy of the liberty, which they had not courage to vindicate. But in the mind of the scholar it is the all-subduing contrast of the present with the past, that degrades the living inhabitants of the peninsula. Such an one, indeed, comparing the ancient and modern Italians, might be tempted, perhaps, to venture upon rather an unlicensed extension of Mr Schlegel's doctrines of epic poetry, and consider, not only the true heroics of antiquity, but even the mock heroics of modern days, as pictures of human life. Thus the Romans would come to have in his mind about the same relation to their successors, as the Æneid of Virgil to Tassoni's 'Secchia Rapita;' and those, who were exhorted, 'parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos,' would seem fairly followed by a race, who, as Tassoni would describe them,

> 'Attendean le feste a suon di squille,
> A dare il sacco alle vicine ville.'

From the stern and classic heroes of republican and imperial Rome, or their more recent successors, 'whose wild instinct of gore and glory' gave a name to the Italian republics, and inspired the lofty meditations of Childe Harold, his thoughts might unluckily descend to Beppo, to the improvisatori, the cavalieri serventi, and to an idle and useless generation, who delight in carnivals, and, whether high or low, spend their lives 'with fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masking;' and thus, though Italy rises and passes before him, like a magnificent vision, having many changes, it is only its distant and remembered glories, that inspire him with awe. At least the scholar, who has never visited its living and moving scenes, and knows the present, as the past, only by the help of reading and imagining, has most probably reserved all his reverence for those, 'who rule our spirits from their urns.' Theatres, ballets, and masquerades can scarcely for a moment intercept the thoughts, which hasten to fix themselves on the nobler recollections of departed greatness—the scenes, with which Livy and Tacitus have stored the imagination, and the ever-changing pictures of Gibbon,—the treasures of art, the tombs of poets, and the monuments of heroes.

When we think of visiting the other countries of Europe, though we may have some few feelings of antiquarian curiosity to gratify, it is much more for what they now are, that our enthusiasm is excited. Our minds are at once thronged with conceptions of the stateliness and imposing magnificence of power, with ideas of institutions, venerable indeed for their antiquity, but still as they were, and still venerable. We long to listen to the living eloquence of the senate, the pulpit, and the bar; to revel in their hoarded treasures of literature and science, and gather knowledge from the lips of those, whose fame we have heard, or whose works we have read and admired. In Italy, only, we could wish to be alone, with nothing around us, but the monuments of the past. However unjust it may be, we cannot but feel that we should not recognize the bustling and self-satisfied race around us, as the objects of our search. They would serve but to break the charm, which the recollections of the scene would otherwise bring over us, and interrupt our converse with the mighty dead. For more than one reason, we might be tempted to apply to them what was said of the tumultuous rabble, whose uproar assailed the ears of Dante, on entering the place of souls:

'Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa,
Misericordia e giustizia li sdegna,
Non ragioniam di lor; ma guarda, e passa.'*

These feelings, we are ready to confess, however, whether right or wrong, belong to us rather as scholars and lovers of the ancient days, than as sober judges of merit. On looking more critically at the present character of the Italians, and recalling the circumstances perhaps unavoidable, which have made them what they are, we could not wish, as we might not be able, to pass them with quite so little ceremony, as was practised by the poet, and his Roman guide. Though we should sometimes inevitably forget them, when walking on the banks of the Tiber, or in the vale of Arno, we are aware, that much may be said for them by way of apology, and something in their praise. Their endless divisions, and local jealousies, transmitted from the middle ages, have long since discouraged the wiser part from attempting to cope with the power of their northern oppressors. They have consequently ceased to be ambitious of political or military glory. We suspect the true explanation of the late events, disgraceful as they seemed to us, must be sought in the belief, that the whole movement was, in fact, no more than a partial convulsion of the baser multitude, and that those, best capable of combining and wielding the real resources of the peninsula, found too little encouragement of success to engage them in the work. They have been told, and are apparently convinced, that they must gain a name and a place among the nations, not by their arms, but their arts. These are consequently the objects of their ambition and their pride. They are more vain, and talk more, and write more of their ancient artists, than of their ancient heroes.

It is with a very liberal observation of these facts, one too which, as Americans, we have special need to make, that we must judge, if we would estimate correctly, not only the character of the Italian people, but the merits and defects of their productions. We do not say, that such a state of things is an advantage either to the one or the other. On the contrary, we would attribute to this cause many of the faults of both. The fine arts are not fitted, of themselves and alone, to give a manly firmness and dignity to character. When they become, as they seem to have done in this case,

* Dante's Inferno, Can. 3. Ri. 17

the great business of a people, instead of building that people up to firmness of purpose, and greatness of soul, they in fact divest life of its importance, and its seriousness. Such has unquestionably been the case here, and notwithstanding the partial change, which a few individuals have wrought in their literature, we suspect, and might confirm the suspicion from the representations of the work before us, that the character and taste of those, who read and hear, have a more natural sympathy with the operas of Metastasio, than with the sterner and more impassioned style of his successors.

It need scarcely be said, that the arts themselves no less necessarily lose their dignity and power, when life ceases to be agitated, and the soul aroused by concerns and events of greater seriousness and importance. It is when contemplation is prompted by scenes of bold and adventurous action, that the mind ascends to its highest heaven of invention, and acquires the power of giving back its images in the most living and enduring forms. The arts accordingly, and especially poetry, have reached their highest elevation in periods, when religion, and the great business of securing national independence and freedom have awakened men to serious feeling and to bold and vigorous action, when they were the dignified and worthy resort for solace and amusement of minds, which more powerful causes had developed, and made susceptible of their highest pleasures. When they are not sustained by such circumstances, they too naturally become the idle and effeminate employment of effeminate men. Truth, and with it, all serious and ennobling aims are forgotten, and literature becomes a business of mechanism, a childish amusement.

Such to a great extent has been much of the literature of the Italians, as described by their own writers.

'The essential thought contained in those works,' says signor de Breme, 'and all the ideas, which go to form the body of them, neither are, nor can be in fact, the prime object of their mechanism. On the contrary, the ideas make but a hypocritical show, and act a part entirely subordinate to the language. They are called in merely because necessary to sustain the pomp of external form, and are like the occupants of a house which belongs alike to every chance inhabitant.'

Of such poetry, where thought is nothing, and the form and expression every thing, and with the harmony of the

Italian language to aid them, all can easily become authors. Little strength of mind is necessary either to write, or to enjoy it. With only a few positive and common-place ideas, every one can chant extempore harmony, and the Italians are as much given to poetry, as the Parisian multitude to dancing.

> 'E s' udian gli usignuoli al primo albore,
> E gli ásini cantár versi d' amore.'

We by no means intend to represent this, as the general character of the present literature of Italy. The work of de Breme, if we had no other evidence, furnishes proof of the existence of another class of men, who both think, and write in a different manner. Indeed we have no where seen the characteristic faults of Italian literature more feelingly and more clearly set forth, than in the remarks of this author, and in the extracts, which he has given from Baretti, Gravina, and others. We only mention the faults as growing naturally out of the state of society, and the devotion of the people to pursuits too exclusively belonging to the fine arts.

It is from the same causes, and the great importance which they attach to every thing connected with their reputation in the arts, that literary controversies assume a tone, and acquire an interest among them, which among us good republicans belong only to the subject of the tariff, the government of the Floridas, or the next president. They seem, though wonderfully altered, not to have entirely forgotten, that they are descended from the Guelphs and Ghibbelins. Though they shed less blood, they shed more ink. Where Dante was sentenced to be burned, his too exclusive admirer, Mad. de Stael, was sentenced to be reviewed. They whose ancestors, five or six centuries ago, arranged themselves with shield and spear under the banners of the emperor and the pope, now gird up their loins, like Dominie Sampson, and engage in the classic and romantic war, for the rival claims of Homer and Ossian. In no country, perhaps, have questions of a purely literary character excited so much superficial passion, or been discussed with so much perseverance. Ever since the arrival of those spurious Greeks, to whom de Breme attributes so much of the literary intolerance, and dogmatical dictatorship of their followers, and the decided spirit of imitation introduced

through the same influence, there seems to have been at all times, in a greater or less degree, a natural hostility between the two schools of Italian literature.

'There was no need,' says de Breme, 'of those spurious Greeks from Constantinople, especially those of the second importation. Without their aid we should have recalled Homer, Anacreon, Xenophon, Aristotle, and the classic writers, whom every age should emulate.—Those foreigners set themselves with extravagant zeal to organize the business of transcribing, to reduce the whole system of literary labor to mere mechanism, and to restrain the efforts of genius with their poetic ritual.'

It was the inconsistency of the taste so formed with the native character of the earlier literature of Italy, that created, and perpetuated the contest respecting the comparative merits of Ariosto and Tasso. The same fundamental differences between the two systems of art seem then to have been felt, though the principles were not so fully developed, as they have been in the later controversies. They could not indeed be very well applied to those examples, since Tasso differs from Ariosto, rather in the structure, than in the spirit of his poetry. Yet this contest divided all Italy, and seems never to have ceased, till it was swallowed up in the more comprehensive one, that has succeeded it. Metastasio was requested to give his opinion of the comparative merits of the two poets, and in his answer gives the following account of the contest respecting them.

'You know with what violent tumults the Italian Parnassus was disordered, when Godfred began to contest with Orlando, the rank, which he had so deservedly held. You know with how little effect the work of either poet was illustrated by the Pellegrini, the Rossi, the Salviati, and hundreds of other champions; and that the pacific Horatio Ariosto, a descendant of Lodovico, exerted himself in vain to bring the combatants to terms. When I first entered upon my literary career,' he says afterwards, 'the whole world was divided respecting them.'*

The more general discussion above alluded to, and first brought forward, we believe, by Cesarotti in connexion with his translation of Homer and Ossian, has been conducted with more warmth, as might be expected, and on grounds more purely literary in Italy, than elsewhere. The principles, which it involves, concern as much the merits of other modern

* Lettera di Pietro Metastasio a Domenico Diodati.

literatures, as those of the Italian. Yet no where have the opposing systems of taste been so equally divided in the number of their adherents, or of the productions conformed to them.—The Germans, who have entered most deeply into the subject, and applied their conclusions most extensively, would almost of course be decided by their national character, and Schlegel is more known than any other writer, as the expositor and defender of what are called the peculiarities of modern literature.—In England, though the distinctions, a good deal talked of, between the so called British classics, and the older writers, as well, as the late controversy between Bowles and Campbell, have some connexion with the subject, it seems not to have been much discussed upon its general principles. In France the discussion was unquestionably an affair rather of civil and national, than of mere literary concern.—Chateaubriand, it is true, has engaged in the contest with Mad. de Stael on more liberal and literary principles, but his argument is so entirely at variance with the general spirit of his own writings, that even Byron, in acting as the champion of Pope, can hardly appear more out of character. Among the Italians such subjects are the objects of contention more on their own account, and for this as well as the other reasons alluded to, the controversy has found there its most strenuous partisans.

The little work before us, of which it is time to say something more particular, stands intimately connected with this subject, though the immediate occasion of it was one of less general interest. It was called forth by the attacks of certain journalists on the opinions and conduct of Mad. de Stael. Their national pride, as well as literary prejudices, seem to have been wounded by the contrast, which she drew, when among them, between their ancient and modern writers. In defending her opinions Signor de Breme enters into the distinctions, of which we have spoken, and it is on this account chiefly, that his work has attracted our notice. In pursuing the subject farther, therefore, we shall only exhibit his views so far as they relate to the general controversy, without attempting to analyze the work. We only regret that we cannot draw more largely from him. The point, upon which he has expressed himself most fully, is the difference in *form* and *structure* between the ancient and the moderns, and the question, whether the system of rules, to which the Grecian

productions were conformed in this respect, be the only and unchangeable principles of the arts. The following passage exhibits the opinions of one party, as well as the reasons, why the French adhere so pertinaciously to one side of the question.

"The French maintain that the Greeks must be the supreme objects of our regard, and must be to every future age, what in fact they could never be even to themselves, teachers in the place of nature herself: that the power of swaying the mind and the heart, by the combined agency of all the faculties, intellectual, imaginative, and sensitive is no longer vouchsafed to human genius, and that men of the present and future generations must be content humbly to copy the Greeks and Romans. What is yet more extravagant, they hold themselves to have succeeded better, than any other people in catching the spirit of these inimitable masters of the tragic and comic art, and consequently that in their dramatic literature the supreme rules of the art must forever be sought. My answer is, that the so called golden age of French literature cannot, as it seems to me, boast a single poem that is characteristic and truly indigenous, either epic, lyric, or dramatic, and that their skill consisting in the remarkable perfection, with which they can combine in tragedy and comedy the rules of the antique model (as they interpret them), they have every reason to be steadfast in burning incense to their idol, for in so doing they bow down to their own divinity."

The author subjoins in a note an extract from Gravina's 'Ragion Poetica,' on the same general topic, and withal vindicating the claims of the modern romance to the honors of epic and heroic poetry.

'We would include,' he says, 'under the name of epic, those poems, which, because they are composed of various threads interwoven, have received the common appellation of romance. Epic means no more than narrative, and why is not the poet equally epic, and even more so, who has depicted a multitude of heroic enterprises, than he who exhibits but one? Why is not Ariosto, for example, as well entitled to be called epic, as Livy historic? Would Homer have been less epic, if instead of selecting the events, that sprang from the anger of Achilles, he had described the whole ten years' war?"

We have but a word to say at present on this passage. The analogy touched upon between heroic poetry and historical narration, we presume, was intended to be understood with many modifications. There is no ground for the last remark in regard to the unity of the Iliad, if it be true, as we

have been pretty nearly convinced, that the Homeric epic possesses no such unity, as is here supposed, and that without any change of *form* the poet might, in fact, have added the remainder of the ten years' war.* Our author very worthily employs his eloquence against the slavish imitation of the ancients, or of their modern interpreters. We fully agree with him, that the mere adherence to a system of conventional rules—we will add—whether ancient or modern, can never ensure success in art. It is an adherence to the form, without imbibing the spirit, that constitutes a servile imitation. From such, we would join with him in wishing a return to what is essential and characteristic.

'A *ragion poetica*, I mean not suited to our knowledge alone of things, that transpired three thousand years ago, but capable of exhibiting all those impressions and effects produced upon the sensibilities and the contemplative powers of man by our spiritual religion, our forms of society, by the dignified respect, which we render to the female sex, by the arts, and the boundless knowledge, which we possess.'

'Nature has not formed you with the design, that you should imitate her in that way only, which you learn from her. *You are yourself also nature*, and are more than her imitator, her rival, and that in every age of the world; and, if you would forever be celebrating the flocks and herds of Sicily alone, instead of painting with effect the naked and living phenomena exhibited and produced in you by the objects, with which you are surrounded, you can never say, that you imitate nature, much less that you imitate, that you *transcribe* yourself in your works. Instead then of humbly imitating, let us venture to emulate nature in the work of creation, and if our mystical opinions, our morals, our sciences, if our customs, and what we have recently accomplished have so much enlarged the field of invention, let us allow ourselves the whole amplitude of that horizon, let us launch forth into the immensity, and boldly attempt the boundless regions, that are opened before us.'†

It will be perceived from these extracts, that the author has courage enough to adopt some of the boldest German notions respecting the nature of the arts and of creative genius, as well, as respecting the characteristic forms and objects of modern literature. But though we may admit the correctness of these

* See Schlegel's Poesie der Griechen, B. I. s. 100.

† The general notions exhibited in this passage are more fully developed in a dissertation of Schiller, on the introduction of the ancient chorus into the modern drama, prefixed to his Braut der Messina.

views in themselves, we are not sure that we understand fully the extent and limits of the assumption, which led to the expression of them. The author has before said, 'that the romantic is a distinct form of literature, can no longer be a matter of question. The only desideratum is a more complete and better defined system of rules adapted to it.' p. 34. It seems to be on the ground, that romantic literature is *essentially* distinguished from classical, and that the principles of the former only are suited to the *materiel* on which modern genius is employed, that he wishes a *ragion poetica* capable of developing our impressions. There can be no doubt, that many modifications of classical literature have been considered necessary, and of universal application, which were only accidental. It is the general doctrine of the northern critics, that such has been the case in regard to the whole body of French classical poetry, as well as a large portion of the Italian.

The important question seems to be, where we shall limit the application of this remark, and how much, that belonged to the *essential principles* of ancient, is unnecessary to the perfection of modern art. How many of the principles of Aristotle, for example, rightly understood, apply exclusively to the antique? The answer to the general question, it is at once obvious, will depend in the mind of each individual, on what he esteems essential in the principles of ancient art, and the degree of abstraction, with which he has formed his ideas of them. For ourselves, though we do not intend to discuss this topic at large, we find it difficult to fix our thoughts on any principle pertaining to the *specific* and *distinctive forms* of art, not equally essential at all times. In regard to those forms of poetry, for example, which have been denominated *subjective*,* and whose object is the simple and *direct* development of feeling, so far as their artificial structure is in question, we conceive the principles to be unchangeable; and that, as distinct forms of art, possessing their appropriate laws, they still exhibit the same characteristics, as in the lyrical effusions of the

* We use the words *objective* and *subjective* here as they are used by the German critics. According to Coleridge's definition of object and subject, all the productions of which we are speaking, considered as creations of the mind, would be subjective. But though we are aware of the importance of his definition in a philosophical point of view, we conceive the terms, as used in the text, denote an important distinction, and one which we could not so clearly express by other language. See *An Essay Ueber das Elegische Gedict der Hellenen Von Dr Conr. Schneider. Studien B. 4. S. 1, and Coleridge's Letters in Blackwood's Mag. N. 56.*

earlier Greeks, and the choral odes of the ancient drama. Nor does the remark seem less applicable, though perhaps less obviously so, to those species of poetry, which are properly *objective*. The epic poet of modern times, in presenting a moving and harmonious picture of the objects, that fixed his attention in the world around him, would give an entirely different representation from that of Homer, but the difference might still be more in the nature of the *materiel*, than in the asbtract principles of art, by which it was embodied. So in dramatic poetry, it makes little difference in relation to this point, whether a production contain a simple representation of objects and events in the external world, or a profound development of the internal; whether the tendency of the poet's mind be with that of the ancients 'to *reflect* the world without,' or 'with the allegorizing fancy of the moderns to *project* the inward,'* if the work be a perfect objective exhibition, and a finished product of creative genius, it will be modified by the laws, to which genius, in the free exercise of its powers, invariably conforms; it will have a principle of unity somewhere, it will be a harmonious and organized whole, with as strict a subordination of every part, as is found in the ancient drama.

Confining the remark, then, to the abstract forms and organic structure of the Grecian arts, we still suspect, that in them were developed the unchangeable laws of the human mind, and that to a certain extent the models, the original ideas, which they have furnished, might have served, according to a remark of F. Schlegel, to point out the direction, and something of the specific characteristics of all future development. We do not mean to say merely, that the same specific distinctions hold in modern, as in ancient literature, but that the general principles and rules of art appropriate to each, as a peculiar form of the productions of creative genius, remain the same.

Nor do we consider the integrity of those abstract principles, as we have represented them, inconsistent with the admission of an important, and, in some respects, very essential difference in the characteristics of ancient and modern literature. The prevailing spirit and all, that constitutes the elements of literature, may have undergone, as they undoubtedly have, an essential change, while yet the laws by which they are embodied remain the same.

* See Coleridge's Biog. Lit. vol. ii. p. 187.

The principle, to which, as the most important and lying indeed at the foundation of all that can be thought a change of form, we would refer for illustration, is the principle of unity. The change, which has taken place in regard to it, seems to us not so much in the nature or necessity of the principle itself, as in the conditions necessary to the observance of it. In ancient literature, it was much more intimately and inseparably associated with the form and character of the external object, on which the mind of the artist was employed, and consequently required a greater degree of unity in this form and character, while in modern literature it depends more entirely on the predominating spirit and sentiment. Hence the Grecian has been distinguished, as 'the poetry of form,' the modern, as 'the poetry of effect.' There is a change in the predominating power that acts upon the imagination, and on which the unity of its productions depends. The spirit of ancient literature was inspired, and the feelings which animate it were called forth more directly by the powers of external nature and the phenomena which present themselves to the observation. The sentiments, which these are in themselves capable of awakening, are, on the contrary, subordinated in modern literature to the more abiding principles and more powerful emotions, that have been fixed in the human soul, and exert their influence over all its productions. Now such a change, though it does not alter the principle of an unity of effect, very essentially modifies, it must be admitted, the circumstances on which it depends. But without dwelling longer on a point, of which we have already said more than we intended, we shall endeavor to illustrate somewhat more fully the change itself, which we have mentioned as the most essential, and to trace, so far as our limits will admit, some of the causes which have given to modern literature its distinguishing characteristics.

In order, then, to understand clearly the nature of that peculiarity, which has been attributed to ancient literature, much regard must be had to the age and circumstances, in which its authors were placed. We must consider them, as living, comparatively, in the infancy of our race, and to have been more, than can now be conceived, perhaps, the creatures of circumstance, and controlled by the influences, that acted upon them from without. We must conceive them as cast, in the full possession of their senses, imagination, and feeling, among

the wonders of external nature. Their minds, of course, would be open to the entire, or at least prevailing influence of the objects around them, and their imaginations would take their character of cheerfulness, or of gloom, of beauty and harmony, or of magnificence and irregularity, from the predominant character of the scenes, in which they were placed.

Thus the Greeks, (for to them our remarks more peculiarly apply,) in a region remarkably fitted, when acting upon minds open to its influence, to awaken the sense of harmony, and all the emotions of poetry, have exhibited its effects upon them in the fullest manner. Their whole system of poetical feeling was stamped by the character of the scene, and harmonized with it. Their imaginations clung to the objects of nature; the air around them was filled with beauty, and the earth teemed with new forms of ideal perfection. Those ideal creations were cheerful and joyous, because the scenes, that gave them birth, were prevalently animated and lovely. They were characterised by harmony and by that unity, which has been described, because the minds of the Greeks could fix on nothing more fascinating, or more glorious, than the objects and events, which the world around them presented to their observation. With these, they were satisfied, and put forth their creating power to group and mould them into new creations, undisturbed by any contrasted feeling of inward contemplation. They deified, and worshipped their own nature, not so much from any consciousness of its undying powers, and the glory or shame of its future destiny, as because they saw man going forth in the freshness of his earthly life, developing in unrivalled perfection his passions and his powers, and living, to use an expression of Socrates, like a god among the inferior beings, who surrounded him. 'Their country was to them the world, and men its divinities.' They gloried in their nature, as it was exhibited in *this* life, and, if they had any momentary forebodings in regard to the future, they were too transient to repress the outgoings of their enthusiasm among the ravishing glories and absorbing interests of the present.

They never found time or inclination to retire into themselves, and in the reveries of a profound contemplation, cherish a consciousness of those immortal powers, in the strength of which they could look out upon all the passing events of this world, as unworthy their regard. They had no emotions to

express of a deeper tone, than those events had awakened, and by them they were consequently measured. Hence in preserving that perfect appropriateness, which the strictness of Grecian taste required, and keeping themselves to the exact point of elevation, which the dignity of their subjects, and the strength of their emotions rendered suitable, their expressions seem brought down to comparative tameness. To be equally adapted to their objects, their language and imagery must, as they do even in Æschylus, fall far short of the boldness of the modern. They had no conception of a boundless and invisible world, in the bosom of which all that is visible sinks into the littleness of a microcosm, and of the mysteries of which it can serve, at best, but as an imperfect and feeble allegory.

In the mind of a modern, all this is changed. His more serious thoughts are withdrawn from the living world around him, and turned inward upon himself. There have sprung up in the soul a set of principles, more fixed and permanent in their nature, connected with and producing hopes and fears, joys and sorrows; and consequently the source of an inexhaustible effusion of sentiment and emotion. Higher interests, and sublimer conceptions, and profounder feelings are awakened, which predominate in their influence upon the imagination over all the objects of the external world, and all the passing events of life. These objects and events are no longer capable in themselves of controlling and measuring our feelings, and are no longer so nearly identified with the effects, to which creative genius aspires. They have become subordinated to more general and powerful principles of association, and hence unity in the works of modern genius is to be sought for, not in the grouping of these objects and events so much, as in the development and effect of the passions and emotions exhibited. In themselves considered, they are of comparatively little value, and all the phenomena of external nature, with all the materials, which history and science have treasured up for the use of the poet, are but the mere instruments to shadow forth the fervors of a restless spirit, at length conscious of its powers, and expanding with conceptions of the boundless and the infinite.

The ancient Egyptians had formed the sublime conception, that the material universe was but the veil of the divinity, and that his attributes were mystically set forth in the objects of

nature. In their view, the idea seems to have sunk, or rather raised to a level all those objects, in which the divinity was portrayed, and they worshipped alike the little and the great of these sensible manifestations. Sentiment and feeling are in modern literature what the divinity of the Egyptians was in the material world. Mind and its attributes, the spiritual and 'the things that are not seen,' are more the direct and immediate objects of our thoughts,—more the world, in which imagination wanders and strives to give unity and consistency to its breathing harmonies. Our views are no longer bounded, as those of the Grecian poets were, by 'this goodly frame the earth, and the brave o'erhanging firmament,' but, in the language of the ancient philosophers, the two doors of nature are thrown open, and our spirits pass upward and downward to hold converse with other spirits. Not only so: to us the objects of inanimate nature themselves have something of 'a spirit's feeling.'

> 'The simplest and the most familiar things
> Have a strange power of spreading awe around them.'

In the calm of a summer's noon, as in the ennobling stir of the elements, there is a mysterious expression, with which we sympathize, and which leads us to the indulgence of reverie. To our imagination, as to our faith, what we see is shadow, and all beyond is substance. It is not the visible itself, which we regard, but that, which looks out from 'behind the elements,' and, like the bright eye of the Ancyent Marinere, attracts and fixes our attention, as by a magic power.

We are aware that this is a very general and imperfect account of what have been considered the distinguishing features of ancient and modern genius. Our limits do not permit us to point out minutely the contrast between the cheerfulness of the former and the deeper tone of feeling, which pervades the latter, or the change in the character and treatment of the social affections. If, however, the more metaphysical distinction, that has been exhibited, be admitted as a real one, in its full extent, it will be seen, we think, in some sense, to embrace all the others, or at least to be intimately connected with them. In accounting for this, therefore, we shall necessarily include most of the views requisite to account for the minuter distinctions. But here, too, from the abstractness of the subject and the vast diversity and multiplicity of the facts,

only the most general views can be exhibited. To fix on the most important principles, where so many are operating, and develop their influence intelligibly, is all that can, from the nature of the case, be expected, and more perhaps than we may venture to hope.

What, then, are the great causes, which have acted so efficiently in awakening and developing the powers of the human mind, and removed the centre of its thoughts and feelings from 'the world without' to 'the world within?' What are the causes that have communicated those deeper and more intense emotions, to embody and unbosom which, all the powers of language and imagery are exhausted in vain? In answer to these questions, it may be said, undoubtedly, that *the christian religion is the great and sufficient cause*, and that all others have been subordinated to its influence. By dissipating the darkness of the tomb, and producing, what had never before been felt, a serious and solemn conviction of the immortality of the soul and of a future state of retribution, it degraded at once to comparative insignificance, and cast far into the back ground all those earthly glories, which had called forth the enthusiasm and poetry of the Greeks. The minds of those, who sincerely embraced it, were raised at once from the contemplation of the visible and finite, to the invisible, the boundless, and the everlasting.

But, though a belief in the fundamental principles of revelation, and in the sanctions, by which they were so powerfully enforced and fastened upon the mind, like the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump, was a cause continually operating, its effects could not, at once, be universal, or come to be immediately developed in the productions of the imagination. Its tendency to this result was often weakened, always modified, and sometimes perhaps accelerated by the innumerable other influences, which operated upon the feelings and imaginations of men. Though the most essential effects were produced, therefore, by christianity on the old world, and, from the commencement of the fourth century, on the social and literary character of the whole Roman empire, it is only in the literature produced in modern Europe, that we are to look for the characteristics, which directly contrast with those of Grecian genius. To account for these, then, we must look, not to christianity alone, but to that state of things, which existed in the middle ages, in which all influences were combined

together, and when, to use an expression of Eichhorn, there was 'a struggle as of the elements for a new creation of Europe.'* In exhibiting the causes, which were operative during that period, we shall for the sake of perspicuity arrange our remarks under three general heads: 1. Those peculiarities, in the character which christianity had assumed, when it was embraced by the conquerors of the Roman empire, which seem to have had the most important influence upon them, together with some of the causes, which had previously tended to give it those peculiarities: 2. Some of the most important features, in relation to this subject, in the character and superstitions of those northern tribes: and 3. The manner, in which these were combined, and operated in the middle ages for the development of the effects, about which we are inquiring. To avoid unnecessary prolixity, we shall aim, of course, to look at the views presented in this extensive field only in their most direct relation to the object before us.

1. The christian religion in the age immediately preceding the irruption of the northern barbarians, had assumed a character widely distinguished from its original, or its present simplicity. By external rites addressed to the senses and the imagination it had become associated, not much less than the pagan superstitions of Greece and Rome, with the daily business of life.† It formed a prominent feature in the external character of society, and one, which, as we shall afterwards see, was fitted to produce an important effect on the minds of those northern conquerors, who, with their new religion, embraced all, that they found pertaining to it. But the part of the christian system, which was fitted to produce, and which actually did produce in later times the most striking effects, was the mass of opinions, which had come, at the period, to be received with unquestioning confidence, respecting the invisible world, and the supernatural agencies of spiritual beings. A multitude of causes had for a long time operated to fill the minds of men with the most extravagant notions on these subjects, and in glancing at a few of them, we shall be able to exhibit more forcibly, and perhaps even more briefly, than in any other way, the true character and influence of the opinions themselves, in the age of which we are speaking.

* See Culturgeschichte, B. i. s. 69.

† See Bingham's Antiquities of the Church.

Curiosity early discovered a propensity, in observing the phenomena of nature, to go beyond the information of the senses, and, limited as were the subjects and imaginations of the poets to the visible world and to the faith of the common people, the Grecian philosophers opened the door to other worlds, and learned to indulge their speculations on a more splendid, and more extensive field of creation. Such conceptions of the material universe, as those developed in Plato's Phaedon and Timaeus, and in Cicero's Somnium Scipionis, became, at an early period, favorite subjects of reflection for the natural philosophers, and by those allegorical interpretations of the poets, of which Heraclitus of Ephesus is said to have given the first example, they not only rendered their views more intelligible, but strengthened the belief of their correctness. The *pleroma*, and the emanation system of eastern philosophy, which at the commencement of the christian era was becoming more nearly associated with the speculations of the Greeks, increased the same propensities. The love of allegorical interpretation, applied to the works of ancient writers, characterised all the philosophy of the first centuries. In the schools of Egypt, they combined all these aids with whatever else in the opinions of mankind, and in the christian revelation could throw light on the mysteries of the invisible world, and endeavored to dissipate the darkness, that had hitherto concealed them. The christian fathers, who were converted from the pagan philosophy, brought with them, as, considering the spirit of the age, was unavoidable most of their speculative opinions on such subjects. Philo had given them an example of what allegory could accomplish in interpreting the writings of Hebrew antiquity, and they easily found their views of the invisible world confirmed by the authority of the word of God. Thus christian revelation conspired, as it was in fact extremely natural that it should do, with the prevailing spirit of philosophy, to carry the attention beyond the bounds of experience, and familiarize the thoughts with the supernatural and the invisible. It was in the same age, that Origen discovered all his philosophy in the simple narrative of Moses, and an apocalypse of the spiritual world in the parables of our Saviour and the figurative language of his disciples, and that Porphyry with equal success sought for an emblem of the universe in Homer's 'Cave of the Nymphs.' Carried forward, as the minds of

the christians necessarily were, by the more serious conviction of their immortality, and thus prompted, rather than restrained, by all the philosophy of the age, it was not to be expected, that, in relation to a future world they should not attempt to be wise above what was written.

Previous therefore to the age, which we are contemplating, their conceptions of the unseen world were vastly enlarged, and, after modifying the celestial principalities of the rabbies in conformity with an expression of St Paul, the heirs of immortality familiarized their imaginations with the less exalted spirits of the first, the more favored residents of the second, and the unapproachable glories of the highest heaven. The Gehenna of the Hebrews, which seems originally to have conveyed no conception of place beyond the scene of idolatrous abomination in the valley of Hinnom, would naturally receive enlargement and locality from the Greek and Roman conceptions of Hades and Tartarus, and thus, by the combined aid of natural and metaphysical philosophy, of poetry, and revelation, both the upper and the nether world, where spirits dwell, were amplified with a magnificence, and gifted with characters of joy and sorrow, of glory and shame, altogether unknown to the imaginations, to the hopes and fears of the ancient Greeks. In these worlds imagination habitually wandered, and peopled them with their appropriate inhabitants. The Izeds and Divs of Zoroaster, the subject spirits of Ormuzd and Ahriman might be confounded with the good and evil spirits of the later Jews, and the genii, whose favor Porphyry† had taught his disciples to implore, or whose malignity to deprecate, were classed by the christians with the demons who were obedient to the exorcism of their faith. Some, whom the fathers cast out, were compelled by the fire of exorcism to confess, that they were the same, who had inspired the heathen poets, and these with all the deities, 'of gay religions full of pomp and gold,' were consigned to the doom of that infernal host, in which Milton has described them.

So far were the christians from denying the existence of any of the beings of Pagan Mythology, that they continually urged, as an argument for the superiority and divinity of their faith, the power, which it gave over them. The belief in such supernatural agents, their habitual and fearful

† See Porphyry de esu Animalium.

influence over the human mind, and the power of the exorcist and the magician to counteract it, were articles of universal belief. The teachers of philosophy, no less than the christian doctors, admitted it, and Eunapius* very gravely mentions the story of Porphyry's expelling a demon. Magic had been early introduced at Rome from the East, was opposed by Vitellius, listened to by Vespasian, and learned by the apostate Julian, as one of the distinguishing badges of his new religion, and as late as the age of which we are speaking, the christians and the pagan philosophers of the Athenian school, seem to have been warring upon each other with the weapons of supernatural power.

It must be remembered, too, that the circumstances, in which the christians were placed during the first centuries, were fitted to give to their faith in such agencies a character of perfect sincerity, and of the deepest earnestness. Their destitution of all natural and human aid, during the terrors of ten bloody persecutions, fixed their alarmed hopes and terrified imaginations on the interference of supernatural power, and directed their thoughts to all the examples of such interference, recorded in the scripture histories. Thus, while wandering in deserts and caves, and expressing their lamentations in the bitter language of David and Jeremiah, they fortified their faith and courage by the marvellous deliverances of Elijah, of Daniel, of the children of the fiery furnace, and of the champions of the christian cause. It was by such topics, and by pointing them to the crowns, and white robes of those, who came out of great tribulation, that Cyprian animated his flock in the day of trial, and himself in the hour of martyrdom. In such circumstances, and in a faith like theirs, there was unquestionably much to elevate the imagination and feelings, and give to the whole character a tone of melancholy sublimity, which the ancient pagans had never known, and the biographer of Cyprian, in seeking themes of consolation for himself, and his exiled and persecuted companions, might utter with more emotion even than Goldsmith, the sublime sentiment,

'Christiano omnis hic mundus una domus est.'†

The natural repugnancy of the christian and pagan systems

* See Eunapius' Life of Porphyry in his Vitae Philosophorum.
†, Creation's heir! the world, the world is mine.'

had combined with other causes to develope, in this period, another peculiarity in the character of christianity, very important in its influence. 'The religion of the pagans,' to use the language of another, 'was but a deification of the powers of nature, and of the earthly life.' The highest perfection of their system was but a refined sensuality, and in the later periods of its reign, it was far from being in its highest state of refinement.

They built temples and altars to the passions, and fell down and worshipped them, and in that worship they found an opportunity and a sanction for the most sensual indulgences. The christians, with a system of faith essentially spiritual, in avoiding and opposing the abominations of paganism, carried, as might perhaps have been expected, their principles and practice into the opposite extreme of mystical abstraction. Ammonius and others of the philosophizing christians had taught, by attenuating the body and diminishing the influence of matter upon the mind, to rise to spiritual conceptions, and hold converse with invisible beings. Indeed, the opinions, contrary as they were to the spirit of the pagan religions, were in no small degree derived from the Platonic philosophers themselves, and the practice perhaps originally from the Essenes; but they were now seized upon with avidity; anchorites, monks, and virgins sought by abstinence and chastity, and the charm of holy prayer, to rise above the grossness of this world, and attain, while yet in the flesh, something of the purity and perfection of spiritual existence. Numerous passages of scripture were found to sanction their fanatic zeal, and they were encouraged and exhorted by the eloquence of the fathers to prepare, in the old age and fulness of the present world, a generation to be heirs of the kingdom. From the deserts of Thebais and the mountains of Palestine, they spread themselves during the fourth century over most of the countries of the east, and the two thousand disciples, who in Gaul followed St Martin to his tomb, multiplied the triumphs of monachism through all the countries of the west. There can be little doubt, that the original design of the institution was a sublime, though unattainable one; but motives for embracing it of a less exalted nature were soon multiplied, and myriads of every age and sex crowded to islands and solitudes to escape the pollution of the world. They soon found themselves however beset by the demons of every sensual appe-

tite, and in the dreaming life of the cell, confounding perhaps their waking with their sleeping thoughts, fancied themselves contending with all the powers of darkness. The sanctity, which they had attained in the eyes of the people at large, gave full credit to their mystic legends. The duller imaginations of the west by the easy intercourse throughout the empire were supplied with the more sublime, because more mystical dreamings of the east, and they were not in want of that skill in interpretation, by which they could elevate the wildest frenzies of their imaginations to the character of holy revelations. Thus faith had already superseded almost all science and philosophy. The study of the Greek and Roman classics had rapidly declined, even from the age of Constantine, and the treasures of ancient lore, as Heeren has most amply proved, began now, by other hands than those of the Arabians, to be consigned to oblivion and the flames.

This was consonant to the whole spirit of the age. What had they, who listened to the eloquence of the fathers, and were under the government of the emperors, to do with the eloquence of the ancient republics ?—When the importance of faith, and of external religious rites, in their minutest articles, was so amply inculcated, as at this period, and when in the controversies on the trinity and the character of Christ, it was often 'found, that the sense, or rather sound of a syllable was sufficient to disturb the peace of the empire,' what time or inclination could there be for the study of pagan writing ?—When it was fully believed too, that the productions of the ancient poets were prompted by evil demons, what could be more natural, than that they should be forgotten or destroyed, and their place supplied by works more suited to the character of the times; the anacreontics of Gregory Nazianzen, and the hymns of St Ambrose ?

Such, and so entirely diverse in their general spirit from any thing belonging to the ancient religions of Greece and Rome, were some of the opinions and practices ; of the habits of thinking and feeling, which the inhabitants of the Roman empire transmitted to their conquerors, and which operated, we think, with most energy among the elements, out of which the character of modern genius and modern literature has been so organically developed.—We must request our readers to bear these in mind, while they glance with the same rapidity at a few of the characteristics of mind

and manners, which the northern nations brought to combine with them.

2.* The character of the northern inhabitants of Europe, in the first centuries, seems to have been, in relation to the general principles most important to the present subject, little less distinguished from that of the ancient pagans of the south, than the one we have been describing. Their religious systems, though differing from each other in some minor circumstances, possessed many of the same characteristics; and, previous to the conquest of the empire, or perhaps during the revolutions connected with that event, the continual intercourse among them produced an interchange of superstitions, and of mythological and legendary lore, that still farther assimilated the character of their minds.—Though the Germans, for example, seem, when described by Cæsar and Tacitus,† to have known nothing of the Scandinavian system of mythology, and though it never perhaps was fully naturalized among them, we find them, when converted by St Boniface, taking an oath 'to renounce Thor and Woden, and Saxon Odin, and all the unholy, who are their kindred;' and the heroic legends of southern Germany were in later times circulated through all the northern countries.

The imaginations of all of them, and consequently their mythologies, seem, like those of the Greeks, to have been powerfully influenced by the character of the world around them. They had witnessed nature in the working of its sublimer elements, and the images of its mysterious powers assumed shapes more gigantic and terrible.—They did not, like the Greeks, in the ambrosial and inviting aspect of a beautiful climate go forth amid the stir of the elements, and rejoice in their strength. The magnificence, and gloomy terror of the scenes, in which they wandered, taught them their weakness, and forced back their thoughts upon themselves. Their imaginations fixed upon the darker side of nature, and they measured their time, not by the returns of light, but of darkness.—Instead of building, and adorning temples in the gay sunshine, and picturing to their imaginations Mercury 'new lighted on a heaven kissing hill,' or Jupiter and his tributary gods upon the glory-smitten summit of Olympus, they piled

* One of the best things consulted on this topic was a piece of W. C. Grimm, Ueber die Entstehung der altdeutschen Poesie und ihr Verhaltniz zu der nordischen, with the Beylage. Studien, B. 4.

† The important passages are Caes. de bello G. vi, 21. et Tac. Germ. 9, 10.

their rude altars amidst the gloom of the forest, and looked with melancholy reflections to Odin, and his congregated gods and heroes in the halls of Valhalla, who were predestined to terminate by their final overthrow the reign of glory and of heroism. Instead of the sylvan deities, and the 'fleet Oreads sporting visibly,' which were the natural productions of Grecian scenes and Grecian genius, their imaginations created, as the inhabitants of their dreary forests, and mountain caves, those giants and dwarfs, with more of evil than of good in their mysterious and magic powers, who are said still to linger in the Harz mountains of Germany.—The idea of fate seems too to have produced its full effect upon their minds, and the Valkyrs, its virgin ministers, bloodless, passionless, who 'trembled on the verge of being,' yet 'moved in harmony,' were more fearfully imagined, than the fatal sisters of Grecian mythology. Their ancient reverence for the prophetic and supernatural powers of woman was still retained. The Veleda and Aurinia, whom Tacitus described, had still their descendants in the middle age; women, such as the 'great unknown,' has represented them in the character of Norna in the '*Pirate*,' who yet knew the powers of the Runic rhymes, which controlled the waves and the winds, and could bring down the 'stern eagle of the far north-west,'

'When they were chanted by the voice of the Reimkenner.'

In the specimens, which we have seen of their ancient historical legends, we find the characteristics no less marked, and distinguished from the Grecian. There is more, that is vast and undefined. They impress a feeling hardly known in Grecian literature, of mysteriousness and awe, as if we were 'moving about in worlds not realized,' and take a powerful hold upon our imaginations. The fearlessness of adventure also in the face of natural and supernatural terrors, and the contempt of death, as they are exhibited in the tales of Sigurd and Brinhildur, and of Chriemhild and her brethren, are such as we should expect in the heroic tales of those restless hordes. Those legends, that celebrated the marvellous enterprizes of their ancient heroes, their contests with giants, dwarfs, and dragons, it is important to observe, had never become foreign to the imaginations of the common people by any such revolution in manners and the form of society, as that, which had so nearly buried in oblivion the epic poetry

of the Greeks. These continued still to carry back their thoughts to a world of gloomy and mysterious grandeur, and feed their minds with wonder. The adventures of Sigurd, who slew the serpent, and understood the voice of birds, and rode through the unquenchable fire, and the songs of Brinhildur, when, on the way to her own funeral pile, she is accosted by the giantess Gygur from the mouth of her mountain cave, are of the kind, which Grimm seems to suppose constituted at an early period the national poetry of the Germans, and even as late as the eleventh and twelfth centuries were the popular legends on both sides the Baltic, and exercised the imagination in a way, that in many respects peculiarly qualified it to receive the marvellous of the christian faith. In addition to this, it is very important to remark, that there was little, if any thing, either in the religious opinions or forms of worship, or in any of the habits of mind existing among those nations, directly opposed to what was supernatural and spiritual in the christian system. In this respect, they were strongly contrasted with the ancient pagans of the south. Their religion had few external rites and few objects addressed to the senses. Their imaginations were less subject to their physical passions, and more capable of being roused to the contemplation of the invisible world. They were little confined, in any respect, to the fixed, and definite in modes of life, or objects of thought, and might the more easily be elevated to the spiritual and boundless views, which revelation opens to the mind.

3. Such, in the general and most important outlines of their character, were those vast hordes, who, after dashing so long against the barriers of the empire, at length burst through them, and swept away in an universal deluge of barbarism the political institutions, arts, and literature of the Romans. The Goths and Franks, with their less numerous followers, had, even during the fifth century, entirely changed the face of society through the whole western empire. The most important general effect of the continual revolutions and convulsions, that followed, was more entirely to break up all existing order, and reduce society to its primary and most simple elements. The general character of all, who were successively added to the mass, was the same, and they embraced the new religion under similar circumstances, till, in the end of the eighth century, Charlemagne united into one empire, and subjected to the spiritual dominion of the pope, all the central na-

tions of Europe, from Calabria to the Weser, and from the woods of Hungary to the Ebro.

From this period, though the irruption of the Normans, and intercourse with the Arabians, may have produced some modifications, we may consider the most essential causes, that were to operate on the character of Europe, as already combined. The spirit of the north, while it had almost wholly superseded that of the more servile Romans, was every where subordinated to the power of christianity. The Goths had been taught by Ulphilas on the shores of the Danube to revere the doctrines of truth, and while they avenged the blood of the Dacian gladiators on a wider field, than the circus of Trajan, by demolishing the monuments of human greatness and glory, they bowed, with submissive reverence, or enthusiastic devotion, to the symbols of faith. The procession of Alaric for carrying the sacred utensils of St Peter accompanied with devout psalmody to a place of safety in the Vatican, was an ample testimonial of the simplicity and fulness of his faith and that of his barbarian army, and might well furnish St Augustine with an occasion of triumphing in the power of his religion. The open and generous minds of all those northern tribes indeed, excepting perhaps the Saxons, who were converted by the sword of Charlemagne, seem to have embraced christianity with an honest and unquestioning cordiality. Like all barbarians, they were easily and powerfully affected by external splendor, especially when associated with ideas of sanctity; and amidst the luxury and worldly glory of the southern climates, which they were traversing, the church had already acquired enough of wealth and pomp in its ceremonies and habitual services to fill their imaginations with wonder, and impress them with a deeper reverence. The magnitude and sacredness of the churches, the splendor and solemnity of the religious festivals and processions, and the artificial signs of sanctity, which in this age were thrown around every thing pertaining to religion, seem to have produced upon their minds all the effect, which from their character we could have expected. Their regard for the oracles of their faith in the days of their paganism had prepared them to receive the ministers of Christianity with something like superstitious veneration. They bowed submissively before the successor of St Peter, and the unconquerable Attila retreating before him from the walls of Rome, and gazing with awe struck admiration at a celestial vision of the apostles,

might almost represent the genius of northern superstition overawed by the religion, that came down from heaven. They received all the existing institutions and external forms of worship, and soon increased their number.

But it was, of course, the essential doctrines of christianity, and the opinions of the age respecting the invisible world, as they have been described above, which produced, though more gradually, the great effect on the character of their feelings and imaginations. They had seen enough, that was new and marvellous in the external world, during the revolutions they witnessed, to convince them, that there were more things in heaven and earth, than were dreamt of in their philosophy, and were prepared to receive without questioning all that was told them of the world of spirits. Their pagan faith had opened to them only the halls of Valhalla, where Odin assembled his heroes, and banqueted them in the skulls of their enemies. Christianity revealed to them a more magnificent world, and a brighter heaven, the face of Jesus, and his virgin mother, and animated their hopes with pictures of glory and immortality:

> 'Con lieto volto
> Li mise dentr' a le secrete cose.'

With their inclination to the supernatural and spiritual they heard, too, with awful and believing attention, from cloistered monks, and caverned hermits, those mystical legends and allegories, the belief of which philosophy and persecution had helped to impress upon the minds of the Romans. In the east, where they mostly had their origin, and where philosophy and speculation were always active, they might still be the subjects of profane inquiry. The exorcism of a new theory or a new interpretation might still cast out a part of the demons, that infested the earth, and terrified and tempted the virtue of the saints.

But with those who now came from the north and embraced them, it was otherwise. They received the whole system clothed alike with divine authority. They had no philosophy, which could help them to penetrate the cloud, that came over their minds, like the rolling mist, which, in the infernal regions, obscured the sight of Dante, and his guide. In their minds, too, such opinions were not a mere dead letter, but seized upon their buoyant imaginations, and stirred 'the springs of wonder.' Their thoughts did not

grovel half doubting, half believing, as those of the more philosophizing Greeks must have done, among the objects of the invisible world. Like their representative, the great father of modern poetry, they passed the eternal bars with more fulness of faith, and with bolder imaginations. They preserved the exercise of more human feelings and sympathies, and, with all the armor of their minds about them,

'Went sounding on their dim and perilous way.'

The profoundest elements of their moral nature were moved, and those gloomy forebodings, which so often send the mind conscious of its immortality, 'prying into the abyss to gather what it shall be,' were in them unchecked by any restraints of reason or experience. Their imaginations brooded over the phantoms, that grow from out the twilight of the tomb, and shaped them into images of terror. They could 'call up spirits from the vasty deep,' and if they did not always come, it was not from want of faith in their evocators. But they did come—spectres too, whom no exorcism can bind, and who still linger in the moss-grown castles of other times, and whisper in the ancient precincts of consecrated ground. They were bound by a fearful spell, the charm and mystery of which are not yet fully dissolved, though in our cooler moments we may place ourselves without the magic circle, and look upon those who walk within it, as the guests looked upon Macbeth, when his cheeks were blanched by the presence of the ghost of Banquo. For to them what they fancied was not a dream. The visible and invisible world were almost alike real, and present to their minds. Their daily as well as nightly walks were attended by supernatural agents, and the principles of good and evil, which struggled in their breasts, were seconded by bright angels, or by ministers of darkness. The transactions of the spiritual world, and the events of their own future destinies, were distinctly bodied forth, and the nations of Europe enjoyed, or suffered an apocalypse of centuries. They saw, like St John, the great battles of Michael and the dragon, the mighty contests between the principalities and powers of the spiritual world, and felt a deep and personal interest in their visions of the wars of angels. The horrors of guilt filled their imaginations with fiends, who plunged deeper the stings of remorse and despair, and the return of penitence and hope

dissipated the gloom, and admitted them to visions of glory, and the society of the blessed. Thus the long period in the history of the moral world, so often compared to night in the natural, was certainly like it, in this respect, that it revealed the bright mysteries of the universe.

It is, perhaps, hardly possible to conceive in a philosophical age, like the present, the power of faith, or its influence upon the imagination and feelings in such a state of society, as that, of which we are speaking, and yet, without doing it to a considerable extent, we can form no just estimate of the causes, that were then operating to unfold the powers of the human mind, and impart its leading characteristics to modern literature. Science and philosophy have introduced innumerable distinctions and an all-pervading analysis among the objects of faith, as well as of observation; and they must be submitted to the crucible of pure reason, before they are suffered to come near the heart. It is a pretty obvious remark made by some of the German critics, that in the earlier periods of society, poetry and history are intimately blended together. Among the early Greeks and the ancient German nations they were one and the same, and the heroic poet, in reflecting a living picture of the world, whether past or present, was heard at the same time, with confidence, as the veracious historian of events. Nearly the same general principle may be stated more metaphysically, and may be applied in its whole length and breadth to the period, of which we are speaking, by saying, that, in the exercise of their faith, and so of their feelings, they had not learned to distinguish between the realized objects of the understanding, and the ideal productions of the imagination. They knew nothing of the distinction, with which we are so familiar, between a serious and religious faith, and that, which is merely poetical. That belief of the actual existence of the objects of conception, of which we are momentarily conscious in the dark, or in a state of alarm, seems with them to have been habitual and permanent. Truth and fiction were undivided in their minds. They had but one faith, and that was co-extensive with the wanderings of fancy. From the irruption of the northern nations, till the revival of science in modern times, every thing conspired to produce this state of mind, and innumerable facts in the history of that period prove its existence to an extent now almost incredible. Compar-

ed with them, the most credulous in an age of philosophy have an abundance of Pyrrhonism. We of the present day stop to analyse, and call for proof. Our thoughts are disciplined and guarded on every side by the fixed laws of philosophical inquiry. We are taught to exclude the influence of feeling, and reduce the operations of the whole soul to the measured movements of a machine under the control of our will. We suffer no idea to take possession of us more fully, or to produce any greater effect upon our feelings, than prudence and cool reason dictate. In regard to the objects of faith, the very habit of examining them philosophically destroys one half their power over us, because, though we may be rationally convinced, we still admit them with a salvo on the side of reason, and our faith is at last but an imperfect one ;—a kind of mental vacillation between the subjective *idea*, and the objective *reality* of the thing believed. The men of that time were in a state of mind exactly and totally the reverse. The wildest and most extravagant conceptions started forth at once, as from the fulness of creative power, into actual existence, and men walked with fear and amazement among the beings of their own creation. We by our idealism, and Fichteism have learned to reduce every thing to ideas, and these into subjection to the omnipotence of will. To them all things were real. The sea and the sky, earth and heaven were filled with realities. They trembled even before their own ideas, and were the sport of a thousand fantasies, with which they had peopled both the visible and invisible world.

We are aware that we are describing the very credulity, which reason and ridicule have so long subjected to the fire of their exorcism, and at length cast out, as an evil demon ;—that the age, too, in which it existed, has been too often passed over in the history of the human mind, as the age of darkness and utter ignorance, and so unworthy our regard. But we are of opinion, though it may require some hardihood even now to avow it, that both the one and the other are quite as worthy of a profound philosophical investigation, as of the contempt that has been so long bestowed upon them. It is to that very credulity, that boundless faith in connexion with the world of invisibles, upon which it was placed, that we find ourselves compelled to ascribe more than to any other cause those more essential peculiarities of modern literature, of which we are

giving an account. It carried the mind, as we have already seen, to exercise feeling, and the deepest feeling, on objects purely spiritual. It created an habitual power of abstraction, and solemnly religious, as were all the objects of faith, they imparted an unwonted seriousness to all the concerns of life, with which they were associated. The most solemn interests were felt constantly to be connected with things not seen, and, if the effect were at all proportionate, a depth and compass of feeling would be produced, as far beyond what could be known to the Greeks, as the poetical worlds of Milton and Klopstock are more vast than the narrow world of Homer. The mysteries of eternity were, we might almost say, unveiled to their minds, and awakened the sleeping energies of immortality. How else should we have found on the threshold of modern literature such a work as the 'Divina Commedia?'

We cannot but feel that in most that we have seen written on the character of the middle age, altogether too low an estimate has been made of the state of mind, both in regard to the means of instruction, that were operating to develop its powers, and in regard to the actual exhibition of those powers during that period. We should be led to this conclusion by the highly elevated and peculiar character, which, as already hinted, some departments of literature assumed at the period, when, according to the commonly received opinion, modern genius first began to unfold its powers, and which is wholly unaccounted for by the exhibitions usually given of the learning and manners of the time; and we believe the conclusion may be supported with some plausibility at least by a different view of the facts. We can, of course, only glance at a few general principles.

Since the revival of classical learning and the invention of printing, these have furnished so exclusively the means of education, and of disseminating knowledge, that we are in danger of undervaluing all the other and the powerful instruments made use of in former times. Thus the whole intellectual character of the middle age has been estimated by their knowledge, or rather ignorance of the literature and science of the ancients, (which, as we have already seen, were almost forgotten before the conquest of the empire,) and by their number of schools and written productions. To all these they made small pretensions, but are not, we think, to be estimated at all, as to their general character, by this fact. Though, as

we should very willingly admit, the scattered rays of philosophy and classical literature, even after the time of Charlemagne, produced little or no effect on the people at large, their minds were not of course inactive. The inexhaustible treasures of legendary lore relating to the real or fabulous history of their northern ancestors, and gradually supplanted through the efforts of their religious teachers, by the more christian adventures of Charlemagne and his paladins, and Arthur and his knights, formed a more living and efficient literature, and acted with more power upon the mind, than classic learning could have done, had it been fully known.* They were every where diffused, rehearsed to the listening circle at the fire-side of the peasant, and in the spacious hall of the baron, and acted upon the imaginations and feelings of all ranks of society, in a manner hardly to be understood in an age of books. But to conceive fully the power of the causes, which then operated, we must look more minutely at what has usually been most disregarded,—the system of religious instruction. It cannot be too distinctly remembered, that religion was almost the only thing taught professedly, and that it is the central point, from which alone all the institutions of the age can be well understood. Not only the causes, which we have already mentioned, together with the general controversies respecting images, and the Arian heresy, and others† on minor points of faith and practice, produced and continued a deep conviction of the supreme importance of every thing religious, but a degree of knowledge, we suspect, was communicated to the common people on the subject greater than has usually been represented. It is not essential to our present object, that much of what was communicated was but the fabrication of fancy, the legends of the blessed Virgin, of saints, and invisible agents ;—it is sufficient for us, that, received in full faith, as it was, it was fitted to produce a deep and powerful effect upon the mind. But we believe there was, at least in the earlier centuries, a vast

* Eichhorn mentions the multiplicity of these ancient legends and the care taken to supersede them by others. Grimm supposes that the class, which followed them, was also more numerous than we are now aware, and that the song of Roland, for which Eichhorn and others have sought in vain, was in fact the name of a species.

† A controversy on the subject of predestination, started by John Sestus Erigena in the ninth century, fills half a vol. of the Bib. Vet. Pat. and in the letter, under the name of the Church of Lyons, the leading points are stated with some ability.

deal of important truth conveyed in the weekly and daily services and homilies of the church.* It was not till later times, that instruction was conveyed in an unknown tongue. Charlemagne procured preaching for the Germans in their own language,† and Ottofried mentions, among the motives by which he was urged to translate the gospels into the same language, that they had already been translated into the language of other provinces.‡ It must be carefully remarked, too, because it is a point which we are most apt to overlook, that the whole system of external rites and observances, to us apparently so useless and absurd, formed to their minds a living and most expressive language. What Mendelsohn has said so eloquently of Jewish rites applies here with redoubled force.§ They were themselves a species of record full of meaning, and continually furnishing occasion for oral instruction, while they aroused the heart to religious feelings. They addressed themselves to the senses, and among the christians, of whom we are speaking, were generally at the same time allegorical, carrying the imagination to objects of the other world. Every festival or saint's day had its legend, and every procession, with the ceremonies attending it, had a meaning, which was undoubtedly better understood, and more deeply felt in earlier than in later times. '*We* learn,' says Mendelsohn, in contrasting instruction by books with that before mentioned, '*we* learn and teach each other only by books. We fatigue and refresh, instruct and amuse ourselves by writing.—The preacher does not converse with his church, he reads or declaims to them a written treatise. The instructer from his desk reads his written pamphlet. All is dead letter, with none of the spirit of living intercourse. We love and hate by letters. We wrangle, and are reconciled by letters; our whole intercourse is but an epistolary correspondence, and when together we know of no other conversation but to play or read. In one word, we are *literati*, letter-men. Our whole being depends upon our alphabet, and we can hardly conceive

* In Smaragdus Diadema Monachorum, Bib. Vet. Pat. tom. xvi. p. 1305, and in several other works of the ninth century, in that collection, the christian virtues are stated with much clearness, and enforced with seriousness.

† See Culturgeschichte, B. i. s. 213.

‡ Otfried Bib. Vet. Pat. tom. xvi. p. 764. Nostrae jam sectae probatissimorum virorum facta laudabant, Juvenci, Aratoris, Prudentii, caeterorumque multorum, qui sua lingua dicta miracula Christi decenter ornabant.

§ Jerusalem oder ueberreligiose Macht und Judenthum, s. 125.

how it is possible for a child of this world to form and perfect his character without a *book*.' No one, we think, can deny that these remarks are so far true in regard to the multiplication of books by the press, that it has diminished the necessity and much of the interest of actual intercourse in society, and diminished, too, most essentially the interest and importance in our estimate of all the external institutions connected with the religion of the middle age.

Much might be said, we think, of a similar character, respecting the productions of mind during the same period. They cannot be correctly estimated by a strict comparison with those species of productions, in which the thoughts and feelings of an age, like the present, are exhibited. From the fact already mentioned, that their faith was coextensive with the world of their imagination, it had vastly more influence upon their feelings and their actions; and hence the extravagance of their lives, for the measure of their conceptions was the rule of their conduct. Their conceptions and passions were not coolly written down in the closet of the scholar, they were expressed forcibly and appropriately to their minds by the external rites, of which we have spoken, and in other forms more immediately addressed to the imagination and feelings, than the lifeless productions of the pen. Music, which was an object of national pride and rivalship, as early as the time of Charlemagne,* in the formal solemnity of the canto firmo, and accompanied by the organ, which was at all times an important and favorite part of the service both of the church and the monasteries, and which was associated by the aid of numerous instruments with the earliest development of modern poetry, is not to be forgotten in estimating the character of the age. The peculiarities of the Gothic architecture, too, are still more important, not only as an exhibition of grand conceptions in an age, when mind is said to have been dormant, but also as they express the characteristic feelings of the time; and, if Justinian could exclaim 'with pious vanity,' on the completion of the church of St Sophia, 'I have conquered thee, oh Solomon!' it must be allowed, that some praise is due to the society of architects, who peopled Italy and the west of Europe with churches and cathedrals not less spacious and magnificent, though less gorgeous, than the work of Anthemius. The allegorical observances and ex-

* See Walafrid Strabo de Rebus Ecclesiasticis, Bib. Vet. Pat. Tom. xv. p. 194.

hibitions of the church too, clothed, as they often were, with pomp and solemn magnificence, served, not only as an excitement; but to them, as a most intelligible and forcible expression of thought and feeling; and what was the institution of chivalry, with its splendid and moving accompaniments, but a most meaning development and exhibition of the religion and poetry of the age? True, they had not learned to *write* their poetry, but they *lived* it. Language was rude and barbarous, and they had not the skill to chant their feelings in the soft melodies of a later and effeminate refinement, but they left the expression of them in the history of their marvellous achievements. They did not make known their devotion to the other sex by a ballad made to their mistress's eye-brow, but gave proof of their sincerity and worth in games of joust and tournament, or by challenging the proof of their ladies' beauty and virtue, and of their bravery and devotion as champions in the front of honorable war. The depth and sincerity of their conviction of religious truth, too, was exhibited by the rigid observances connected with the same institutions, as well as by those more appropriately sacred; and the fervor of their enthusiasm was more than lyrically expressed by a pilgrimage to the shrine of St Peter, or to the holy sepulchre.

This view of the institutions of the middle age, and of their very near relation to modern literature is strongly confirmed by the fact, that the earliest poetical effusions, in which modern genius was exhibited, were only appendages of these institutions, and considered, at first, undoubtedly, as a very unessential part of the pageantry. Love poetry first appeared, as an accompaniment of the games of chivalry, certainly in no higher, or more expressive character, than the pompous formalities of the herald, the devices of the shield and helmet, or the chaplet presented by the queen of love and beauty.—The first forms of dramatic poetry, too, were, like those of the Greeks, but an appendage of religious solemnities; and the mysteries and moralities of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were at first intended only to explain the allegorical exhibitions of religious truths. Before the use of written language and of poetry indeed came fully to be understood and employed, attempts seem to have been made to set forth in such visible allegories addressed to the imagination every important truth, and all the mysteries of the invisible world. This, together with the nature of the objects so ex-

hibited, accounts for the allegorical character of modern art; and the most characteristic specimen of the whole of the poem of Dante is said to have been suggested by a visible representation of three worlds. It is important, too, to observe more distinctly than we have yet done, in all those labored and fanciful allegories, whether represented to the senses, or in the earlier literature, those characteristics, which it is so easy for us to ridicule, and so difficult to understand; and to feel the sober honesty and seriousness, that pervades them, and the intense and solemn feeling, which they express, or imply. In these respects they are strongly contrasted with the literature of the Greeks and with much of that of more modern times. Religion and the things of eternity had seized upon the mind during the middle age with a power, that admitted of no compromise with doubt or ridicule. True, the men of that period were men of violence and blood. The political feuds of the barons, which spread terror through England and Germany, and filled them with moated castles; and the implacable contests of the Guelphs and Ghibbilines in Italy stirred up the most fierce and gloomy passions, and led to every species of excess. But it was not, till a late period, that the instructions of their religious teachers were made to sanction or atone for the gratification of their vicious desires. There was still an open warfare between the flesh and the spirit, and their excesses were committed at the expense of conscience, and repaid with remorse. There was no want of faith, and no philosophical dereliction of principles, or disbelief of their sanctions. They had not read Dr Farmer on demoniacs, nor learned to disprove the existence of devils. Like Dr Faustus and Manfred, they were obliged to meet, without being always able to defy them. These circumstances taken together, will, we think, explain the idea, which every one forms of the mind of an ancient baron immured in his castle, and, in connexion with what we have before said, account for what we mention again, because it is the most difficult thing to explain perhaps in all modern literature, that tone of sincerity and intense feeling, which, with other peculiarities, makes the allegory of Dante seem less like a poem, than like an actual revelation—like the apocalypse of St John upon the isle of Patmos, or the visions of Daniel by the river Chebar.

The Greeks knew little or nothing of the powerful causes, which we have been describing, of course nothing of the alle-

gorical character, the intense feeling, and the melancholy of modern productions. They knew nothing of that assurance of immortality, which in the middle age fixed the thoughts upon the other world, and made this but an almost forgotten appendage. They could moralize on the shortness of the present life, and look back with regret on the frolic scenes of youth, but seldom talked with enthusiasm, or deep seated fear and earnestness of the life to come. They might indeed, like the daughter of Agamemnon, regret the blessed light of the sun, or shudder at the coldness of the tomb, and the spectres that flitted around the entrance of Hades; but they had none of those views of the future, which, in our minds, almost annihilate the differences of our date of life, and place the infant on an equality with the man of gray hairs. The future sanctioned no principles of action in their breasts; and the only conclusion, which even Solon, Simonides, or Herodotus could draw from the shortness of this life, was to enjoy the uncertain term allotted them with little anxiety of what was to follow. The objects, which most deeply excited their interest, or awakened their feelings, were around them, and addressed to their senses. They had no need of allegory to represent them. They could be depictured by their flexible and harmonious language, they were perfectly reflected from the shield of Achilles, and Phidias could represent them upon the breast-plate of Minerva, or the frieze and pediment of her temple. These they enjoyed, and with them present glory and pleasure were the supreme good. Their hopes and fears were limited to this 'little life,' that's 'rounded with a sleep.' The end was accomplished, the prize was gained, if they wore the crown of laurel, or could enjoy and sing their ἔρωτα καὶ Βάθυλλον. With us the present is of no importance. 'To be, or not to be is the question.' All others pass for nothing, when 'to be' is immortality. Hence we stand upon the field, where thousands have been hurried to a bloody grave, and turning, perhaps, a complaining eye to heaven, a 'wherefore?' escapes us, but we reflect a moment, and the 'wherefore not?' appears equally unanswerable.

But, though the leading truths of christianity, and that peculiar state of things, which existed in the middle age, have aroused the powers of the soul, and developed new and more intense feelings, of which it can never divest itself, it

is obvious, that their present form, as exhibited in works of literature, is in some respects strongly contrasted with that, which it has been our principal aim to express. The thin abstractions of morality and religion cannot now take to themselves bodies, and walk abroad in individual existence with the same boldness, as in the age of the mysteries and moralities, or even, as they did in the imagination of Bunyan. What Schlegel has remarked of the difference between the smile of painful and fruitless desire in the expression of the Homeridæ,* and the light, ironical tone, with which Horace or Aristophanes must have read the ancient epic, may, with little modification, be applied to the difference between that state of mind, which existed in the age, of which we have been speaking, and the spirit, with which we contemplate it. The mind by degrees divested itself of its unsuspecting simplicity and seriousness, and the imagination cast off its gloomy shroud. The crusades, and an acquaintance with Persian and Arabic fictions, together with the progress of social cultivation, gradually familiarized the fancy with forms less awful, and its character at different periods may well be represented by the wanderings of the Italian Homer through the world of souls, and the adventures of Arthur and his knights in the gayer regions of fairy land. The Romance poetry began pretty early to lose, or perhaps never possessed in the highest degree, that power over the imaginations and feelings of the common people, which was exerted by their ancient heroic legends. Even the bull of the pope could not always secure the credit of Turpin's True History of Charlemagne, and the romances of chivalry, as well as the songs of the troubadours became mere matter of custom and parade. Poetry and history were no longer one. Art and nature were divorced from each other, fiction ceased to have the power of truth, and the wonders of the imagination did not, as of old, overpower the mind with religious awe and dread. Reason and philosophy gradually distinguished from each other the worlds of faith and imagination, before so intimately blended, and as our sober ancestors turned all their poetry into religion, we are in danger of turning all our religion to poetry.

* Poesie der Griechen, B. 1. s. 143.

ART. VII.—*General Anatomy, applied to Physiology and Medicine. By Xavier Bichat, physician to the great Hospital of Humanity at Paris, and professor of anatomy and physiology.—Translated from the French, by George Hayward M. D. Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Massachusetts Medical Society. In three volumes. Vol. I.* Boston, 8vo, Richardson & Lord, 1822.

WE are happy to see this work in an English dress, and especially so, that the labor of translating it has been performed by one of our own countrymen, and by one so well qualified, in every point of view, to do justice to it, as Dr Hayward. It is honorable to the profession of medicine in America, indicative of a strong tendency to a scientific study of it, and auguring well for its interests, that the first translations of the works of Bichat, and, as to the present instance, the only one, into the English language, have been made in this country. They have been within a few years considerably circulated, read, and studied, and have, so far as their influence has extended, had a most happy effect, in the proper course they have directly and indirectly given to the habit of thinking and studying among the younger part of the profession.*

The labor of the translator is always so tedious and forbidding, that we can hardly be sufficiently grateful to Dr Hayward for the courage with which he has attempted, and the perseverance with which he has accomplished the task of rendering four well-filled octavo volumes of French into so good English as he has given us. He evinces a complete knowledge of the language, and understanding of the subject of his author, and has executed the translation with great accuracy and fidelity, and in a good style. The meaning of the author is conveyed with more than usual clearness and precision. The only defect we can point out, if indeed in a scientific work it be a defect, arises from a scrupulous anxiety on this head, which has led the translator to follow the form of expression and sentiment of the original so minutely, as occasionally to throw something like awkwardness into the translation. But in scientific works, more perhaps than in any other, it is not always possible to

*The 'Researches on Life and Death' of Bichat, were translated by Dr Watkins of Baltimore, in 1809, and the 'Treatise on the Membranes,' by Dr J. G. Coffin of Boston, in 1813, some years before translations of the same works appeared in England.

find expressions in one language, which shall be exactly equivalent to those in another; there is often also a peculiarity of thought and sentiment so intimately associated with a peculiarity of phraseology, that the one cannot be varied without weakening the force of the other, and it is better that something of a foreign idiom should be observable, than that the sentiments of the author should be expressed less exactly and clearly. It is to be considered that in a translation we have not only to render the language of the author, but we have also to render his thoughts. The difference which exists between one man's writing and another's, does not depend more upon the language which he uses, than it does upon the mode of presenting his thoughts, the associations in which he brings them forward, and the relations and connexions which he exhibits between them. In all writing, these things are almost inseparably connected, and taken together constitute the style of composition, which consists not merely in language, but also in the relation and connexion of language with thought. Now the translator has to consider and allow for all this. For he may, in modifying the form of expression of his author, modify also his form of thought; he may, in substituting an English idiom for a French, substitute also a different meaning; and, in giving his own coloring to the language, give in some measure his own coloring to the opinions. This remark we think particularly applicable to Bichat, the style of whose compositions, though in the original exceedingly clear, is yet marked by very strong peculiarities, the entire removal of which, however it might improve the English style of the translation, would not compensate for the less perfect conveyance of his ideas. We believe that those, at least, who have been accustomed to read his works in the original, will allow that some of his thoughts can be in no way so clearly expressed, as by a bald and idiomatic translation of them; in no other way can they be made to retain so much of that peculiar emphasis, that relish, if we may so speak, which they have in the original.

The present translation, however, requires no apology on this score, since it is far more free from the fault to which we have alluded, than translations of medical works have usually been. It is every way worthy of confidence, as a faithful picture of the original. We have carefully examined the greater part of this volume in comparison with the French, and

have been able to detect scarcely any instances, in which there appears to be a deviation from the meaning of the author. It will form certainly a most valuable addition to our medical literature, and will, we trust, be extensively circulated. It has even higher claims upon the attention, than the former works of Bichat, which have been published in this country; it will richly repay the physician for a careful and diligent study of it, and is not unworthy the perusal of even the general reader.

The author was one of those extraordinary men, the history of whose life, character, and opinions ought not to be confined to the narrow circle of his own profession. They are truly the property of the whole literary world; they are worthy of the attention of all who are interested in the advancement of science, or take pleasure in contemplating the success and achievements of the human intellect; and yet with all his claim to notice, he affords one more striking example of the uncertainty and limited extent of medical reputation. No man, perhaps, ever entered the profession under more happy auspices, or ran a more brilliant career. No man, probably, ever possessed greater advantages for prosecuting his studies, or improved them more completely to the extent of his ability. We believe that no man, in the same space of time, ever accomplished so much in the same kind of pursuits. Few, in any department of scientific labor, have exhibited a more rare combination of elevated intellectual qualities accompanied with such unfaltering industry and perseverance. And yet after all, how little has been known of him out of his own country, even among those to whose profession he was an honor. How little has been known of him any where, out of that profession; although had the same originality of genius, the same strength of intellect, the same acute spirit of observation, the same persevering and zealous industry been devoted to almost any other department of study, we know of no name among the philosophers of the present day, which would have filled a larger sphere in the world of science, or stood higher upon the catalogue of fame.

The qualities and faculties, which are necessary to an accomplished medical character, are not intrinsically less rare and valuable, although perhaps less imposing and splendid, than those requisite for distinction of any other kind. Indeed, we suspect that a man of a superficial mind would find it harder it to acquire a reputation in the profession of medicine,

than in any other. That is, a well founded reputation; for in no occupation is it so easy to acquire a sort of notoriety and currency which passes for medical fame. The misfortune is, that the number of those, who are competent judges of the claims of an individual to a character for science in medicine, is very small, and is indeed almost confined to a few of the profession themselves. The habits and occupations of a great proportion of them, abstract their minds entirely from their proper studies, and incapacitate them from judging with intelligence and discrimination. Hence the works of the most solid and substantial merit have not always acquired the confidence of the profession at large, the most rapidly, or even the most extensively. The works of Fordyce are to many tedious and forbidding; and there are many who, but for the name of Hunter, would be deterred at the onset from toiling through his works.

Another circumstance detrimental to the extent and permanency of medical reputation, is the uncertainty of the science, the vacillating state of theory and opinion, the great number of systems which have been successively adopted by the profession, have become popular, perhaps almost universal, and have at length been discarded. An individual who has distinguished himself in one generation may be forgotten or become an object of ridicule in another, because he advocated theories which are exploded, or opinions which have become obsolete. Into by far the greater part of medical works, speculation and hypothesis are permitted so largely to enter and become incorporated so completely with the real matter of fact which they contain, that they become unintelligible when the theoretical opinions are no longer current, and of course the language in which they are conveyed has become in some measure obsolete. It is owing to this circumstance that the efforts of many most valuable minds have been entirely lost to the profession. Physiologists and physicians, of different ages, have not differed so much in the views which they have taken of the laws of the system, and the practice in diseases, as they have in the language they have employed to express those views, and the hypotheses on which they have attempted to explain the nature of disease and the operation of remedies.

Another consideration which renders medical reputation less desirable, is the small account which is made of it by

the world at large. A man may be in the first rank, as a writer or a practitioner, and yet his very name be scarcely known out of the immediate sphere where he moves, except to his brethren of the faculty. The same real merit which in any other pursuit would insure him eminence and celebrity, will often in this leave him in comparative insignificance. This is discouraging to an ambitious mind. Men will not labor without reward, and in a profession where reputation is so hard, and wealth, comparatively, so easy to obtain, and where they do by no means regularly accompany each other, it is not strange that so many should prefer the easier reward, and seek only that sort of reputation which brings with it occupation and riches, instead of that which is only to be acquired by a deep and scientific study and which after all is limited in its extent and uncertain in its duration.

Scarcely any objects of study possess intrinsically materials for so deeply fixing the interest and attention as those to which medicine relates, and yet it is truly remarkable how profoundly ignorant, by far the greater part of even intelligent and well informed men are of the structure and laws of their frame, and the principles on which diseases depend. It is to this ignorance, in part at least, may be attributed the cloud of prejudice through which almost every thing connected with the profession of medicine is viewed, and which is found so embarrassing to the fair and honorable practitioner in the conscientious discharge of his duties. The lives of many physicians constitute only one long scene of deception ; a deception often rendered absolutely necessary by the impossibility of satisfying in any other way the minds of parties concerned ; or of explaining according to their comprehension and knowledge the circumstances which exist, or which render any particular course of conduct necessary. This evil might, and ought to be gradually removed by disseminating more liberal and rational views of the general principles of the profession, creating an interest in the character of its members, and thus preventing it from continuing the easy refuge of knaves and impostors, who too often share its honors and its emoluments,while they dishonor and disgrace it.

There is, we think, no medical author, so well calculated as Bichat, by the character of his writings, to excite the interest

and fix the attention of extra professional readers. He contrives to throw a charm over the most dry and forbidding details, of which no other writer has been capable. And it is with the hope of exciting some attention to the subject of physiology particularly, and to the interests of medicine in general, that we take advantage of the translation and publication of this work of his among us, to offer such a sketch as our limits will allow, of his life, character, and opinions.

Marie Francis Xavier Bichat was born at Thoirette, in France, the 14th of Nov. 1771. The earlier part of his life was not distinguished, we apprehend, by any remarkable precocity of intellect. He is mentioned merely as a young man of promise, of great ardor and industry in the pursuit of science, and exceedingly amiable and attractive in his private character. His father was a physician in the place where he was born, and with him, after leaving a seminary of learning at Lyons, on account of the disturbances occasioned by the revolution in that city, he pursued the study of anatomy. An early predilection, however, for mathematical inquiries soon carried him back to Lyons, where he indulged his taste for them, at the same time that he went on with his anatomical course, and attended the practice of the great hospital in that place.

Fortunately, as it proved for him in the end, the horrors of the revolution again drove him from the scene of his labors, and he found in Paris at once an asylum, and a field for exertion worthy of his ambition and his genius. He arrived there in the year 1793, being then twenty-two years old, without any kind of recommendation or introduction, and left to depend wholly upon himself. He seemed at this period to have no aspirations for that eminence which he was destined so soon to attain; on the contrary, his views were limited to the office of surgeon in the army, and with the intention of qualifying himself for this situation, he placed himself as a pupil under the celebrated Desault, then at the head of the profession of surgery in France.

But in the crowd of young men, that thronged to hear the instructions of this distinguished man, Bichat possessed at first no particular claim to notice. He was, however, one of those fortunate men who always find, or make and improve an early opportunity to distinguish themselves. He

is said to have first drawn upon himself the attention of Desault in the following manner. It was the custom at his lectures, for a few of the pupils, particularly selected for that purpose, to take notes as they were delivered, to write them out at length, and read them previously to the lecture of the following day in presence of the whole school; this answering the purpose of a recapitulation, and serving to impress the precepts of the teacher more firmly upon the minds of his pupils. On one occasion, the individual, on whom this duty devolved, happened to be absent, and Bichat volunteered to supply his place. The subject was one of considerable nicety and difficulty, one in which Desault was much interested, had much distinguished himself, and on which he took considerable pains to make himself clearly understood. In the abstract which was read on the next day, Bichat acquitted himself to the admiration of all who heard him, by the precision, accuracy, and clearness with which he detailed the opinions of his master. 'He was listened to,' says one of his biographers,* 'with extraordinary silence, and left the theatre loaded with eulogium, and covered with the reiterated applauses of his fellow students.' One can hardly conceive it possible that any individual, of whatever talents, could have made so distinguished a figure in the simple transcription of his notes, or have excited so much admiration by the mere detail, in ever so perfect and elegant a manner, of the ideas of another; but whether owing to the occurrence of this circumstance or not, certain it is, that Bichat soon attracted the notice of Desault, was invited to his house, became a member of his family, was treated with all the kindness and affection of a father, and, 'from this period was associated with him in his labors and in his glory.'

During the remainder of the life of Desault, Bichat was engaged, under his direction, in a great variety of important duties. He assisted him in his practice, his studies, his dissections and his lectures, and daily justified the expectations which his early performances had raised of his future progress. Death deprived him in the year 1795 of this kind friend and valuable patron, who died suddenly, as it was conjectured by poison, during his attendance upon the Dauphin, leaving to Bichat the task of collecting and publishing his works; a task which at once secured and perpetuated the fame of the master,

* M. F. R. Buisson, Anat. Descript. vol. 3. Introd.

and was a lasting monument of the affection, the gratitude, and the intelligence of the pupil.

In his twenty-fifth year, he now entered with the most brilliant advantages upon his own career. We have not the materials, nor have we indeed room to enter into any particular detail of the remaining events of his life. It was one series of arduous and successful labor; of devotion to a great multiplicity of objects and pursuits, that might be each deemed sufficient to occupy the entire attention of any common man, but with regard to each of which he brought to light many new facts and established many valuable principles.

A number of essays, containing in substance the fundamental views which he afterwards confirmed and enlarged upon in his more celebrated works, were first read before the Medical Society of Emulation in Paris, (a society, which we believe he was chiefly instrumental in forming, or at least, which owed much of its celebrity to his exertions) and were published in their Transactions. It was to this association, that he originally communicated a dissertation on the membranes and an essay upon the symmetrical organs, papers which formed the basis of his admirable Treatise on the Membranes and his Researches on Life, and in fact contained the germ of the great work which is at present before us—his General Anatomy. He was constantly, by day and by night, devoted to the study of some part of the science of medicine. He was a public teacher of Physiology, and his lectures were attended by large throngs of pupils, who listened eagerly to the novel and rich views of the science which he was constantly unfolding. This science formed for a few years the principal object of his attention, and he sought only how to confirm and establish its principles, by throwing upon it all the light which it is capable of receiving from the observation of every part of the human frame, under every possible circumstance, whether of health or disease, of life or of death.

At the age of twenty-seven years he first published, in a separate form, his Treatise on the Membranes, a work which established his fame on an immoveable basis, and fixed upon him the eyes of all his profession. The views, which form the basis of this work, were not originated by Bichat, they had been recognized and adopted in pathology by several previous writers; but he enlarged, extended, and methodized them. He investigated, not only the relations of the mem-

branes to their diseases, but went into a thorough examination of their structure, their history, their functions, connexions, &c. Nothing seemed to escape him. If he had not the honor of the first conception of this mode of considering the membranes, he at least was the first who presented it in a clear and systematized form, who gave it a tangible shape, and caused it to exercise its proper influence upon medical studies.

In the succeeding year appeared his Researches upon Life and Death, in two parts; the first comprehending an extended view of the peculiar physiological doctrines he had been accustomed to teach in his lectures, principally relating to his distinction of the two lives, of which we shall say more hereafter; the second containing a most minute and strictly philosophical investigation of the causes, phenomena and *modus operandi* of death, as it makes its first inroads upon the various principal organs. To this last part he had devoted much time and labor; it was almost wholly the result of experiments performed by himself, and contributed many facts of great value to our previous stock. The number of these experiments seems to have been almost unlimited; every doubtful opinion was submitted to the test of rigorous investigation, and according to a biographer already quoted, no less than one hundred days were devoted to observations in which the carotid artery was exposed. Every part of the work bears marks of the same unwearied and persevering labor, and forms a monument of industry and talents, seldom equalled in a young man only twenty-eight years old.

The views, which he had developed in his Treatise on the Membranes, led him to a similar consideration of the other textures, and he applied the same mode of investigation to them. The result of this inquiry, after having been taught and explained in his course of lectures, afforded the materials of which is composed the work at present before us, his General Anatomy.

During the earlier years of his professional life, surgery and physiology alone had excited his attention; but the field they offered for his ambition was less vast and extended than he desired. It had been already cultivated with success by too many distinguished men; there seemed too little room left for the full and unshackled display of his talents. Medicine, on the contrary, particularly in France, had found fewer zeal-

ous cultivators, it was in some measure an untrodden field; the improved modes of investigation, which have been introduced in modern times, had not yet wrought that change in this science, that it had in others. To this therefore Bichat determined to devote his genius and his life. Following up this determination, he entered upon the study particularly of pathological anatomy, and, as was usual with him, communicated the results of his labors in a course of lectures. The same zeal, the same ardor, the same unwearied activity was manifested in this new pursuit; 'in a few months,' says M. Buisson, 'he opened upwards of six hundred bodies at the Hotel Dieu, or elsewhere, and at the same time attended all the remarkable diseases in that great hospital.' He had been appointed one of its physicians, and found in it every facility for the prosecution of his scheme, and not satisfied with the portion of duty which fell to his lot, he even desired, as a matter of favor, to be permitted to attend to the patients of his colleagues, thus multiplying to a prodigious extent the number of his observations upon the living subjects of disease, and his examinations of the morbid changes after death.

As another branch, and a most important, though neglected branch of the science of medicine, the materia medica claimed towards the close of his life an important part of his attention, and fully sensible of the false and defective views which have always been taken of it, he became deeply interested in its improvement and desirous of introducing into its cultivation the same strict, philosophical method, which he had applied in the other departments of science.

Of his labors in relation to these subjects, we are not aware that there are any distinct printed remains. In the volumes before us there are, it is true, many detached remarks, and occasionally more detailed discussions, upon pathology, materia medica, and the treatment of diseases, of very great ingenuity and merit. In fact, they contain, no doubt, all the general and main principles, upon which he proceeded in the investigation of disease; and it would not be difficult to trace out the principal characteristics of the plan, which he would have followed, had he lived to complete a work upon any of these subjects.

Soon after the publication of his General Anatomy, he began another work upon Descriptive Anatomy, of which, however, he only lived to complete two volumes; the remainder of the

undertaking has been accomplished by other hands.* 'Rich in facts,' observes M. Husson, 'free from a useless parade of divisions and sub-divisions, this work presents an exact and precise description of the exterior aspect of the organs, enlarged views of the particular textures, which constitute them, and numerous researches with regard to the properties of each.'

Nothing daunted, nothing deterred him in the prosecution of his researches. He persevered during the heats of summer in performing the most tedious and offensive dissections and experiments. He watched with unceasing attention all the horrid and disgusting changes, which take place during life from disease, and after death from decomposition. He inhaled, from the mouths of his patients, the nauseous effluvia of fevers, with a view to determine what differences in the nature of the disease might be denoted by the peculiar character of the breath. He traced in their bodies, when dead, the various disorganization and revolutions of texture, which had been produced by the force of the morbid causes, or by the progress of decay. But this prodigal expense of self was soon to cut short his labors and his life. He lived only in his dissecting room or in his hospital, and several attacks of disease, the consequences of his imprudence and his unceasing and unhealthful occupations, gave him serious warning to desist in time from the course he was pursuing. But warning was in vain; he persisted, and fell, at length, a victim probably to the intense interest, with which he had continued to apply himself to his labors. On the 19th July, 1802, whilst engaged in the dissection of a dead body, the exhalations which proceeded from it were such as to force his pupils to abandon him; he remained for some time exposed to their noxious influence alone, but, on leaving the room, fell fainting to the ground. The symptoms of a violent fever ensued, and after remaining some time in a state of insensibility, he expired on the third of August, the fourteenth day of his disease, in the thirty-first year of his age.†

* A third volume had been nearly prepared for the press, and materials collected for a fourth and fifth. They have been since published, the third and fourth by Buisson, the fifth by Roux; both of whom had been associated with him in their preparation.

† This is the account of the manner of his death as given by M. Husson, in a discourse delivered before the Medical Society of Emulation, and prefixed to the later editions of his 'Treatise on the Membranes.' That of M. Buisson

No man, probably, at the same age, has ever arrived at an equal eminence in the medical profession; an eminence not merely indicated by the offices he held,—he was, at the time of his death, physician to the great Hospital of Humanity, and professor of anatomy, physiology, and medicine,—but by the universal homage paid to his opinions in the city in which he taught, and the veneration with which his character and memory were regarded. More than five-hunded pupils attended his funeral, where an eulogium was pronounced over his remains by Lepreux, first physician to the Hotel Dieu. Bonaparte, at the representation of professor Corvisart, one of the first physicians in France, erected a monument in the Hotel Dieu, which was consecrated to the united memories of Desault and Bichat.

His biographers unite in ascribing to his private character all the kind and benevolent qualities. 'He was,' said Husson, in a memoir read before the Medical Society of Emulation a few weeks after his death, 'a good son, a sincere friend, an honest man; his modesty made him less apprehensive on his own account, than on that of his booksellers, of the failure of his works. He carried this virtue perhaps even to timidity. His character always equal, always frank, always generous, bore injustice and even injury, without impatience. He was never known meanly to seek for adulation, to covet office, or accumulate titles; he kept aloof from that shameful traffic of reputation, carried on in the journals, that sort of literary brokerage, in which the praise rendered seems to be but a usurious restitution of that, which one of the parties concerned has previously received. A stranger to the low passions, he was sometimes their victim; the unalterable sweetness of his disposition, and the candor of his mind would often prompt him to seek an excuse for the injuries of those who envied him. He exhibited in the ordinary commerce of life a goodness and gentleness, which invariably won all our hearts. He had also, among the most distinguished in our profession, zealous admirers and sincere friends.'

'The most amiable moral qualities,' says M. Buisson, 'relieved, in Bichat, the brilliancy of his merit. We never meet with more frankness, more candor, or with greater readiness

in some particulars; the fall he represents to have been merely accidental, and to have concurred, by its violence, with the other causes, in producing and increasing the severity of the disease which destroyed him.

to relinquish opinions, which are met by a solid objection. Incapable of anger and impatience, he was as accessible in moments of the most painful toil, as in those of leisure. His generosity was a sure resource, on which those of his students might rely, whose distance from their friends placed them in temporary indigence, or whose poverty deprived them of the means of instruction. Quick in discovering talents, he encouraged them in every possible manner, whenever he was aware of their existence.'

'Europe will not believe,' said Hallé,* 'that Bichat, before the age of thirty, seizing, with the hand of a master, ideas, which some men of genius had as yet only glanced at, laid the foundation of a new anatomy and a new physiology. The last pupil of the famous school of Leyden, the celebrated Sandifort, said to one of you, "in six years your Bichat will have surpassed our Boerhaave." This was the impression of strangers. But we, we will say, that Bichat was also the best of men, that no slander ever polluted his lips, that no laurel withered at his touch, and that, modest without effort, he spoke only of what remained for him to do. No, it is impossible that such a man should have had enemies, it is impossible he should have had detracters or those who were jealous of him.'

Bichat is principally known to us, and will be to posterity, by the peculiar views, which he adopted and has in some measure established, of some of the principal parts of the science of physiology, by his varied and valuable researches into the structure of our organs, and the new points of view, in which he has placed the anatomy of the human body.

The peculiar physiological views of Bichat are to be found stated more or less distinctly in all his works; and it is a merit of his that he has always kept in sight the necessary connexion of this part of the science of medicine with every other, and, so far as he has developed his ideas upon the subjects of pathology, materia medica, and therapeutics, they seem all to have been founded upon and connected with the principles of physiology, which he had adopted. But in his Researches upon Life, and the Introduction to the work before us, these views are more systematically and copiously developed, and

* Discourse delivered before the School of Medicine, the next winter after the death of Bichat.

we know of no way by which we can so well do justice to the character of the author, as by presenting to our readers a short abstract of these opinions, distinguished as they are for their ingenuity and beauty, and, for the most part, as we conceive, by their truth.

Every thing around living bodies, according to Bichat, tends constantly to their destruction. And to this influence they would necessarily yield, were they not gifted with some permanent principle of reaction. This principle is their life, and a living system is therefore necessarily always engaged in the performance of functions, whose object is to resist death. Life, however, does not consist in a single principle, as has been taught by some celebrated writers, by Stahl, Van Helmont, and Barthez, &c. We are to study the phenomena of life, as we do those of other matter, and refer the operations performed in living systems to such ultimate principles as we can trace them to, in the same way that we do the operations taking place among inorganic substances. The chemist refers the phenomena of his science to the chemical, the natural philosopher to the physical properties of matter. So in physiology we are to analyze the functions, as we study them, and thus discover the properties or powers of living systems, to which they are to be attributed.

Living systems are thus found to be endowed with certain properties, powers, or principles, the chief of which are those of feeling and moving, by whose possession their organs are rendered capable of performing the functions, upon which the continuance of life depends. Life, then, according to Bichat, is the state of being produced by the possession and exercise of what he calls the vital properties; yet he does not always adhere with logical strictness to this definition, but rather uses the term sometimes to designate collectively the vital properties themselves, and this, perhaps, is its best and most convenient sense. His essential doctrine, however, is that there is no one single, individual, presiding principle of vitality, which animates the body, but that it is a collection of matter gifted for a time with certain powers of action, combined into organs which are thus enabled to act, and that the result is a series of functions, the connected performance of which constitutes it a living thing.

This is his view of life, considered in the most general and simple way. But in carrying the examination farther, he

points out two remarkable modifications of life, as considered in different relations, one common both to vegetables and animals, the other peculiar to animals. The vegetable exists entirely within itself, and for itself, depending upon other substances only for the materials of nutrition; the animal, on the contrary, in addition to this internal life, has another, by which he connects himself with objects about him, maintains relations with them, and is bound to them by the ties of mutual dependence. This affords a principle, upon which to form a distinct classification of our functions. Those which we have in common with the vegetable, which are necessary merely to our individual, bodily existence, are called the functions of *organic life*, because they are common to all organized matter. Those, on the other hand, which are peculiar to animals, which in them are superadded to the possession of the organic functions, are called the functions of *animal life*.

Physiologically speaking, then, we have two lives, the concurrence of which enables us to live and move and have our being; both equally necessary to the relations we maintain as human beings, but not equally necessary to the simple existence of a living thing. By our *organic life*, food proper for our nutrition is first submitted to the operation of digestion, is then thrown into the circulation, undergoes in the lungs the changes which respiration is intended to effect, is then distributed to the organs to be applied to their nutrition; from these, after a certain period, is taken away by absorption, thrown again into the circulation, and discharged at length from the system by means of the several exhalations and secretions. This is the life by which all the parts of the body are kept in a state of repair; it is the life of waste and supply; necessarily subservient to the performance of those functions, which are the distinguishing characteristics of our nature, but not at all engaged in their performance itself. By our *animal life*, on the contrary, we become related to the world about us; the senses convey to us a knowledge of the existence of other things beside ourselves; a knowledge also of their qualities and their capacities for producing pleasure or pain; we feel, we reflect, we judge, we will, and react upon external things, by means of the organs of locomotion and voice, according to the result of these mental operations: we become capable of communicating and receiving pleasure and pain, happiness and misery. In fact, by the organic life we merely exist negatively;

by the animal, that existence becomes a blessing or a curse, a source of enjoyment or of suffering.*

It is not at all pretended that the idea of this division was entirely original with Bichat. Most physiologists have had some faint conception of it, and others have more distinctly recognized it under a somewhat different modification and with a different title. But he has made it peculiarly his own by the ingenious and novel manner, in which he has stated, explained, and illustrated it; the detailed application, which he has made of it, to the various phenomena of the living system; and the beautiful and almost poetical air, which he has, by means of it, thrown around many of these phenomena.

In the first place, as he teaches us, the two lives differ, in some important respects, as to the organs by which their functions are performed. Those of the animal life present a symmetry of external form, strongly contrasted with the irregularity, which is a prominent characteristic of those of organic life. In the animal life, every function is either performed by a pair of organs, perfectly similar in structure and size, situated one upon each side of the median dividing line of the body, or else by a single organ divided into two similar and perfectly symmetrical halves by that line. Thus the organs of sight and hearing, and of locomotion are double and similar; the nerves of the brain go off in corresponding pairs; the organs of smell and taste and the brain are situated with a perfect regard to this law. The organs of the organic life, on the contrary, present a picture totally different; they are irregularly

* After the death of Bichat, a work was published by M. F. R. Buisson, embracing the same parts of physiology as the Researches of Bichat, but with some modification of his views, which, however, had been submitted to his revisal, and met with his approbation. Buisson was a particular friend of Bichat, and one of the editors of the three posthumous volumes of the *Anatomie Descriptive*. Man, he defines to be an intelligence administered [*servie*] by organs; and upon this view of his nature, founds a physiological classification, the same in effect as that of Bichat. The organs are of two classes: 1. Those immediately subservient to the purposes of the intelligence, such as the eye, the ear, the organs of locomotion, of voice, &c. and these, taken together, form the *active life*: 2. Those not immediately connected with the intelligence, and not under its control, which are yet necessary to it, from nourishing and preserving the instruments, with which it does immediately operate, such as the stomach, the heart, the lungs, &c. these form the *nutritive life*. This division, it is obvious, does not differ essentially from that of Bichat; and, although perhaps a more original and beautiful point of view, from which to look at man, as a subject of physiology, it is less pertectly applicable to life, considered as a whole, and possessed by a long series of animals and vegetables.

formed, and irregularly arranged; the stomach is disposed without any regard to the median line, and one half of it bears no resemblance to the other; the same is true of the liver, the spleen, and all the organic viscera. The heart, it is true, is a double organ, but its parts are of unequal size and strength, the rest of the circulating system presents a thousand irregularities, and the lungs are dissimilar in the two sides of the thorax in the division of their lobes, and the quantity of matter they contain.

This symmetry of the form is accompanied by a corresponding harmony in the functions of the organs of the animal life. The exactness and perfection of vision depend upon the similarity of the impressions transmitted by the two eyes to the brain; if these impressions are dissimilar, vision will be imperfect in proportion; hence we shut one eye when the power of the other is increased by the interposition of a lens, and hence we squint when one eye is made weaker than the other. The same is true of all the senses, of the muscles of locomotion and voice, and of the brain itself; if there is between the corresponding organs on the two sides, or the corresponding halves of the organs any inequality or dissimilarity, that is, if there is any defect of symmetry, the consequence is an imperfection in their function. Upon this principle Bichat explains the difference between different individuals in their natural capacity for distinguishing accurately the harmony of sounds. A good ear for music, as we express ourselves in common language, is only the result of the possession of two symmetrical organs of hearing, which transmit to the brain similar impressions; a bad ear, on the contrary, is produced by any inequality in the organs, which transmit two unequal impressions. Thus when one, either of our ears or eyes, is deprived of its usual degree of sensibility, we can hear or see much better by making use of that alone, which is uninjured, than by having recourse to both. The same remark is extended to the functions of smelling, tasting, and touching, and to the functions of the brain and muscles. But nothing like this is true of the organic life, to the regularity of whose operations, harmony and correspondence of action is not a necessary condition.

The functions of the organic life are constantly going on; they admit of no interruption, no repose; whatever cause suspends, but for a moment, the respiration or the circulation,

destroys life. They form a necessary and connected series which must be always moving on in continued progression, from the beginning to the end of existence. But in those of the animal life, the case is widely different. They have intervals of entire repose. The organs of this life are incapable of constant activity, they become fatigued by exercise and require rest. This rest, with regard to any particular organ, is the sleep of that organ ; and in proportion to the extent of the previous exercise, and the number of organs fatigued, the state of repose will be partial or general. Upon this principle, Bichat founds his theory of sleep. General sleep is the combination of the sleep of particular organs. Sleep then is not any definite state, but is a more or less complete rest of the whole system in proportion to the number of organs which require repose. The most perfect sleep is that where all the functions of animal life, the sensations, the perception, the imagination, the memory, the judgment, locomotion, and voice are suspended, and the various forms of imperfect sleep exhibited in dreaming, somnabulism, &c. are all produced by the wakefulness of some particular organs.

The two lives differ also in regard to habit ; the animal being much under its control, the organic but slightly. In the animal life habit renders our feelings and sensations less intense, whilst it elevates and perfects the power of judging. The eye is no longer sensible of the presence of objects to which it has become familiarized, the ear takes no notice of sounds that are constantly repeated, the other senses become hardened against the operation of agents which have often excited them ; but at the same time the capacity for forming an accurate judgment with regard to their qualities has been growing more perfect. Thus a piece of music gives us at first a feeling of pleasure simply, and nothing more ; if it be often repeated, this pleasure vanishes, but we become capable of estimating the merits of its arrangement and harmony. In the organic life, it is not so ; respiration, circulation, secretion, &c. are totally without the dominion of habit, and although some of the functions of this life, most intimately connected with those of the animal, are in some measure under its influence, yet in a general way a freedom from this influence is a distinguishing characteristic of the organic life.

Every thing relating to the understanding is the attribute of animal life, whilst the passions on the contrary belong to the

organic life, have their seat in its organs, influence them, when they are excited into action themselves, and are on the contrary influenced by the state of the organs. The relation, which the passions have, so remarkably, with the animal life, is intermediate, and not direct; all the primary phenomena produced by their excitement are exhibited in the internal organs; the heart is violently excited in anger, more moderately in joy; fear, sadness, grief produce an opposite effect. The lungs are equally affected, the respiration is quickened or impeded, a sense of oppression or suffocation is brought on, according to the nature and degree of the passion excited. In various emotions we experience peculiar sensations in the epigastrium, a sharp pain, a sense of fulness or of sinking, in other cases more decided effects are produced, a spasmodic vomiting, a copious secretion from the liver or the mucous membrane of the intestines, producing a diarrhea. All the natural gestures by which we attempt to express the intellectual and moral affections, are so many proofs of the correctness of these views. If we wish to indicate any of the phenomena of the intellect, relating, for instance, to memory, to perception, or to judgment we carry the hand spontaneously to the head, but if we would express love, joy, sadness, hatred, &c. we involuntarily place it upon the breast, or the stomach. We say a strong head, a well organized head, to express the perfection of understanding; a good heart, or a feeling heart, to express moral perfection. Many of the phenomena of disease indicate the same relations between the organic viscera and our moral affections. In the diseases of some organs, the mind is cheerful and happy, taking always a favorable view of things, and this, even when the disease lies at the very root of existence; and on the contrary, when some other organs are affected, it is invariably gloomy and apprehensive, anticipating the most fearful results, and even in trivial complaints expecting the most fatal consequences.

The two lives differ also in the mode and epoch of their origin. The organic is in activity from the very first period of conception, the animal enters into exercise only at birth, when external objects offer to the new individual means of connexion and relation. In the foetal state, the economy is solely occupied in the formation and nutrition of the organs; this is the preparative stage of existence. The organs, which are to perform the functions of the animal life, are created and

perfected, but they are not exercised; they are not accessible to the operation of the agents whose excitement is necessary to bring them into action, and of course they remain in a state of profound repose, until the stimulus, first of the air, and afterwards of food, light, and sounds, is applied to the appropriate organs. At birth then, a great change takes place in the physiological state of man. His animal life is first brought into existence, and his organic life becomes more fully developed and more complicated, in order to accommodate itself to the increased demands which this change necessarily brings upon it. But from this moment, there is no farther alteration or improvement in the functions of the organic life. They are as perfect in the infant, as in the adult, they are not susceptible of education. But in those of the animal life every thing depends upon the education they receive; at first feeble, imperfect, indistinct, they gradually become developed, and the direction given to this development and the character which they ultimately possess, depends in a great measure upon the influence exercised upon them by extrinsic circumstances.

Differing thus in their origin and in their mode of development, the two lives differ also in the mode of their termination in death, when this takes place naturally, that is, at the extremity of old age. The animal life is becoming gradually extinguished, before the organic has begun to fail. One after another its functions cease to be performed. The eye becomes obscured, it ceases to feel or to transmit the impression of light. The ear becomes insensible to the impulse of sound. The skin, shrivelled, hardened, deprived in part of its vessels, is capable of but an obscure and indistinct sensation; the parts dependent upon it, the hair and beard, lose their vitality, grow white, and fall off. The intellectual functions follow in the train of the sensations, the perception is blunted, the memory fails, the judgment becomes infantile; and at the same time the muscles under the influence of the brain, viz. those of locomotion and voice, partake of the same decrepitude. The old man moves with pain and difficulty, and speaks with a thick and trembling voice. 'Seated near the fire which warms him, he passes his days concentrated within himself; estranged from every thing around him, deprived of desires, of passions, of sensations, speaking little, because induced by no motive to break silence, happy in the feeling that he still

exists, when almost every other one has already quitted him.' In a certain sense then the animal life dies first, and leaves the organic still going on in the performance of its functions; this separation is more or less complete and continues for a greater or less length of time in different cases. The old man may continue to breathe and digest, for some time after he has to all intents and purposes ceased to think and to feel, he continues to exist as a vegetable, when he no longer lives as an animal. Death, however, at length seizes upon the organic life. Gradually and step by step the vital forces desert the different organs; digestion, secretion, &c. languish, the circulation and respiration are successively impeded and finally stop.

In considering the vital properties, as in all his inquiries concerning life, Bichat had constant regard to his grand division into the two lives; and he recognizes in the functions of each life, the exhibition of properties peculiar to itself, or at least, properties modified by the nature and relations of that life to whose functions they are subservient. In the organic life, the organs have in the first place a sort of sensibility or perception, by which they become acquainted with the presence and qualities of the substances applied to them; this is the *organic sensibility;* they have then a property by which they react upon these substances, and excite in them motion; this is the *organic contractility.* It has two modifications. 1. Where the contraction is insensible, as in the exhalants, capillaries, secreting vessels. 2. Where it is sensible, as in the heart, the stomach, the intestines, and these are called respectively, the *insensible,* and the *sensible, organic contractility.* In the organs of the animal life, there is also a sensibility, by which they are not only made capable of receiving the impression of an object and its qualities, but of transmitting that impression to the common sensorium; and a contractility, which not only renders a part capable of contracting, but is in the exercise of its power under the entire control and direction of the brain. These properties are called the *animal sensibility* and the *animal contractility.*

But the principal and most important feature in the physiological system of Bichat, is the complete, and entire, and exclusive explanation of all the phenomena of the living system upon the principles of vitality alone. Former physiologists have not always kept this distinctly in view; they have not

invariably recognized the principle, that the living system is in a certain sense insulated with regard to other matter; that it is governed by a set of laws essentially its own, peculiar to itself. The human body has been regarded, too often, as a mass of matter, organized to be sure, but yet under the direction of physical laws, and the performance of its functions has been ascribed to the powers of inorganic matter. Hence physiology has generally been somewhat tinctured by the favorite science of the age, with some of its notions. In the days of mechanical philosophy, the functions were explained as much as possible by the laws of mechanics. The force of every muscle was calculated to a grain, the velocity and momentum of the blood were supposed to produce the motions of the living fibre, and the fibre to be so constituted as to vibrate like the chords of an instrument; the stomach acted on the food like a pair of mill-stones, the chyle was absorbed from the intestines by the power of capillary attraction, and animal heat produced by the mutual attrition of the fluids and solids. So with the chemists, the human system was no less than a chemical laboratory. The stomach was a crucible, a retort, or an alembic; the lungs a furnace, and respiration a true combustion, where the refuse and stubble of the system were consumed, and by the same means, with a commendable economy, the animal heat was maintained; whilst secretion and exhalation were resolved into the operations of precipitation and distillation. These false views have always retarded the progress of the science. But with Bichat the properties of *life* were all in all. The phenomena of the system, whether in health or disease, were all ascribed to their influence and operation. And although there is doubtless much room for difference of opinion with regard to the particular views which he entertained of the nature of vitality, and although much may be said in defence of the opinion that it consists in one single independent principle, and not in a collection of distinct properties, yet this really makes very little difference. It is as easy to conceive the different properties to be so many distinct modes of operation of one principle, as it is to view them as *existing* separately, and only *acting* in concert. We have only to alter a few modes of expression, accordingly as we adopt one or the other of these hypotheses; the things intended remain essentially the same, i. e. the vital functions are all referred to the operation of the

vital laws, in the same way that the phenomena of physics and chemistry are all referred to physical and chemical laws.

To many of these opinions of Bichat there are strong objections, and in a general way it may be observed, that he has very much over-rated and exaggerated the distinctions which exist between the two lives, that he has too often exhibited a caricature of the truth. Not that he had not himself perfectly clear ideas of their exact connexions and distinctions, but it happened, that carried away by an ardor, which had often as much poetry as philosophy in it, he gave to his doctrines the coloring of a warm and rich imagination, and like every enthusiastic young man who is eager in the diffusion of favorite opinions, frequently drew truth with too bold and well defined outlines, and represented that as entirely distinct in nature, which was only so in his artificial arrangement, and in nature was blended and compounded with something else. His system affords a happy and striking expression of some of the fundamental distinctions of physiology, and though in some measure calculated to give to beginners in the science views a little too artificial, yet when qualified by a proper acquaintance with the details of the phenomena of life, as exhibited in the whole vital creation, is better adapted than any other to form us to correct, methodical, and distinct views.

To speak more particularly, much might be said to show that he attaches by far too great importance to many of the distinctions which he draws between the two lives in his Physiological Researches. This remark is true of those founded upon the external forms of the organs, the mode of their action and its duration, and those founded upon the natural end of the two lives. Not that there is not a *general difference* in these respects between the two lives, but that he has drawn the line with far too great distinctness, and laid too much stress upon the division which it establishes. More especially with respect to the influence of habit and the seat of the passions, we think very strong objections lie against the views which he has advanced; and his doctrine of the vital properties, in precisely the form which he gave it, whether as it regards their number or the exact relation which they severally have to the functions to whose performance they contribute, would probably meet with few defenders, although in its general essential features and with some considerable alterations of detail, it is that adopted by some of the most eminent physiologists of our own country and of Europe.

The work at present before us is the fairest specimen of what Bichat was capable of effecting; the best sample of what he promised to perform for the science of medicine. In it he exhibits more solid proofs of sagacity, more maturity of thinking, more soundness of judgment and accurate reflection, though not more originality and ingenuity, not more extended research, not more persevering investigation, than in those which preceded it. It was written at an age, which, though for any other individual in the profession of medicine it would have been early, was, considering what he had already effected, comparatively advanced. There are indeed not many things in its plan or execution, by which we should recognize it as the performance of a young man of twenty-nine years; nor indeed many from which it could have been suspected that it was written at night, after the multiplied and exhausting labors of the day, that it was sent to the press as it was written, without correction, or that the two last volumes were printed before the two first had been composed, so completely had the materials been digested and the plan laid out in the mind of its author.

The plan of this work is, we believe, entirely due to the genius of Bichat, and is one of the happiest conceptions ever formed by any individual engaged in the science of medicine. It is true that the pathological facts and reasonings which gave the first hint, and afforded the main principle on which it is founded, were known for some years before the time of our author. The merit of first pointing them out has been claimed for different individuals. By the French for Pinel; by the English for Dr Carmichael Smith and Mr Hunter. It lies perhaps in some measure with all, but no one had so clear and distinct views, so far as they went, as the last, or contributed more to bring them distinctly before the eyes of the profession, and give them their due influence in pathology. It was probably, however, to Pinel that Bichat was indebted for the first suggestions with relation to this work. This author, in his Nosographie Philosophique, has referred to the correspondence between the character of the diseases of the different membranes and their structure; and the analogy of the diseases of those of the same structure. This idea was seized by Bichat and carried out at large in his Treatise on the Membranes, in which he made it peculiarly his own by the multitude of new facts and new views which he developed;

describing with great accuracy the anatomy, the relations and connexions of the membranes, their vital properties, in fact their whole physiological and pathological history, and establishing for them a new and scientific classification.

This work contains the germ of his General Anatomy, which is indeed only an amplification and extended application of the same principle as that on which it is founded. The same mode of investigation is, in the General Anatomy, applied to all the different textures of the body, which, in the Treatise on the Membranes, is applied to them alone. In this way we are presented with a complete anatomical consideration of the whole system, under a different point of view from that which is generally taken in works upon anatomy, and a point of view exceedingly well adapted to give us clear and practical ideas, with relation to the connexion between the structure of parts and their diseases, whether functional or organic.

Into any analysis, or indeed any detailed account of this work it is no part of our plan to enter. But it will perhaps be instructive and somewhat interesting to the general reader, to present a slight sketch of the general principles upon which it proceeds, and of the precise objects which it has in view.

'All animals,' says Bichat, 'are an assemblage of different organs, which, executing each a function, concur, in their own manner, to the preservation of the whole. It is several separate machines in a general one which constitutes the individual. Now these separate machines are themselves formed by many textures of a very different nature, and which really compose the elements of these organs. Chemistry has its simple bodies, which form, by the combinations of which they are susceptible, the compound bodies; such are caloric, light, hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, azote, phosphorus, &c. In the same way anatomy has its simple textures, which, by their combinations, four with four, six with six, eight with eight, &c. make the organs.'

This extract affords us some idea of the nature and objects of General Anatomy. Anatomy, as it has been usually studied, or Descriptive Anatomy, is the anatomy of the organs. The body is taken to pieces and described in its several parts. Each organ is considered as a whole, by itself, or as connected with others by contributing in common to the same function, and its texture noticed only so far as it relates to itself,

and not to others having the same texture in common. Thus with relation to the muscles; they are taken up individually, their form, origin, insertion, and the particular arrangement of the muscular fibre in each, are considered and described; in relation to the abdominal viscera, their form, connexions, coats, &c., are described; and so with the other organs, and thus the whole body undergoes a minute examination. But all these same organs may be taken up in a different light, and this is the object of General Anatomy. Examine the stomach, we find it lined by a mucous membrane and covered by a serous; examine the lungs, we find the same arrangement; the bladder, still the same. But look elsewhere; at the mouth, the eye, the ear; we find them lined by a mucous membrane, but with no corresponding serous membrane without; at the brain, the testis, we there find a serous membrane covering an organ, but no mucous lining within. Every where we find cellular membrane, we find arteries, veins, nerves, &c. Now these are what are called the different textures; the serous, mucous, cellular, arterial, and venous textures. The same texture then is found in different parts, it contributes to the construction of different organs, intended for the accomplishment of entirely different objects; still it possesses, wherever it is found, certain common properties, is governed by certain common laws, and takes a peculiar part in the formation of the organ. Thus the membrane which lines the stomach is subservient to digestion, that which lines the lungs, to respiration, two very different functions, and yet the analogies in structure, properties, &c., between these membranes, are so exact, that the conclusion is irresistible that they are of the same class, both mucous membranes. The same remarks may be made of the other textures. Now the object of General Anatomy, is to analyze the body, to separate it into these several textures, and make each the subject of a particular investigation, not as relating, except indirectly, to the organs into whose composition they enter, but as so many separate and distinct systems. This object Bichat undertook, and this he accomplished with that complete, extensive, minute, and thorough spirit of investigation, which always distinguished him; with those bold, original, and ingenious views, which he always took of whatever came under his notice; and with that strong disposition to apply every thing to some purpose of practical utility, for which he was distinguished, but which is so rarely

united with the other qualities which he possessed to so remarkable an extent.

The different textures or systems he divides into two great classes. The first contains what may be called the primitive or generative systems, and these are six in number; viz. the cellular, arterial, venous, exhalant, absorbent and nervous. They contribute not merely to the formation of our organs, but may also to that of the other systems. The second class contains those of a more limited character, adapted by their peculiarity of structure to the formation of particular organs merely; such are the osseous, medullary, cartilaginous, fibrous, fibro-cartilaginous, muscular of animal and organic life, mucous, serous, synovial, glandular, dermoid, epidermoid, and pilous systems. These are the organized elements of our whole bodies. From their combination into organs of various forms, is made up the whole animal system, and by means of the structure and vital powers of these several textures, the organs are enabled to perform the functions assigned to them in the economy of the system.

The object of the work is to present a complete and accurate history of each of these textures separately; to point out the distinguishing characteristics of each, and thus by assiduously studying whatever relates to the elements of our frame, arrive at the more perfect knowledge of the frame considered as a whole.

The textures differ from one another characteristically in the forms which they assume. Some are always found in canals, some in flat membranes, &c. They differ also in their organization. No two are alike. Some have a good deal of the cellular membrane, and many blood vessels and nerves, in others these are, more or less, wanting. They differ in hardness, thickness, color, density &c. One has a fibrous arrangement, another a granulated; one a lamellated, another a circular. They differ also in the results which they present, when submitted to the operation of chemical re-agents, and the results are to a certain degree characteristic of the texture examined. But a still more important source of distinction between the textures is founded upon the nature and degree of the vital properties with which they are endowed. The sensibility and contractility of animal life are predominant in the nerves and animal muscles; the organic sensibility and contractility (of both kinds) preside over the organic muscles, the

glands, the skin, &c. Each of the simple textures combines, 'in different degrees, more or less, of these properties, and consequently lives with more or less energy.' Each texture has a particular kind of force, of sensibility, which gives to it a peculiarity of character, a particular and distinguishing way of exercising the functions of life, and all these differences contribute to and form a part of the distinctions which exist between the various organs, and their functions. The textures are also farther distinguished by the time, mode, and extent of their development. Some are proportionally more developed in younger life, as the capillary, cellular, and nervous systems, others in adult and middle ages, as the muscular and the piloid. others in the more advanced stages of existence as the venous and the osseous.

In the General Anatomy, Bichat has considered the textures under all these points of view. It contains, in fact, a complete system of anatomy and physiology, under a different arrangement from that in which we usually study them, and an arrangement particularly well calculated to facilitate their practical application in the investigation of disease. We think it one of the greatest excellencies of the work, that there is throughout, a constant recognition of this principle, which we deem fundamental in pathology, viz. that a state of disease is not *specifically* different from a state of health, that it depends for its existence and support upon the same powers, and is governed essentially by the same laws, only modified and turned aside from their natural course and operation by the influence of agents unnaturally applied; and of course, that it is only by the investigation and application of the laws of health, that we can ever understand disease.

It would be superfluous to attempt to point out the great advantages to be derived from this mode of studying anatomy and physiology. Every professional man must feel its importance, as soon as he understands the plan, and, perhaps, no illustrations could make any other than a professional man duly appreciate it. It is a mode peculiarly adapted to the purposes of the *physician*. General anatomy is truly the anatomy for the physician; it is in fact eminently medical anatomy. And, we believe, though we may be singular in the opinion, that the knowledge applicable to practical purposes, which may be got from the work before us, is of no less importance to the physician, than any which he acquires from

anatomy, studied in the ordinary way, valuable as that undoubtedly is. The application of the principles contained in this work to the investigation of the nature, seat, and phenomena of disease is direct, immediate, and obvious. They open indeed a completely distinct field in the science of pathology, which had been before but partially and occasionally cultivated.

Upon the whole, Bichat may be considered as the most extraordinary man of whom the profession of medicine has yet been able to boast. Not that he was by any means the greatest man, or that he has made the most valuable contributions to the stock of our knowledge. But there is more in his history, and character, and works to excite admiration and astonishment. Let it not be supposed however that his writings are to be spoken of in terms of unqualified commendation. They will bear, and they demand, severe criticism. They require to be read with much caution, and it is particularly necessary that the younger class of professional readers, or readers of general science, should be on their guard, lest they be carried away by the fascination of his manner and the ingenuity which he always displays, to imbibe opinions which have no solid foundation. They are the works of a young man, and must be read with that kind of reserve with which the writings of young men upon scientific subjects should always be approached. They certainly bear some marks of immaturity. His fondness for systematizing and drawing nice distinctions often leads him to refine too much, and renders his subject obscure from the very attempt to be minutely correct. He is often copious to a fault, and dilutes the truth he would inculcate, by such a flood of illustration and argument, that the thing to be proved is lost in the multiplicity of proofs, and the force of that which is sound, is overwhelmed or overlooked from its connexion with that which is unsound. This seems to have proceeded from a habit of thinking and writing hastily and without correction, so that he retains a thousand trivial and often puerile remarks, which a revisal would have induced him to exclude. There is frequently an appearance of solidity and force in these remarks, which at first is imposing, but vanishes before a strict examination; this deception is owing to the peculiar manner in which he announces his opinions, and to the air of ingenuity which his reasonings always display, even when they have it

not in reality. There is, in fact, throughout his works, a vast deal of inconclusive reasoning; reasoning which at first seems plausible and unobjectionable, but which turns out to have some radical defect, that destroys at once its force and importance. Of this we can readily refer to a remarkable instance, at page 37 of the volume before us, where he endeavors to shew that the blood is not incorruptible in disease, from the fact that in opening a dead body 'he found, instead of the black abdominal blood, a real grey sanies, which filled all the divisions of the splenic vein, the trunk of the vena porta, and all the hepatic branches, so that by cutting the liver in slices, he could distinguish by the flow of this sanies, all the ramifications of the vena porta from those of the vena cava, which contained ordinary blood.' Hence he argues that the blood had circulated in this state before death: as if this sanies could have been circulating, and yet the branches of the vena cava, and indeed all the vessels of the body not contain it. No deduction can be more futile, so far as it depends upon this reasoning, and yet there are many examples where opinions are defended by arguments of as little weight as these.

Yet his faults are by no means a balance for his excellencies, nor are they indeed so great or so imporant as those of most other physiologists. There is little of that direct, that intrinsic inconsistency which may be charged upon a great part of preceding writers upon similar subjects. He is seldom absurd, and seldom inconsistent with himself. Considering the rank which he takes among French physiologists, there is no one with whom a comparison is so readily suggested as with John Hunter, who has long held a similar rank, among the English. In native powers they probably differed more in kind, than quantity. Bichat was more quick and apt at comprehension and perception, he had more docility in acquiring and greater facility in communicating knowledge. He had, if we may so express ourselves, greater agility of mind, than Hunter, who was distinguished more for strength, depth, and energy, and less for ingenuity in defending, or clearness in stating his opinions. The former had uncommon advantages of education, advantages, it is true, which he had obtained by his own exertions and merit; the latter comparatively very few. From the peculiar structure of his mind, or some other circumstances, Bichat early in life formed a system of thinking and studying, to which he always adhered.

This system was clearly and definitely laid out, not only in his mind, but upon paper, and every thing was done in reference to it. Mr Hunter, on the other hand, had no idea of system writing; the plan of one, probably, scarcely entered into his mind, and yet without being aware of it, his thoughts were perfectly systematized, and his works contain, altogether, an admirable and most perfect system of physiological principles. Bichat thought, in order that he might form a system, his views were intentionally sent in this direction; but Hunter seems to have had no such object, he formed a system because he thought, and from the very constitution of his intellectual powers, never thought without thinking systematically. Every thing contributed to give Bichat an immediate and brilliant reputation. He was elegant, persuasive, and fascinating, as a writer, popular and admired as a lecturer, surrounded by the pupils, and inheriting, in some measure, the reputation and influence of his master, Desault. Hunter on the other hand was poor, he had to toil his tedious way under a thousand discouragements to fame and distinction. Awkward, tedious, and obscure in his style of writing and lecturing, it was long before he could make others comprehend the important truths of which he was the discoverer, and nothing but their importance and their value could ever have made the works in which they are promulgated, standard and classical in the profession. Such indeed were the obstacles which were thus thrown in the way of his progress, that it was not till nearly the age of forty that he had become very much known, and indeed at his death which occurred at more than sixty years of age, he had not acquired a very much higher standing in his own country, than Bichat had acquired in France, at the age of thirty-one. This difference certainly did depend, in a very considerable degree, upon the extrinsic circumstances to which we have alluded.

Bichat was more brilliant, Hunter more profound. The quick, beautiful, and ingenious ideas of Bichat often affect us with all the fascination, all the piquancy of wit; whilst those of Hunter, deep and extended, and therefore frequently obscure, produce in us something like the sensations of grandeur or sublimity. Bichat had, perhaps, the most thorough knowledge, and entertained the most clear and connected views of the structure and functions of the human body, considered by themselves, and in one sense was the

best human physiologist; but Hunter had, with the eye of a master, looked all creation through. Not merely his own species, but the long series of living things extending from man, down to the lowest zoophyte, had all claimed a share of his attention; and he had studied life from the top to the bottom of this immense scale of being, as one grand whole.

What Bichat might have accomplished, how nearly he might have arrived to an equal standing with the great man, to whom we have compared him, it is impossible to conjecture. It is the highest praise that we could give him, to be named in such a connexion. That he could have effected as great a change in medicine, as was effected by Hunter in surgery, was not to have been expected. That he would have done much, that he would have given a great impulse, and in some important respects a new direction to the inquiries of physicians, there can be little doubt, and indeed this consequence is in some measure to be anticipated from the influence of the works he has left behind him.

ART. VIII.—*Julia Sévéra, ou l'An quatre cent quatre vingt douze. Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi.* 3 vols. 12mo. Paris 1822.

IN the course of some remarks in a former number on Mr Hope's Anastasius, we could not help dwelling a moment on the change, which has taken place in the department of novel writing. We repeated the names of some of the most distinguished writers, English and continental, of the last generation, who had exercised their talents in this way; till novels and romances had become the vehicles of the finest efforts of the understanding.—As far as the strict novel form is concerned, this may be considered an innovation of the present day; a new course struck out by the ever active invention or changeful caprice in man. But the operation of that general principle, whereby we seek to make grave truths attractive, by the form in which they are delivered, may be traced back to the oldest periods of written literature. Most of the ancient philosophers acted upon it. Cicero and Plato strove to secure for their moral and metaphysical discussions all that interest, which the names of some of the most distinguished personages in Grecian and Roman history, or of their most celebrated con-

temporaries could add to the philosophical dialogues carried on in their names. Xenophon gave his political theory the clothing of a gorgeous oriental romance; and if we judge from the internal character rather than the outward form, the Iliad itself is a primitive Waverly novel, and if there is any faith in German lore, its authorship is as great a secret as that, which is so admirably kept at the present day.

It would not be easy to say, to which of the prominent nations of modern Europe the palm should be assigned, in this species of composition. Some of the very first geniuses of all of them have cultivated it; and if the Waverly novels upon the whole be accounted the most wonderful for the united considerations of their great number, rapid succession, wonderful excellence and concealed origin, it must be recollected that Rousseau and de Stael, Gœthe and Wieland are names able to sustain almost any competition, and that Foscolo's single effort has appeared in London in the fifteenth edition. It is not without some feeling of national pride, that we are able to add, among the names of the most popular writers of the age, that of our own countryman, the ingenious Mr Crayon, who has also consecrated his delicate taste and happy fancy to a kindred department of fine writing.

In the work before us, M. Sismondi has entered the same field; but we doubt whether his appearance there will add to his own reputation or that of his country in this branch of literature. It has been supposed that the illustrious unknown in England, with a modesty as noble as his genius, at first concealed his name through fear for the reception of his work. And we do now most distinctly remember that many nice judges, whose opinion of a work is much prompted by a knowledge of the author, who have a sort of intuition at finding out that great geniuses can produce fine poems, and who can tell at a glance that ingenious writers produce curious books, were extremely in doubt when Waverley appeared, 'whether the thing would do.' We are not sure that M. Sismondi would not have done well to imitate the reserve, even if he had no occasion to feel the diffidence of the great author, with whom he ventures in some degree to compare himself. Few writers of the present day can boast a more extensive popularity than M. Sismondi. And if the number of his works of historical research, make it necessary to give him the name of compiler, it cannot be denied that he stands highest on that

list, and needed but to have written less to have been ranked with the classical historians. We are even aware that we cannot expect to carry all our readers along with us in denying him a place among the latter; and our brethren of the Edinburgh Review have bestowed on his history of France such encomiums, as show, whether just or not, that few writers of the present day have a greater reputation at stake. Had he concealed his authorship in this new department, till he had ascertained his success, he would, we think, have better consulted the interests of this reputation. In order to justify this opinion, we beg leave to offer our readers an extract from the preface, as a guide to M. Sismondi's views in the composition of this work.

'While,' says he, 'in a work of a more serious cast,* I have attempted to exhibit more clearly, than has yet been done, the connexion of public events, the great historical characters, the victories and the disasters, the exalted virtues and the crimes of the French people and kings, I was desirous at each grand revolution, to be able to exhibit to my readers the common life in an imaginary sketch, and in fabulous personages; under the guidance always of historical researches, and in scrupulous conformity, as to opinions and national characters, with contemporary writers.

'The work then,' continues M. Sismondi, 'which I now offer the public is intended to paint the condition of Gaul, at the period of the invasion of Clovis. It is the fruit of the researches and labors, which I had devoted to the composition of the first volumes of my *History of the French*. The historian is obliged, in some degree, to live in the age which he proposes to describe, while the effort necessary to this is scarcely expected of the novelist. Had I had no other design than to write this novel, I certainly should not have read three times in succession Gregory of Tours, nor grown pale over all the Chronicles, and all the codes of law, and all the lives of the saints of this period.

The mottoes, which I have attached to each chapter *in imitation of the author of those admirable Scottish novels, which I wish mine resembled more*, are all drawn from contemporary authors; they are designed to show how nearly the scenes, which I have presented to the imagination, approach to the realities of that age.'

* M. Sismondi here alludes to his *Histoire de Français*, of which the first portion appeared last year, in three volumes, containing the history of France from the fourth to the tenth century, under the Merovingians and Carlovingians.—The work is to be continued in portions of from two to three volumes.

M. Sismondi also informs us, in his preface, that the principal personages and incidents of the tale are imaginary.

With regard to the general character of this work, it appears to us that what merit it possesses is that of an antiquarian essay, and not of a novel. In other words, M. Sismondi appears to us wholly to have failed in solving the problem, which was involved in the composition of such a work; namely, to write an interesting *novel*, of which the scene should be laid in the age of Clovis. We are not disposed to question the accuracy, with which he has painted the manners of the age, nor the fidelity with which he has derived his materials from monkish chronicles and barbarous codes, and legends of forgotten saints. He has been able, in consequence of these studies, to draw some instructive sketches of the manners and opinions of the age. But here his success stops. The story is of ordinary merit, and sinks, for the greater part of it, to the common machinery of the works of the Minerva press. There is in the composition of the work, if we mistake not, a visible difference between the former and latter portion. The first is far more antiquarian and learned, and the author probably felt, as he proceeded, that it was getting to be a laborious and uninteresting essay. He accordingly plunged into the opposite extreme, and conjured up at once the whole apparatus of ruined castles, subterraneous passages, spring doors, sliding pannels, robbers, and convents. Had this thing come by study, he might have learned of 'the admirable Scottish novels,' that antiquarian lore and romantic adventure could not thus, by mechanical admixture, be made to balance each other, so that the romance should render the learning attractive in one chapter, and the learning impart its gravity to the romance in another; but that by a wonderful chemistry, of which that author alone seems fully to posses the secret, they should be amalgamated, and a strong human interest of character and incident he breathed into the manners of ages past. What, if possible, renders M. Sismondi's course more fatiguing to the imagination is the downright honesty, with which he informs us in the title of each chapter, of the point in antiquity, which forms the topic of the Essay, an error not unlike that of our most excellent countryman, whom we are too pleased to keep naming, who has inserted in the index of his Bracebridge, some more titles than there are subjects to the chapters. M. Sismondi, too, has plainly mistaken the object of the mottoes of

the Scottish and other British novels, if he supposes it to be that, at which he has aimed in his own. In the Scottish novels, they are neither regularly nor in the greater number of instances from writers contemporary with the action of the story. When they are not inserted only as a part of the artificial form of this species of composition, the design of them we presume merely to be, after affording a faint indication of the business of the chapter, to amuse the reader's mind with a beautiful quotation, applied in a sense different from that in which it was composed, and (as it has been held by an ingenious American writer), as a quotation always always ought to be, in an acceptation *parce detorta.* An amusing essay will we doubt not one day be written, on the mottoes of the author of Waverley; and some future Alexandrian of England or America will, as likely as not, attempt to publish in an uniform edition the fragments—*quotquot supersunt*—of the 'Old Play.' Meantime M. Sismondi appears to have taken that name too literally, in garnishing his chapters with long quotations from monkish chronicles and lives of the saints. It is, however, time to proceed from these somewhat minute criticisms to such a general sketch of the story as, with a translated specimen, will enable our readers to estimate its merit.

Julia Severa is the only daughter of Julius Severus, count of Chartres, a titular Roman senator and wealthy lord in Gaul, at the close of the fifth century. While her father had left his home at Chartres to repair to the court of Clovis at Soissons, to negotiate a treaty with that barbarous monarch, the chief of one of the tribes of Francs, another tribe of the same nation, falls upon Chartres, and Julia Severa is compelled, with the rest of the inhabitants, to fly before them. Their flight is arrested by the Loire, and the gathering band of fugitives is there perceived on the opposite bank by Sylvia Numantia and Felix, her son, noble and wealthy proprietors of Noviliacum, a rural villa between the Loire and Cher. Felix, prompted by humanity, but ignorant of the cause of the assembly on the opposite bank, crosses the river to the relief of the fugitives, learns their condition, and with great intrepidity and disinterestedness succeeds in transporting the whole company in his boats across the river, at the moment when the advance of the barbarians had well nigh overtaken them. Julia Severa immediately attracts the notice of Sylvia Numantia and her son, is lodged with becoming attendance at the castle of Noviliacum,

and a few pages afford the reader, expert in affairs of the heart, sufficient indication that Felix and Julia are the hero and heroine of the piece, and of course destined to marry each other. To bring about this happy event is the author's design at the end of the third volume: the delays thrown in its way are to make up the business of the tale. The first obstacle arises from the circumstance that Julius Severus, while negotiating for the confederate cities of Gaul a treaty of peace at the court of Clovis, conceives the design of bringing about an union between that young, ambitious, and insinuating barbarous prince and his own daughter Julia Severa. It sufficiently comported with the politics of Clovis to form a temporary alliance with a powerful Gaulish family, while means enough would offer themselves, at any future time, to disembarrass himself of the connexion, should it prove onerous; the law of divorce, to the great scandal of the jurisprudence of the Franks, having been as lax in the days of Clovis, as in those of the empress Josephine. Julius Severus, having acquired the confidence of Clovis, soon succeeds in awakening the desire of this barbarous prince to espouse his daughter. Felix, meantime, in the manner we have mentioned, becomes attached to her, she is equally sensible of the merits of the young Roman lord, and their hearts are pledged to each other. For the sake of entering into some capitulation for the protection of the country between the Loire and the Cher, Felix also repairs to the court of Clovis at Soissons, and there becomes acquainted with the projected union of his mistress and the king of the Franks. This is the first distress in the plot; and as it opposes to the desires of the lovers the will of a father and the pleasure of a barbarous conqueror, the book might seem in danger of drawing to a speedy close. It happens, however, that Julius Severus, though openly a convert to the not yet universally established belief of christianity, is secretly devoted to the ancient gods of Rome, a fact suspected by the neighboring christian priesthood. Anticipating injury to christianity, should Clovis, the barbarous conqueror, ally himself with the daughter of a worshipper of the ancient gods of Rome, the archbishop of Rheims and the bishop of Tours exert themselves to prevent the union of Julia Severa and Clovis, and this measure of ecclesiastical policy forms a considerable portion of the business of the work, and is conducted as follows. Julius Severus, having concluded with Clovis a treaty of mar-

riage with his daughter, sends a matron to conduct her from her place of refuge at Noviliacum to the court of Clovis at Soissons. Felix, who, as we have said, was also on business of state at Soissons, in despair at the approaching death blow to his hopes, hastens home to Noviliacum, to enjoy one last interview with his mistress, or if possible concert means for their escape and union with each other. They appoint a meeting at Hesodunum, a ruined and desolate city on the banks of the Loire, built by the Celts, and amply furnished with secret passages and subterraneous communications, once contrived for defence, but now made use of as the covert of the numerous hordes of banditti, with which the distracted country is infested. Toward the close of a happy day passed together, Felix and Julia are descending from the citadel of the ruined tower to the river side, by means of one of these subterraneous passages, preceded at a short distance by Sylvia Numantia, who has the matronly discretion to allow the lovers to talk over their matters, without the embarrassment of a witness. On arriving at the outlet of the passage, followed as she thought at a short distance by Felix and Julia, the matron looks round and beholds, with bewildered feelings, that a massy door of solid rock has closed behind her, and forbids all further egress. She sends her slaves to the other extremity, and finds it closed in like manner. No art or skill suffices to open these heavy portals thus mysteriously closed, and she is left to the distressing conclusion, that the party had been waylaid by a band of robbers, and her son and Sylvia surprized in the passage. A day or two is passed in forcing and exploring the vaults; and when they are at last penetrated, Julia and Felix are nowhere to be found. They had, in reality, not been waylaid by robbers, but by the emissaries of Volusianus, bishop of Tours, who, to prevent the union of Julia and Clovis, adjudged it the most effectual step to shut them both up privately in the walls of a convent at Tours. Here the story halts a little, since it does not appear why it was necessary to confine Felix, whose liberty and marriage with Julia would have promoted the policy of the priesthood, as effectually and less violently. To a convent at Tours, however, they are both by stealth transported, under the guidance of father André. As we consider the entrance into the convent as one of the best chapters of the work, we shall extract nearly the whole of it:

'They arrived at last at Tours, about the break of day. There was as yet no movement in the streets. The heavy gates of St Martin opened to them. They entered, and it was not till then that the hoods were removed from their faces, their arms untied, and the bandage removed from their mouths. Felix and Julia perceived themselves to be in a square court, surrounded on three sides by very lofty buildings, and closed on the fourth by a wall as high as the highest of the edifice. Opposite the wall could be recognized the side of a cathedral church, and on either side a house, which, by its grated and narrow windows and thick walls, were known to be convents.

'The one was the convent of the nuns of St Marie de l'Ecrin, the same which Ingeltrude, daughter of Clothaire I. rebuilt and richly endowed a century after; the other, where monks of different order and costume relieved each other, in the uninterrupted chanting of psalms in the cathedral, was the celebrated convent of St Martin of Tours, the most famous, the most strict in its observances, and the richest in Gaul.

'At the moment that Felix and Julia recovered the use of their eyes, they measured at a glance these high walls, which dampness had blackened, these narrow windows, by which so little light was admitted into the cells of the unhappy inmates, these grates, these bolts which seemed so many precautions taken in advance against the repentance of those, who had voluntarily condemned themselves to eternal captivity—against their efforts to escape, this silence, this stillness in a place where so many living beings were confined, even the grass and the moss which covered the pavement of the court and showed how little it was traversed. All these objects produced a profound impression of sadness on the minds of Felix and Julia. They cast their eyes upon each other to recal the promises of mutual fidelity, which they had made the preceding evening; but Felix perceived the tears, which glittered in the eyes of Julia, and felt that the power of the will might be weak, in opposition to the power of monkish despotism, to which they were now subjected. * * *

'The father, who conducted them, knocked at the door of the convent, crying out to the porter, "a penitent son and daughter, by order of the most holy bishop Volusianus." The lovers pressed each other's hands, while they bid adieu; they entered the two convents, and heard the heavy portals and bolts close behind them.

'The porter, who had introduced Felix into the convent of the men, conducted him, without speaking a word, into a long hall, which appeared to be the refectory of the monks, and there left him alone. Felix, on seeing him depart, recalled him to ask him some questions, but the porter having informed him, that he was

to await the orders of the abbot, left him, without deigning farther reply. After about two hours, twenty monks entered the hall two and two; their eyes were cast down, their hands joined on their breasts, and they repeated a prayer. Felix approached several of them, to ask them what he ought to do himself, or what he was to expect. Every one repulsed him with a motion of impatience, indicating that he did not wish to be interrupted. The prayer at length being finished, the monk at the head of the file deigned to notice his presence, and said, "Art thou Felix Florentius?" "The same." "Sit down." At the same time all the monks sat down to table, with the exception of one, who ascended a sort of pulpit, and began to read the gospel. Several lay brothers entered, with a kind of religious gravity, bringing dishes in their hands. The table was soon abundantly covered with food, that had the appearance of being prepared with care. Every monk, and Felix also, had his portion by itself; the bread, the wine, and the dishes in equal amount. It seemed as if care had been taken that the monks should never have to ask of each other those little offices, which guests render each other at table, and never be in danger of losing each his due share by the voracity of another. For the rest, the portion assigned each was abundant enough to satisfy the most inordinate appetite. Felix witnessed, however, its rapid disappearance from the plates of each of his neighbors, while he scarcely touched his own.

'The reading went on, but the monks, much occupied with their meal, gave little attention to it. Their eyes were fixed exclusively on their plates. No look of affection, intelligence, or complaisance was exchanged between them. Condemned to pass their lives together, they were as entirely strangers to each other, as if they had never met. They were as little actuated by curiosity as by affection. When their chief had mentioned aloud the name of Felix Florentius, all eyes turned mechanically toward him, without, however, dwelling upon him, or even again returning to survey him. His appearance in the assembly had not occasioned a question, or led even to a whisper between any two present.

'Felix nevertheless thought, that, in alluding himself to his singular adventures, he might awaken their dormant curiosity, and bring on a communication with his new hosts, "When I was borne off," cried he, "last night, in the caverns of Hesodunum—" "Tush!" cried the monk, whom he addressed, pointing to the reader, but to whom he had not before paid the least attention. Felix thought, however, that he had at least said enough to awaken the curiosity of his neighbor, and that, after the reading should be interrupted, the monk himself would resume the conversation. The repast, however, being done, the reader took his place at the table to partake his, and the monk, whom Felix had addressed,

joining his hands before him and twirling his thumbs around each other, remained silent, without so much as turning his head toward Felix. The latter, after having observed him for some moments, cast his eyes upon the others, and found them all in the same attitude of repose. Out of patience, he raised his voice and demanded of the dean himself what they intended to do with him. "Tush!" replied the monk, pointing to his brethren, "do not disturb their holy meditations." Felix was silent. These meditations lasted half an hour, and Felix observing the eyes closed, and the sonorous respiration of the monks, and of the dean himself, felt himself authorized to conclude, that what was called holy meditation in a convent, bore another name in the language of the world.

'At length a clock struck. The monks aroused themselves, and with a voice half asleep began to chant an anthem, as they rose from their places. They arranged themselves again two and two to leave the refectory, in the order in which they entered. The dean then turning to Felix said, "follow us to the quire." Felix followed them. As he advanced, he found himself placed between two files of monks, who chanted with a loud voice. They traversed the interior corridors, which connected the convent with the cathedral, into which they entered behind the high altar. Another band of monks had been chanting three hours in the church. The latter did not wear the same dress, nor were they subject to the same rule, though they lived in the same convent. They left the seats where they were bestowed, to make way for the new comers, without however ceasing their psalmody; and they left the church in procession still singing. Felix now found himself in the same church, in which but a few weeks before he had seen Volusianus, when he held with this prelate a conference, in which the latter had seemed to yield him entire confidence. Felix had then been entrusted by him, in the name of the cities of Gaul, with an honorable mission. He had just returned from executing it. He had not yet even had time to render an account of it to his constituents, and he found himself now a captive, a penitent, a monk, or he knew not what, in the quire of this same cathedral, from which to all appearance he was not to be permitted to withdraw himself. On the spot where he had entered he felt himself a prisoner, though in the sight of the public. He was in the inner row of seats against the wall. On the left and on the right, and in the row of benches before him, there were monks that surrounded him and almost hid him from the sight of the devout in the church. Besides, the latter, separated from the quire by a high screen, were sufficiently remote from Felix. Notwithstanding this, he determined, should Volusianus appear, to demand justice of him, in a loud voice, and should he not appear, he hesitated whether he should not choose

the moment, when the church should be crowded with devotees, to proclaim his name, complain of a shameful violence, and demand his liberty. Nevertheless he soon judged that this last step would be a desperate measure, and that he ought not to hasten to have recourse to it, when he heard the dean saying to the beadles, ushers, and monks, "The most holy bishop orders, that if the penitent disturb our sacred functions, or make any attempt to escape, he be immediately confined in the dungeon under the tower." Reply was made to this order by an inclination in token of obedience.

'Notwithstanding this threat, which he was made distinctly to hear, Felix calculated, that if he could defend himself a few moments against the monks, the tumult he should raise in the church would procure him protectors. But he was restrained by the consideration, that in this way it would be publicly known where he and Julia were to be found, and even the power of Volusianus might be insufficient to detain the latter, should Clovis demand her. He accordingly thought it more adviseable himself to submit to a captivity, which could not long endure. For the rest, the opportunity of making an effort to recover his liberty did not present itself. Neither Volusianus, nor any of the clergy whom Felix in a former visit to the cathedral had seen in his train, made their appearance. It was the hour when the inhabitants of Tours, having begun the day's work, scarcely came to the church. He only saw some old women at prayer at the foot of different altars, or at a distance the pilgrims crawling on their knees about the tomb of St Martin, and from time to time the horrid forms of the murderers and robbers, who had found an asylum in the temple. The latter seemed to look with astonishment and envy on the riches that surrounded them, without daring to raise their hands to commit a sacrilege, which they supposed would be punished with instant death. The chant of the monks meantime continued; and its drowsy monotony greatly seconded the effect of the fatigue of Felix, who from the time he left Soissons had taken no repose, who had travelled on horseback to the banks of the Loire, and who had felt little inclination to sleep while so near to Julia, or in the ruins of Hesodunum, or in the boat in which they had been carried away captive. In spite of his uncertainty, his strange recollections, and the fears not less strange which filled his imagination, his heavy eyes closed from time to time in the church. This the beadles failed not to observe, and the moment they saw him dropping asleep, touched him with their wands, and this painful struggle lasted for the three hours during which the chant of the monks continued. It seemed to him as if he had neither waked nor slept, and that he had remained in a long reverie.

At length he heard, at a distance, the approach of another band of monks, who advanced chanting in the same order, to replace those with whom he was surrounded. He remarked that between the files of those who arrived, was led a penitent, clothed in a frock like that which had been thrown upon his own shoulders at Hesodunum, and which he had been forced ever since to wear. This penitent was not a monk, he did not chant, he seemed to move forward with reluctance, and to resist the monks who conducted him. All at once he raised his voice and cried, "rescue me, citizens of Tours; deliver me from a shameful violence." But his voice was drowned in that of the monks, who began to chant or rather to yell the psalms, with all their might, at the same time that they overpowered with blows the unfortunate person, who resisted them. A stunning music from the orchestra aided in completely drowning his voice, while the good women on their knees in the temple crying out, "a demoniac, a demoniac, a demoniac!" dropped their eyes, and redoubled the fervor of their prayers.

'Felix, although the voice of the pretended demoniac was altogether unknown to him, arose quickly, as if to run to his aid. But the monks at his side seized his arms and obliged him to resume his seat. The demoniac also submitted to superior strength, and the new quire of chanters took the place of the preceding. The latter left the church, chanting as it had entered, and Felix marching in the midst of them, found himself again in the corridors of the convent.

'Here the procession separated, and each monk departed for his cell. The dean pointing to Felix an open door, said to him, "Behold your cell, be ready at noon for the exercises." "What exercises," cried Felix, astonished; "what further do you demand of me?" "That you chant in the quire, or at least attend the chanting, in the morning from eight o'clock till eleven, in the evening from four o'clock till seven, and in the night from twelve o'clock only till two, and besides, that you attend our prayers at noon and at eight o'clock." "What object can you have in thus tormenting me? I am not a monk; I have no design to become one. By what right—" "It is the order of the house. All the unhappy persons in your condition are equally obliged to submit to it." "In my condition, say you, what then is my condition?" "Perhaps if I tell it you, I shall but cause the unclean spirit to descend upon you. Address yourself rather to God, and be submissive." "No, tell me what is my condition." "Since you will have it then, you are a demoniac." "Strange infatuation. I, Felix Florentius, a demoniac? I, whom your bishop charged to represent himself before Clovis, and who am just returned from an embassy, on which I protected the rights of the church?"

"Yes, you, Felix Florentius, who last night, with sacrilegious hands struck a priest in the caverns of Hesodunum, and by this execrable crime abandoned yourself to the powers of hell. You, Felix Florentius, who descended those caverns to render a service to unclean spirits, who there met with a familiar of Lucifer, presented to your eyes under the image of a woman, who were so completely enslaved by her seductions as to sacrifice your immortal soul to her, who were immediately seized by devils and plunged into a dreary gulph, made the prey of I know not how many illusions, who were hurried rapidly towards the infernal abyss, when a holy man of this convent, who was in prayer before the tomb of the glorious St Martin, had knowledge of your danger, and delivered you miraculously by his prayers, in reward, perhaps, of the services you had just rendered the church. The devils were thus compelled to deposit you this morning at the door of our convent. You see, Felix Florentius, I know your history." "How is it thus you dare relate a scandalous arrest?" "*Dare*, know that in our eyes your late grandeur is but as the grass when it is withered, or the dust which is borne on the wind. Here you are but a man, and while the impure spirit retains his dominion over you, you are less than a man Here we *dare* speak the truth; we shall dare, if need be, subject you to the rule of the house More than once we have employed force to compel demoniacs to assist in the sacred offices; but at the end of a few weeks, the unclean spirit always yields to our efforts, the paroxysms become less frequent, the intervals of repose, like that which you enjoy at present, more protracted, and he whom we were obliged to bind to drag him to the church, comes at last to repair to it with pleasure." "Is it possible that so grave a person should not doubt the reality of facts so strange? You relate them without testifying the least astonishment." "A servant of St Martin soon ceases to be astonished. Every thing in our house is prodigy. We are here more accustomed to miracles than to natural events. When we see every day the sick returning to health and the dead reviving to life; when we see the sacrilegious struck at the foot of the altar, dying on the spot as if blasted by lighting, floating in blood or groveling in foam, for having lifted a profane hand toward what was consecrated to St Martin, we have no room for wonder at adventures so ordinary as yours" "And these adventures, so common, are they known to the whole convent?" asked Felix. "Doubtless," said the dean, "yet you have witnessed that they excited neither astonishment nor curiosity among our brethren."

Such is, with the exception of a few sentences at the beginning and close, one of the best chapters in M. Sismondi's Julia

Severa, and we doubt not our readers will agree with us that it sustains but an indifferent comparison with the great model that involuntarily suggests itself, and which M. Sismondi has avowed as his examplar. To pursue the analysis of the story, we add, that father André, under whose care Felix and Julia had been conducted from Hesodunum to Tours, aroused from his lethargy of implicit obedience and faith, by the enormity of the transaction, betrays to Julius Severus the place where his daughter and Felix are confined. Julius Severus immediately repairs to Clovis at Soissons to demand his interference. Clovis, already engaged in a new treaty of marriage with Clotilde, daughter of the king of Visigoths, discovers great indifference to the appeal of Julius; but Theuderic, one of his attendant princes, with a band of hardy Franks, engages with zeal in the cause. They march to Tours and procure the release of Felix, but Julia's presence in the convent is steadily denied by the bishop, and when search is made by Julius and Sylvia Numantia, the mother of Julia, who by permission of this crafty prelate explored the convent, she is no where to be found. The reader of course anticipates, that she had been meantime despatched to some other place of confinement; but not till she had experienced treatment at once artful and cruel, to entrap her into an avowal of paganism, or a resolution to take the veil. She resists both, and is conveyed to another retreat, where after various adventures, in the common style of romance, which we have not time to relate, both on her part and that of Felix, she is happily discovered by the latter.

Such is a very brief analysis of the story, the least valuable part we know of a novel of this class. To avoid the charge of injustice in the present case, we have been induced to make an extract of nearly a whole chapter, hoping that the fame of the author, and the little probability there is that his work will find a translator, will be our excuse for so doing. We are unable, in this or any other part of the work, to discover even the *disjecta membra* of a genius gifted for this department. In many passages, Julia Severa has strongly remined us of Valerius; we hold it, however, as a whole, to be quite inferior. This inferiority is especially apparent in those passages which best admit of comparison. And the reader has but to contrast the incantations of Pona in Valerius, with the inspirations of Lamia, the priestess of Bacchus, to feel the weak-

ness of M. Sismondi's pencil, compared with that of the anonymous author of the fine work in question. The philosopher Eudoxus is a Xerophrastus, but of far less choice absurdity. The fine topic of the conflict between christianity and paganism, is turned to little advantage by M. Sismondi; though the blind veneration professed by Clovis for religion of any and every kind, is well conceived and in true barbarian character. In recalling to recollection the personages introduced, we cannot fix upon one striking *character*. Since the merit of the work, as a romance, is so inconsiderable, it needs scarce be added that, as an antiquarian essay, it is rather injured, than profited by the novel form. It is in vain to attempt so far to unite opposite branches of literature, that in the combination the essential features of either are sacrificed. A novel, which as a novel is ordinary, can recommend nothing else, however excellent it may be. An ignorance of this principle, is one of the causes of the dulness of Barthelemi's Anacharsis. No person of taste could endure for a moment the plot and story of Anacharsis standing by themselves, and with what reason is it to be expected that the antiquarian and historical details, which carry their own interest to persons engaged in their study, can gain new charms from that which is in itself common-place and insignificant, and which standing alone would not detain the attention a moment.

ART. IX.—*Europe: or a general survey of the present situation of the principal powers; with conjectures on their future prospects; by a Citizen of the United States.* London and Boston, 8vo. pp. 451. 1822.

MUCH as has been written on the political revolution, which broke out at the close of the last century in Europe, nothing is more uncommon than rational and distinct ideas in relation to its character and influence. One reason undoubtedly is, that, at no very distant period, all classes of society felt a personal interest in the contest. Great and unexpected changes succeeded each other so rapidly, that none could deem themselves beyond their reach. There were none, whose character and condition placed them above the tumult, and enabled them to look down on it with a calm and philosophic

eye. The whole fabric of society was shaken, the most ancient institutions were tottering from the foundation, and all men were engaged in attempting to uphold or to subvert them. This intense struggle has gone by, and the passions excited by it have in a great degree subsided; but it was of a nature not lightly to be forgotten; and those, who were witnesses and partakers of it, cannot recur to it, even now, without feelings ill adapted to a just and dispassionate judgment of its nature and tendency. Another reason is, that this revolution is still powerfully, though not tumultuously operating, so that its result is not yet ascertained, and a knowledge of the event is a very convenient guide in all our speculations, and particularly in those on political subjects, in which it seems to be considered an especial duty to play the prophet. It belongs to another generation to write the history of that eventful period. To many generations it must be a subject full of interest; though it depends on its future consequences whether it be deemed hereafter so important an epoch in the annals of mankind, as it is now commonly supposed. Those who trembled and those who exulted at it, have alike been deceived in their expectation of its immediate effects. Terrible as was the convulsion, which then shook the whole continent, it has not proved, as many dreaded, a presage of the speedy dissolution of society; nor as others hoped, one of those critical efforts of nature, by which inveterate and perilous diseases are instantly thrown off, and the health of the body politic at once renewed.

But the friends of civil liberty, disappointed as they are, in the anticipation of its immediate establishment throughout Europe, still indulge the idea that the way is constantly preparing for it, and that it will yet be enjoyed as universally, though not as soon as they once predicted. They have in general, however, lost a little of their enthusiasm, and no longer esteem the subversion of a despotism as equivalent to the creation of a free government, nor hail the adoption of a democratic constitution, as a complete security of the rights of the people; for they have seen that the forms of such a constitution may be made a cloak for the most oppressive tyranny. Their hopes are now founded on improvements in the character and condition of the mass of the community. Forms of government indeed are not indifferent. Influenced by the character of the people, they have in turn an influence upon

it. All classes of society find a strong motive to improvement in the persuasion that they hold a political power in the state; and by the very exertion of such a power they become better qualified for its exercise. Yet there is danger in either extreme. When an ignorant and thoughtless populace suddenly assume the reins of government, no sooner has the short intoxication, which follows the acquisition of sovereignty, passed away, than feeling the difficulties and embarassments of their situation, they relinquish to the first hand bold enough to grasp it, a power, which they know not how to wield, and sink into hopeless despotism. It is not without a miracle that a nation can be born in a day. We are continually learning therefore to look with less and less interest, upon violent and precipitate revolutions in the frame of government. They are means indeed, but not the only nor always the most efficient means, of improving the political condition of a state. Such a blow as the French Revolution may at that time have been useful to rouse the inhabitants of Europe from the lethargy, in which they had so long been slumbering, to some sense of their power and their rights; but we are persuaded that in the peaceful days since the fall of Napoleon, many noiseless but important changes have taken place on the European continent, in the condition, institutions, habits, and opinions of men, which will produce more lasting and greater effects than that unnatural and tragical drama.

To this period the work before us is confined. The author points out the alterations recently made in the forms of government among the nations of Europe, and the causes, which are directly and conspicuously operating to bring about still further modifications of their present political systems. Observing that the spirit of political improvement now at work throughout the world, is the necessary and natural result of the progress of civilization, that is of industry, wealth, and knowledge, in which the whole body of society is interested, he states, that 'the property and intelligence of society at large are, in a general view of the subject, enlisted every where in its support.'

'If then we regard the whole of Europe as forming one body politic, divided into parties in regard to the great question of political reformation now so violently agitated, there will be found on one side the whole mass of population, not interested in the support of existing institutions injurious to the public welfare;

and on the other the individuals deriving personal benefit from these institutions, with all that part of the population, which is under their influence.

'Such are the present circumstances of Europe, that the forces enlisted on opposite sides by these contending interests are nearly balanced; and they are separated pretty exactly by a geographical line. In all the Western part of Europe, civilization and political improvement in its train, have already made such progress that they have in a great measure broken down, in substance, if not in form, all injurious institutions: and here there is really no interest of any consequence engaged in support of such establishments or opposed to the cause of liberal principles and good government. The Eastern part of Europe on the contrary is yet in a great measure uncivilized. Russia, the dominant power in that quarter, as a nation, is wholly so. There, the existing institutions are all the growth of barbarous times, accommodated to barbarous manners, and wholly at variance with the habits and feelings of civilized nations. Still a certain portion of the society derives a vast individual importance from their existence, and would probably oppose with vigor any attempt to overthrow them. Independently of which, the nations themselves are not yet sufficiently improved to meditate such attempts or to wish for change. But though at present entirely safe from any attack at home, the rulers naturally look with jealously upon the progress of different principles in other contiguous countries. When they see a spirit adverse to their importance passing like an electric shock from nation to nation, they begin to apprehend with reason that if not checked in time, it will soon penetrate into their own quarters and attack the foundation of their power and wealth. It is therefore on general principles a natural and necessary though an unfortunate result of their position, that they employ their influence and even their arms to prevent in foreign countries the most salutary and useful innovations. And in these enterprises they carry with them the whole weight of the communities they respectively govern, which, in their present state of civilization, are nothing more than blind instruments in the hands of their rulers. They also find assistance abroad, in all that portion of society in the West of Europe, which is connected with the mouldering remnants of abuses which have been destroyed in substance; in that part which has personally suffered by political improvements and still retains a lingering hope, that the ancient state of things will be completely restored. Along the geographical line which divides these adverse interests lies the debateable ground, where at present they come to open physical collision. In the whole of Italy and in the western part of Germany, civilization has risen to as high a point as in any part of Europe; but the Eastern des-

pots avail themselves of their proximity and of the circumstances which now neutralize in a great measure the active power of the Western nations, to maintain the ascendency of antiquated forms and establishments inconsistent with civilization, by their great influence, and when occasion requires at the point of the bayonet; as we have seen in the kingdoms of Sardinia and Naples.'

Hence he deduces the general conclusion, that 'the cause of political improvement is identical with that of civilization and general prosperity, so that every measure, that has a tendency to produce these effects, whatever may be the views, with which it is taken, tends also to the promotion of liberal institutions;' and also the converse of the same proposition, that 'no effectual measures can be taken to oppose the progress of liberal ideas, except such as strike at the root of the general prosperity of a country in all its branches; and prohibit or discourage agriculture, commerce, and manufactures.' He adds, that 'even the violent measures taken by sovereigns to check the progress of constitutional principles—the late invasion of Italy—indeed the whole series of wars directed against the principles of the French revolution or its abuses—while they temporarily crushed or checked these principles in one form, have added in another an immense accession to their strength, by the vast creation of public debt, which operates to a very great extent, if not to its full nominal amount, as a transfer or cession of property from the landed proprietors to the industrious and mercantile classes;' and finally remarks, that 'the ultimate issue of the present struggle will depend upon the future progress of civilization.'

'If civilization, instead of advancing any farther, should decline from its present state, and go to decay in the countries where it has now attained its greatest height, the advance of liberal political principles will stop with it; and instead of spreading into other parts of Europe, where they have not yet penetrated, their influence will gradually disappear from the regions which they now in greater or less degrees enlighten. If, on the contrary, as every thing seems to indicate, commerce, manufactures and agriculture—though perhaps laboring at this moment under a temporary depression—are likely for a long and indefinite future period to advance by regularly and rapidly increasing steps, in consequence of the great increase of population, which must necessarily take place in the European settlements all over the globe, and the consequent great augmentation of demand for the

products of labor in all its forms—then it may be safely asserted, that the cause of good government and liberty is also in an advancing state, that it will continue to gain ground in those parts of Europe and the world, where its triumph is yet only partial; and will even gradually penetrate into regions, whose population is now unanimously arrayed against it, or is too barbarous even to form an idea of the existence of such a blessing.'

After this introduction, he enters into an examination, in detail, of the situation of the principal European powers, which is by far the ablest and most interesting part of his work, and to which we shall presently recur; and then gives a sketch of the political system of Europe, considered as a single community. Notwithstanding the independence of the several states, their geographical position and intimate relations render them, in substance, one vast and irregular body politic; but as they do not acknowledge any common tribunal for the settlement of their conflicting claims, none of them have any other means of redressing their real or supposed wrongs, than an appeal to arms, and hence perpetual war is the basis of their international system. Comparing it with that of our own country, founded on the basis of perpetual peace, and establishing over several different states, independent of each other as to all internal regulations, one general government, for the adjustment of their conflicting interests, and the administration of their common concerns, we are struck with the inestimable superiority of our institutions, and earnestly sympathize in the wish expressed by the author for a similar union of all the nations of Europe; though we cannot accede to the sentiment, which he seems in the warmth of his zeal to have adopted, that any consolidation of those nations, in whatever manner and at whatever expense it may be brought about, must promote their happiness; nor regard the assertion, which he advances with apparent seriousness, that it would be a blessing to them, if they had been united, even by universal and lasting submission to papal power, or should become so by common subjection to the Russian yoke, as any thing but a paradox.

The coalitions, which have sometimes been very naturally entered into by several of the European states, to defend each other against the attacks of a dangerous neighbor, whose power was too great to be resisted by either of them singly, are considered by this writer as an approach to the great object of consolidation, and he thinks that the general congress of ambassadors,

which has been repeatedly resorted to for settling the pretensions of the several European states at the conclusion of peace, might have been changed without much difficulty into a permanent tribunal, had not the gigantic power of Russia come within the pale of European policy; a power, which all the rest of the continent combined would, in his opinion, be unable to resist, as he thinks to be sufficiently proved by the repulse and ruin of Napoleon.

If the nations in the West of Europe would regard their subjugation by Russia as a misfortune, he holds that it was and still is their true policy to promote the aggrandizement of France, and to unite with her in opposing the Eastern colossus.

'The war of western independence is still, as I have said, to be fought; and until it has been actually fought and decided in favor of Russia, there will be room for hope and a chance of success for the other powers; because, if we even suppose their materials of resistance to be in themselves wholly inadequate, they have still in their favor the possibility of some fortunate occurrence of an accidental character. Accidents, however, being, as such, beyond the reach of anticipation, it is only upon an estimate of the existing materials of resistance, as they will probably be employed, that any calculation can be formed upon the subject; and the chance of success for the western powers, founded upon any such calculations, appears at present to be extremely small.'

He maintains, however, that the military occupation of the whole of Europe by Russian troops would not check, but promote the progress of civilization and political improvement.

'The prominent feature in the immediate future prospects of Europe, if the anticipations in which I have indulged in a preceding chapter are correct, is the probable prevalence of the influence and arms of Russia over the western nations. It remains, therefore, to inquire what will be the effect of this event, should it happen, upon the state of civilization and the establishment of a general government.

'If the Russian influence in the west of Europe were decidedly unfavorable to the progress of civilization, it would check in the same degree the tendency towards a political union resulting from this progress. And as the mass of the Russian people is now in a very uncivilized state, it may appear, at first view, as if this would in fact be the consequence. But farther reflection may perhaps lead to a different opinion. The prevalence of the Russian power is not the prevalence of the rude barbarians, that con-

stitute the bulk of the nation, but of the dominant class of proprietors, which is equally civilized with the same class in any other part of Europe. Their political influence, as far as it affects the body of society, would be exerted in the same direction, and produce the same consequences, as that of the authorities now existing. It will doubtless be, for a considerable period of time to come, the immediate interest of this class in Russia, to check the development of civilization, in one of its particular forms, viz. that of liberal political institutions. Their whole exertions are now employed for this purpose; and it is under this pretext, as I have observed, that they will gradually extend their political and military power over other countries. But this effort, in reality, counteracts itself; and the persecution of liberal ideas only increases the ardor, with which they are embraced and propagated. This temporary pressure will therefore serve to prepare the way, at some future period, for violent explosions in favor of liberty. Meanwhile, the Russian influence counteracts, in another way, its own efforts in favor of arbitrary principles, by the strong encouragement which is given to the development of civilization, in every other branch, except the modification of political forms. The Russian nobles, who are doubtless the wealthiest proprietors in Europe, are also among the most active and munificent patrons of industry. In their private and social habits, as individuals, they unite the gorgeous magnificence of Asia with the fine taste of the western world, and encourage, by consumption of their products, the luxurious and elegant arts, more than perhaps any other class of persons whatever.'

This is a very novel and ingenious theory, but it is in our opinion essentially incorrect, and rendered plausible only by the singular ability, with which it is maintained. The assumption, on which it rests, is too broad and unqualified, and when restricted to its just limits, is insufficient to support the system. It is undoubtedly true that political improvement is one of the objects, though not the only one to be effected by the progress of civilization, but we cannot admit that it is its necessary result. Still less can we assent to the sweeping conclusion that the progress of political improvement is identical with that of civilization and general prosperity, and promoted by every measure which tends to produce them. Improvements in the theory and practice of government are indeed of themselves advances in civilization, but not the only advances, nor always proportioned to the progress of the physical and exact sciences, of literature, or of the elegant and useful arts. If the cultivation of these be included, as it commonly is, within

the term civilization, then the assertion of our author cannot be maintained; if by civilization he would denote the progress of political science alone, then it is only an identical proposition and justifies none of the conclusions drawn from it. The progress of liberal institutions of government is not the same as that of civilization in its general sense, nor would the experience either of ancient or modern times warrant the assertion that they are necessarily simultaneous. The periods which have been marked out by the common consent of mankind as the golden ages of literature and refinement on the continent of Europe, that of Augustus, that of Leo, and that of Louis XIV, were not those, in which their countries were most free; and the nations, which have enjoyed the highest degree of political liberty, have not always, at the same time, been the most civilized. Let France, at the period last mentioned, be compared with Switzerland; or let the reader of Tacitus place the manners and institutions of the Germans in contrast with those of Rome. That liberty is favorable to civilization and civilization to liberty is readily admitted, but it is quite a different position from the unqualified assertion, that their progress is identical.

This is not a solitary error. Its consequences flow through the whole argument. Relinquish it, and it can no longer be maintained, that every attempt made by despotic sovereigns to check the progress of constitutional principles and to increase their own power must of course defeat itself, that liberal political principles will necessarily advance or decline with commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, or that if Russia should subdue all Europe, the encouragement, which would be given to the luxurious and elegant arts by the Eastern magnificence and gorgeous taste of her nobles would establish good government and liberty throughout the world. The same error seems to have led the author to the opinion above alluded to, that the diminution of the papal power, which protestants have hitherto united in regarding as the great source of civil and intellectual freedom in modern times, was in truth an evil; and that the consolidation of Europe, even under the gloomy sceptre of superstition, would have promoted the cause of liberal institutions and human happiness. Assuming,—in our opinion a bold assumption,—that such a consolidation, by abolishing wars, would have encouraged peaceful industry, and promoted the cultivation of the arts of convenience and luxu-

ry, he seems at once to conclude, in conformity with the erroneous position above noticed, that it would therefore have established liberal principles and sound institutions of government. But not so. 'Had the clergy prevailed, Europe,' to use the words of the writer himself, 'would have taken the form of a great ecclesiastical state, like the empire of the Mahometan Caliphs, and that of Japan during a long period of its history.' And it would have been as likely to resemble them in substance as in form. Have they been the regions of intellectual and political liberty? The science of government is founded, like most others, on experiment. It is by observing innumerable attempts and failures, and by investigating their causes, that it has been at length advanced to its present state of excellence. If Europe had been subjected to a single government, these numerous attempts could never have been made; and without the aid of experience, philosophers might have speculated forever, yet been unable to plan and construct the vast and beautiful fabric, under which it is our happiness to live, which is rendered secure at once by its massiveness and its symmetry; and which leaves room for all the emulation and enterprise naturally resulting from the distinct existence of the several states, while it prevents the contests that would arise among them, if they were entirely disconnected.

It cannot be pretended, that the very case supposed, of a common submission by all the European nations to the power of the church, would of itself have created a government like ours. That alone would not constitute such a government. It is further requisite that there should be a proper delegation and distribution of authority, and above all that institutions should exist, which give the people a constant control over the exercise of the power they delegate, and teach them to use with intelligence and discretion that which they retain. The clergy, we are told, did at one period possess the authority, the continuance of which would have been so happy for mankind. 'For every purpose but that of mere form, they succeeded in obtaining and holding the general government of Europe for two or three centuries:'—time enough one would think for an experiment. Yet in point of fact, was this period distinguished by the successful cultivation of the arts of peace, by moral, intellectual, and political improvement; or was it disturbed by perpetual tumults, darkened and degraded by su-

perstition, and polluted with blood? It seems to us that the papal power must have been, as it proved, too weak to hold the nations of Europe in a lasting union, or have entirely destroyed their independence, and crushed and amalgamated them into one common mass of brutal ignorance.

The author seems to us not only to overrate the advantages to be expected from the mere fact of a consolidation of Europe, however produced, but to be mistaken in supposing that it will speedily take place. He certainly exaggerates the force of Russia, when he pronounces it to be superior to that of all the other European states combined. In the elements of power, in numbers, wealth, skill, and industry, she does not surpass them all; and as to her uniform success, we know no very splendid trophy won by her single arm from the southern nations of Europe, since the days of Souvaroff. She reaped no laurels at Austerlitz, or Friedland; the retreat of Napoleon from her capital, and the disasters attending it were owing to the unusual severity of the season, rather than to the arms of his enemies; and in the following year, if she had been left after the battle of Bautzen, to fight out the quarrel alone, it cannot be doubted, that the terms of a humiliating peace would have been dictated to her for the third time from the lips of the same conqueror. She is powerful indeed; at this time the most powerful state on the continent, and it is by no means the true policy of the others to encourage her growth; but she is not yet a counterpoise for them all. It is true, that, from the despotic nature of her government, she moves in a single body with concentrated force; but should she attempt to realize the dream of universal dominion, she would soon find, what Europe has repeatedly felt, that common danger is as strong a bond as despotism.

We believe that the spirit of political improvement is now active, that more rapid progress is making in the science of government, than in any other, so that it advances faster than civilization in general; and of course we cannot admit their progress to be identical; yet we trust that the political reformation of the present age will be to future generations, as the religious reformation, which three centuries since broke the papal yoke, has been to us, the spring of great improvements in every department of civilization. We are not insensible that an union of all the states of Europe upon just principles, and with a proper distribution of power and suffi-

cient checks on its exercise, would be an inestimable blessing; but are incredulous, when it is asserted that such an union would be the effect of their consolidation by the arms of Russia, or that this is a probable event. This scheme seems to us far less feasible and efficient, than the celebrated project of Henry IV of France for the accomplishment of the same object. The reign of Napoleon has given us a specimen of the advantages to be expected from a military consolidation of Europe.

But though these opinions and the conjectures founded on them occupy the beginning and the end of the work now under consideration, they are not essential to it, and serve no other purpose than to give it an air of unity and compactness. They constitute only the frame of the picture, which the author has drawn with a master's hand, of the present political condition of the several nations of Europe. This, which forms the principal part of the book, is distinguished throughout by just and profound views, elevated sentiments, and a manly eloquence.

France occupies the first place. The immense political importance of her new laws, regulating the distribution of property, is duly appreciated and fully displayed; and the strange reasoning and idle fears of the Edinburgh reviewers and of Mr Malthus in relation to the effects of those laws are most happily refuted and exposed. The jealous and vacillating conduct of the royal family is ably contrasted with the frank and simple policy, which would have equally promoted their interest and their honor. An entertaining account is also given of the successive changes in the structure of the government, and in the state of public opinion, and a sketch of the literary character of the most eminent writers on political subjects. The author closes this very engaging and instructing chapter with the following remarks: 'The political constitution of France is sound and vigorous in its essential parts beyond that of any other nation in Europe. The outward appearance exhibits morbid symptoms, at first view, of a serious and alarming character, but which, examined more nearly, can hardly be regarded as dangerous, and must soon vanish under the restoring influence of an active vital influence within.'

The next chapter, relating to Spain and Portugal, though interesting, does not exhibit the same minute information, and,

as a whole, is much less satisfactory. The following passage is, in our judgment, founded on an entire misapprehension of the subject, to which it relates.

'The establishment of the Cortes in the form of a single assembly is regarded by many of the friends of liberty as a very unfortunate arrangement. But this objection, founded in a great measure on an erroneous theory of the British constitution, has, in my opinion, very little weight. It supposes that the existence of a nominal aristocracy is a point of great importance. But even admitting the correctness of this idea, which might however be contested on various grounds, it may be asked with pertinence, whether the security of such an aristocracy depends upon their being shut up in a separate room to deliberate on the public affairs; whether, like ciphers in notation, they are personally insignificant, and only acquire importance by their local position; whether their political weight does not depend, on the contrary, upon their property; whether, as long as they retain their property, they will not also retain their influence; and whether to form a part of the *same* legislative assembly is not the most favorable position, in which they can be placed for exercising the influence their property gives them, while they retain it, over their supposed enemies.'

Undoubtedly they might equally exercise their *influence*, whether they were in the same or a different assembly, or even without constituting any part of the legislature. But the question is not about their influence, but their constitutional authority. It is not their sitting in a different room, as is pleasantly rather than aptly suggested, but their right of putting a *veto* on the proceedings of the popular branch of the government, of preventing the operation of any of its acts, simply by refusing their assent, and without the trouble of exercising any influence or persuasion whatever, in which the power of the British house of lords and of every similar body consists; and this would be lost, if they were rendered a part of the assembly now controlled by them, and allowed to vote in it only in proportion to their number; for in that case, laws might pass without their consent, which is now impossible. So far is this from being immaterial, that it is an immense power, and one which can have no lawful origin but the will of the people. We see nothing absurd, however, in their establishing two legislative assemblies with this mutual control. This is a check, not upon the people, but on each of these assemblies. It must be recollected, that the representatives of the people are not

in any case the people themselves, but only their agents; and in the case now supposed, both assemblies are such agents, and the inability of either to perform any valid act, without the concurrence of the other, is a restraint, not on the authority which the people retain and exercise, but on that which they delegate; on the power of these assemblies to make laws binding their constituents.

We cannot refrain from presenting to our readers the following extract from this chapter. It is a beautiful passage, and full of practical wisdom.

'The most interesting aspect, under which the Spanish and Portuguese revolutions present themselves to the citizens of the United States, I may say indeed to the world at large, is that, under which they are considered as affecting the condition of the American colonies. No doubt can be entertained, that the complete emancipation of these vast regions will be effected at no great distance of time; and the simultaneous erection of these hitherto insignificant settlements into eight or ten independent and powerful nations may well be considered as one of the most extraordinary and interesting events that ever occurred. It can hardly fail, when its consequences shall be fully developed, to give an entirely new face to the political and commercial affairs of the world.

'The struggle for independence in the Spanish colonies has been precipitated by the convulsions in the mother country, and is not, like our revolution, a spontaneous effort, resulting from an internal consciousness of capacity for self-government. This is the most unfavorable circumstance attending it. It is this cause which draws out the contest into such a weary length, and which, after the formal emancipation shall be effected, may very probably entail upon these countries a long period of anarchy and discord. A spontaneous effort for freedom implies a maturity of intellectual and physical resources sufficient to secure the object with ease, and to improve it to the best advantage. A colony, thus emancipated, is like a ripe fruit, that drops from its parent tree at the moment of full maturity, and springs up naturally into a new and vigorous plant. The freedom of South America is a premature birth. It does not proceed from the healthy action of nature, operating within at the proper time, but has been forced upon the colonies by accidents occurring abroad. Considered as a rebellion against the Spanish government, it is just, if any enterprise ever deserved that qualification; and would have been, at whatever period it might have happened. No society was probably ever subject to a more intolerable and revolting system of misgovern-

ment; and it is impossible to deny the right of resistance under such circumstances, without denying completely the inherent and universal right of self-defence against injustice and oppression. But, considered as a measure intended to promote the happiness of the South Americans, the revolution presents itself in a less favorable point of view, and might probably have been delayed with great advantage for two or three centuries. The Americans, however, are not to bear the blame for this precipitation. They have been subjected to the action of political forces, over which they had no control. A revolution, however premature, was the necessary result of the circumstances, in which they were placed; and, although its aspect may for some time present many features not very consonant with just notions of liberty, still the friends of humanity must wish for their success, and are bound by all suitable means to promote it.

'The policy which may be adopted by the Spanish government in regard to their colonies is still uncertain; and in the period of trouble and confusion, that may very probably occur at home, the possessions abroad must be left in a great measure to themselves. At present, the plans under consideration contemplate the establishment of constitutional governments, nominally subject to Spain, and administered on the spot by princes of the royal family. If the mother country had the power to enforce this arrangement, it might perhaps be as favorable to the ultimate well being of the colonies, as their immediate emancipation. But this is not the case; and after struggling, as they have done, for independence for ten or twelve years, it can hardly be expected that they will abandon the prize of their own accord, at the very moment of success. It is therefore much to be wished for the interest of humanity, of the colonies, and of Spain herself, that she may abstain from any further wanton waste of resources and life, and submit with a good grace to the decree of necessity. She will probably find, as England did, the emancipation of her colonies infinitely more profitable to her, than their possession; and, in exchange for the vain name of ruling the Indies, will find the wealth of the Indies pouring in to her territory in fertilizing streams, instead of merely rolling through it, as it now does, like a mountain torrent, and leaving no marks of its passage, but barrenness and desolation.'

The author then gives a melancholy, but just idea of the degraded state of Italy and Greece, and expresses an honest indignation at the mean and oppressive policy observed by the principal powers towards these nations—the intellectual parents of Europe. The following chapter offers an elaborate view of the recent political revolutions and present condition of

Germany, including Austria and Prussia, and contains more important and minute information on the subject, than any other work we have seen. But we must be contented with recommending it to our readers. The remarks contained in that part of the work professedly devoted to Russia are confined to the personal character of the emperor, and though in the main just, appear to us too severe. The account of the continent is completed by a few brief remarks on the situation of Sweden, Denmark, and the Netherlands, and on the principal peculiarities of their inhabitants.

Our author then turns to Great Britain, and very properly taking it for granted, that the most important facts relating to its present condition are known to his readers, enters upon a train of reflections in illustration of them, which he evidently delights to pursue, and in which, though he is somewhat desultory, it is delightful to follow him. His remarks on the present state of the British constitution lead him to conclude, 'that it still exists, both in form and substance, in its ancient purity ; and that if the mass of the people no longer enjoy, in the same degree as they did formerly, the blessing of practical liberty, it is owing to other circumstances, and not to an alteration of the political institutions.' He then gives an account of the several political parties existing in England, which concludes with the following beautiful sketch of the characters of the three great statesmen, who adorned the close of the last century, and whose names will long shed lustre on their country and their age.

'Fox and Burke, if I may be allowed to dwell a little longer on so pleasing a theme as the characters of these illustrious statesmen, were not less distinguished for amiable personal qualities and intellectual accomplishments, than for commanding eloquence and skill in political science. The friends of Fox dwell, with enthusiasm and fond regret, upon the cordiality of his manners and the unalloyed sweetness of his disposition. It is unfortunate, that the pure lustre of these charming virtues was not graced by a sufficient regard to the dictates of private morality. Burke, on the contrary, with an equally kind and social spirit, was a model of perfection in all the relations of domestic life; his character being at once unsullied by the least stain of excess, and exempt from any shade of *rigorism* or defect of humor. While his private virtues made the happiness of his family and friends, his conversation was the charm and wonder of the loftiest minds and the most enlightened circles of society. He was the only man, whom

Dr Johnson, a great master of conversation, admitted to be capable of tasking his powers. The only deduction from the uniform excellence of Burke is said to have been the small attraction of his manner in public speaking, a point in which Fox was also not particularly successful, but was reckoned his superior. It would be too rash for an ordinary observer to undertake to give to either of these two mighty minds the palm of original superiority. It can hardly be denied, however, that that of Burke was better disciplined and more accomplished; and his intellectual reputation, being better supported than that of Fox by written memorials, will probably stand higher with posterity. Had Fox been permitted to finish the historical work, which he had begun, he might perhaps have bequeathed to future ages a literary monument, superior in dignity and lasting value to any thing that remains from the pen of Burke. Both possessed a fine and cultivated taste for the beauties of art and nature; that of Fox seems to have been even more poetical than his illustrious rival's; but he has left no written proofs of it equal to the fine philosophical essay on the sublime and beautiful. It is but poor praise of this elegant performance to say, that it is infinitely superior to the essay of Longinus on the sublime, from which the hint seems to have been taken, and which nothing but a blind and ignorant admiration of antiquity could have ever exalted into a work of great merit.

'A sagacious critic has advanced the opinion, that the merit of Burke was almost wholly literary; but I confess I see but little ground for this assertion, if literary excellence is here understood in any other sense, than as an immediate result of the highest intellectual and moral endowments. Such compositions, as the writings of Burke, suppose, no doubt, the fine taste, the command of language, and the finished education, which are also supposed by every description of literary success. But in the present state of society these qualities are far from being uncommon; and are possessed by thousands, who make no pretension to the eminence of Burke, in the same degree in which they were by him. Such a writer as Cumberland, for example, who stands infinitely below Burke on the scale of intellect, may yet be regarded as his equal or superior in purely literary accomplishments, taken in this exclusive sense. The style of Burke is undoubtedly one of the most splendid forms, in which the English language has ever been exhibited. It displays the happy and difficult union of all the richness and magnificence, that good taste admits, with a perfectly easy construction. In Burke, we see the manly movement of a well bred gentleman; in Johnson, an equally profound and vigorous thinker, the measured march of a grenadier. We forgive the great moralist his stiff and cumbrous phrases, in return for the rich stores of thought and poetry, which they conceal: but we ad-

mire in Burke, as in a fine antique statue, the grace, with which the large flowing robe adapts itself to the majestic dignity of the person. But, with all his literary excellence, the peculiar merits of this great man were, perhaps, the faculty of profound and philosophical thought, and the moral courage, which led him to disregard personal inconvenience in the expression of his sentiments. Deep thought is the informing soul, that every where sustains and inspires the imposing grandeur of his eloquence. Even in the essay on the sublime and beautiful, the only work of pure literature, which he attempted, that is, the only one, which was not an immediate expression of his views on important public affairs, there is still the same richness of thought, the same basis of 'divine philosophy,' to support the harmonious superstructure of the language. And the moral courage, which formed so remarkable a feature in his character, contributed not less essentially to his literary success. It seems to be a law of nature, that the highest degree of eloquence demands the union of the noblest qualities of character, as well as intellect. To think is the highest exercise of the mind; to say what you think, the boldest effort of moral courage; and both these things are required for a really powerful writer. Eloquence, without thought, is a mere parade of words; and no man can express with spirit and vigor any thoughts but his own. This was the secret of the eloquence of Rousseau, which is not without a certain analogy in its forms to that of Burke. The principal of the Jesuits' college one day inquired of him by what art he had been able to write so well; "*I said what I thought,*" replied the unceremonious Genevan; conveying in these few words the bitterest satire on the system of the Jesuits, and the best explanation of his own.

'If, by the criticism above alluded to, it be meant that Burke, though an eloquent writer and profound thinker, was not an able practical statesman, the position may be more tenable, at least for the partisans of the school of Fox, but not perhaps ultimately more secure. To form correct conclusions in points of practice, in opposition to the habitual current of one's opinions and prejudices, must be considered the highest proof of practical ability; and this was done by Burke in regard to the French revolution. As a member of the opposition and an uniform friend and supporter of liberal principles, he was led by all his habits of thinking, and by all his personal associations, to approve it; and to feel the same excessive desire to introduce its principles in England, which prevailed among his political friends. But he had sagacity enough to see the true interest of his country, through the cloud of illusions and associations; and independence enough to proclaim his opinions, with the sacrifice of all his intimate connexions. This was at once the height of practical ability and disinterested pa-

triotism. If he pushed his ideas to exaggeration in regard to foreign affairs, it was still the exaggeration of a system essentially correct in its domestic operation. He was rather a British than a European statesman; but the moment was so critical at home, that he may perhaps be excused for not seeing quite clearly what was right abroad; and it was also not unnatural that he should carry to excess the system, to which he had sacrificed his prejudices and his friendships. That his system was not correct in all its parts may be easily admitted; but I think that in supporting it under the circumstances, he proved great practical ability; and what system was ever adopted, in which it was not possible, thirty years after, to point out faults?

'By the side of these celebrated patriots arose another not less distinguished, though his name is hardly surrounded in public opinion with so many amiable and lofty associations; I mean the son of Chatham—'the pilot that weathered the storm.' Prejudice itself can scarcely refuse to this statesman the praise of transcendent endowments, both intellectual and moral. He had the natural gift of a brilliant and easy elocution, great aptitude for despatch of business, and a singular facility in seeing through at a glance and developing with perfect clearness the most intricate combinations of politics and finance. He possessed, moreover, a firmness of purpose and a determined confidence in his own system, which finally insured it success, and which afford, perhaps, the strongest proofs he has given of the elevation of his character. It was no secondary statesman who could trust undauntedly to himself, when left as it were alone in Europe, like the tragical Medea, abandoned by all the world; and in the confidence of his own resources, could renew his efforts with redoubled vigor. His admirers will hardly venture to ascribe to him the enlarged philosophy or the warmth of heart that belonged to his illustrious colleagues and rivals. The conduct of public affairs was the business of his life; and he neither knew nor cared any thing about other matters. He was born and bred to this; and if he was equal to it, he was also not above it. Philosophy and friendship were to him, in the language of the law, *surplusage;* as Calvinism was to the great Cujas—*Nihil hoc ad edictum Praetoris.* And although political affairs are of a higher order, and of more extensive interest than any others, yet, when the conduct of them is pursued mechanically, like a mere professional employment, it becomes, like other professions, a matter of *routine* and drudgery. Thus, while Burke and Fox appear like beings of a different class, descending from superior regions to interest themselves in the welfare of mortals, Pitt presents himself to the mind as the first of mere politicians, but still as a mere politician like the rest. His eloquence is marked with the stamp of his character. It pursues a clear

and rapid course, neither falling below nor rising above the elevation of his habitual themes. No attempt to sound the depths of thought, or soar on the wings of fancy, still less to touch the fine chords of feeling, but all $a + b$, an elegant solution of political problems very nearly in the manner of algebra. This profuse and interminable flow of words is not in itself either a rare or remarkable endowment. It is wholly a thing of habit, and is exercised by every village lawyer, with various degrees of power and grace. Lord Londonderry, though he wants the elegant correctness of language, as well as the lofty talents of his great predecessor, commands an equally ready and copious elocution. In the estimate of Mr Pitt's powers, I have not taken into account the errors of his foreign policy, because an erroneous judgment is not always a proof of inferior talents, but often only argues a false position. The misfortune of having countenanced and joined in the crusade against the French, and the merit of having resisted the spirit of revolution at home, belong alike to Pitt and to Burke. The praise of a clearer and more generous view of foreign politics is due to Fox; though his plan was not always bottomed an the most enlarged system of European relations, and although his glory is somewhat clouded by his too precipitate zeal for political novelties at home.'

The distress, which is universally admitted to pervade England, is his next topic. He ascribes it to the fact that property is now so unequally distributed that the nation is laboring at once under the extremes of wealth and poverty, and expresses little expectation that any complete practical remedy can be applied to this evil. In connexion with this subject we find a description of the general appearance of the country.

'But whatever may be the extent of the distress in England, or the difficulty of finding any remedies for it, which shall be at once practicable and sufficient, it is certain, that the symptoms of decline have not yet displayed themselves on the surface; and no country in Europe at the present day, probably none that ever flourished at any preceding period of ancient or of modern times, ever exhibited so strongly the outward marks of general industry, wealth, and prosperity. The misery that exists, whatever it may be, retires from public view; and the traveller sees no traces of it, except in the beggars, which are not more numerous, than they are on the continent, in the courts of justice, and in the newspapers. On the contrary, the impressions he receives from the objects, that meet his view, are almost uniformly agreeable. He is pleased with the great attention paid to his personal accommoda-

tion, as a traveller, with the excellent roads, and the convenience of the public carriages and inns. The country every where exhibits the appearance of high cultivation, or else of wild and picturesque beauty; and even the unimproved lands are disposed with taste and skill, so as to embellish the landscape very highly, if they do not contribute, as they might, to the substantial comfort of the people. From every eminence, extensive parks and grounds, spreading far and wide over hill and vale, interspersed with dark woods and variegated with bright waters, unroll themselves before the eye, like enchanted gardens. And while the elegant constructions of the modern proprietors fill the mind with images of ease and luxury, the mouldering ruins, that remain from former ages, of the castles and churches of their feudal ancestors, increase the interest of the picture by contrast, and associate with it poetical and affecting recollections of other times and manners. Every village seems to be the chosen residence of industry, and her handmaids, neatness and comfort; and in the various parts of the island, her operations present themselves under the most amusing and agreeable variety of forms. Sometimes her votaries are mounting to the skies in manufactories of innumerable stories in height, and sometimes diving in mines into the bowels of the earth, or dragging up drowned treasures from the bottom of the sea. At one time, the ornamented grounds of a wealthy proprietor seem to realize the fabled Elysium; and again, as you pass in the evening through some village engaged in the iron manufacture, where a thousand forges are feeding at once their dark red fires, and clouding the air with their volumes of smoke, you might think yourself for a moment a little too near some drearier residence. The aspect of the cities is as various, as that of the country. Oxford, in the silent, solemn grandeur of its numerous collegiate palaces, with their massy stone walls and vast interior quadrangles, seems like the deserted capital of some departed race of giants. This is the splendid sepulchre, where science, like the Roman Tarpeia, lies buried under the weight of gold, that rewarded her ancient services, and where copious libations of the richest port and madeira are daily poured out to her memory. At Liverpool, on the contrary, all is bustle, brick, and business. Every thing breathes of modern times, every body is occupied with the concerns of the present moment, excepting one elegant scholar, who unites a singular resemblance to the Roman face and dignified person of our Washington, with the magnificent spirit and intellectual accomplishments of his own Italian hero. At every change in the landscape, you fall upon monuments of some new race of men among the number, that have in their turn inhabited these islands. The mysterious monument of Stonehenge, standing remote and alone upon a bare and bound-

less heath, as much unconnected with the events of past ages, as it is with the uses of the present, carries you back beyond all historical records into the obscurity of a wholly unknown period. Perhaps the Druids raised it; but by what machinery could these half barbarians have wrought and moved such immense masses of rock? By what fatality is it, that in every part of the globe the most durable impressions, that have been made upon its surface, were the work of races now entirely extinct? Who were the builders of the pyramids and the massy monuments of Egypt and India? Who constructed the Cyclopean walls of Italy and Greece, or elevated the innumerable and inexplicable mounds, which are seen in every part of Europe, Asia, and America; or the ancient forts upon the Ohio, on whose ruins the third growth of trees is now more than four hundred years old? All these constructions have existed, through the whole period within the memory of man and will continue when all the architecture of the present generation, with its high civilization and improved machinery, shall have crumbled into dust. Stonehenge will remain unchanged, when the banks of the Thames shall be as bare, as Salisbury heath. But the Romans had something of the spirit of these primitive builders, and they left every where distinct traces of their passage. Half the castles in Great Britain were founded, according to tradition, by Julius Cæsar; and abundant vestiges remain throughout the island of their walls and forts and military roads. Most of their castles have however been built upon and augmented at a later period, and belong with more propriety to the brilliant epoch of the Gothic architecture. Thus the keep of Warwick dates from the time of Cæsar, while the castle itself, with its lofty battlements, extensive walls, and large enclosures, bears witness to the age, when every Norman chief was a military despot within his own barony. To this period appertain the principal part of the magnificent Gothic monuments, castles, cathedrals, abbeys, priories, and churches, in various stages of preservation and of ruin; some, like Warwick and Alnwick castles, like Salisbury cathedral and Westminster abbey, in all their original perfection; others, like Kenilworth and Canterbury, little more than a rude mass of earth and rubbish; and others, again, in the intermediate stages of decay, borrowing a sort of charm from their very ruin, and putting on their dark green robes of ivy to conceal the ravages of time, as if the luxuriant bounty of nature were purposely throwing a veil over the frailty and feebleness of art. What a beautiful and brilliant vision was this Gothic architecture, shining out, as it did, from the deepest darkness of feudal barbarism! And here, again, by what fatality has it happened, that the moderns, with all their civilization and improved taste, have been as utterly unsuccessful in ri-

valling the divine simplicity of the Greeks, as the rude grandeur of the Cyclopeans and ancient Egyptians? Since the revival of art in Europe, the builders have confined themselves wholly to a graceless and unsuccessful imitation of ancient models. Strange that the only new architectural conception of any value, subsequent to the time of Phidias, should have been struck out at the worst period of society, that has since occurred. Sometimes, the moderns, in their laborious poverty of invention, heap up small materials in large masses, and think that St Peter's or St Paul's will be as much more sublime than the Parthenon, as they are larger; at others, they condescend to a servile imitation of the wild and native graces of the Gothic; as the Chinese, in their stupid ignorance of perspective, can still copy line by line, and point by point, a European picture. But the Norman castles and churches, with all their richness and sublimity, fell with the power of their owners at the rise of the commonwealth. The independents were levellers of substance, as well as form; and the material traces they left of their existence are the ruins of what their predecessors had built. They too had an architecture, but it was not in wood nor stone. It was enough for them to lay the foundation of the nobler fabric of civil liberty. The effects of the only change in society, that has since occurred, are seen in the cultivated fields, the populous and thriving cities. the busy ports, and the general prosperous appearance of the country.'

The chapter on the balance of power bears the traces of an enlightend and comprehensive mind, but rests too much on the idea, that the force of Russia is irresistible, to receive our entire assent. There is also a chapter on the Naval power of England, the principal object of which is to expose the difference existing between the rules of naval and military warfare, in regard to the seizure of private property.

'The acknowledged basis of the law of nations is the great and universal law of nature; and is it to be endured, that this sacred oracle shall be made to say one thing here and another two or three miles off, so it be upon a different element? What says the illustrious Roman orator of this very law of nature in the well known fragment of the Republic? *Nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia posthac; sed et omnes gentes et omni tempore una lex et sempiterna et immortalis continebit.* Such were the lights upon this subject nearly two thousand years ago of one whom we dignify with the titles of pagan and heathen; and with all our christianity and civilization, we have since brought the law of nations to such a point of pefection and consistency, that it shall pronounce the same act in the same place to be highway rob-

bery at low tide, and fair war at full sea. One would think the civilians must be lunatic themselves to make an action change its character from right to wrong four times in every twenty-four hours, without any other change of circumstances than the ebb and flow of the tide in the place where it was committed; yet such, according to the present law of nations, is literally the fact. The plunder of private property belonging to enemies by an armed force on a beach would be against the law of nations, and generally punishable with death; while the same act, performed by a ship of war at the same place when covered with water at high tide, would be agreeable to usage and public law. While we are going back to antiquity in search of authorities on the law of nature and nations, would it not be as well for the honor of common sense, if not of humanity, to pass over the age of the crusades, when the nameless, I had almost said shameless compilations, so often appealed to in maritime courts, were collected, and ascend to the time of Cicero?

This is rather a severe attack upon the poor civilians, and seems to take it for granted that they make the law of nations, whereas in truth, all they can do, is to expound it as it exists. From the acknowledged fact, that this law is founded on reason, it has sometimes been hastily concluded, that every thing reasonable in the abstract is part of the law of nations; and nothing unreasonable. Now this sweeping conclusion by no means follows from the premises, and would lead to most pernicious consequences in practice. For since there is no common tribunal to decide what is reasonable among nations, every one must be the judge for itself, and would of course do whatever it should think reasonable, and submit to nothing which it should think unreasonable, under all the circumstances of each particular case. This would at once abolish all law, and introduce perpetual wars; since no two parties in interest could ever be expected to agree. Reason is indeed of universal obligation; the same in every region and in every age; but its particular deductions are as various as the situations of those, by whom they are drawn. Were there no other rule than this, though we should nominally have one uniform law, the decision of every case would vary perpetually with the feelings, interests, and prejudices of the individuals who administered it, and these would be a much more uncertain standard even than the changes of the moon and tide. Reason itself teaches us the necessity of some more precise rule for the regulation of human conduct.

The law of nations is founded on the law of nature, but is not therefore exactly coextensive with it. Every state is bound by its treaties, by the usages established among those nations, with which it is associated, and by reason or the law of nature. But each of these rules is to be applied only to cases not determined by the preceding; the more vague must yield to that which is more certain and definite; reason must be controlled by custom, and both by the letter of a treaty. Such, too, is the doctrine and the practice of all municipal tribunals. They appeal in the first place to the letter of the law; if there be no statute, then to established precedents; and if these be wanting, to reason and analogy. The idea that, because the law of nations is founded on reason, every question arising under it must be decided by mere reasoning, independent of precedent, reminds us of a case in lord Coke's reports. 'A controversy of land between parties was heard by the king and sentence given, which was repealed, for this, that it did belong to the common law: then the king said, that he thought the law was founded upon reason, and that he and others had reason, as well as the judges: to which it was answered by me, that true it was, that God had endowed his majesty with excellent science, and great endowments of nature; but his majesty was not learned in the laws of his realm of England, and causes which concern the life, or inheritance, or goods, or fortunes of his subjects, are not to be decided by natural reason, but by the artificial reason and judgment of the law, which law is an art, which requires long study and experience before that a man can attain to the cognizance of it.'

The universal prevalence of a custom is sufficient evidence that according to the common sentiment of mankind, it is reasonable; and it is not for one individual or one nation to control all others by denying it. Or admitting such custom to have been ever so unreasonable in its origin, while it prevails, it is the law; and there is no solecism in asserting that it is reasonable it should be so. Reciprocity is the corner stone of the law of nations. It is just that a sovereign should submit to what he is accustomed, under the same circumstances, to do; and right for a state to treat others, as it is uniformly treated by them. But how then, it will be asked, can the general law of nations be amended? As it was created, by custom. A nation may attempt to alter it at any time by waving the exercise of its strict rights in a particular case;

and if this example be generally imitated, the old usage becomes obsolete, and a new one having the force of law is at length established. Thus it is, that public law has been ameliorated in modern times, and the very inconsistency, of which the author complains, been introduced. Anciently, all private property was fair plunder, both by sea and land; but while the rule of naval warfare remains unaltered, that of military warfare has been rendered more humane by a change of custom, which has been brought about, not by the reasonings of civilians on the abstract principles of the law of nature, but by general convenience. It was natural that such a change should first take place on land, because it was more important, inasmuch as it is more desirable that men's dwellings should be secure than their ships; and because it was more easily accomplished, inasmuch as sovereigns, by preventing their troops from plundering the inhabitants of conquered territories, are better able to levy taxes and contributions on them for their own benefit. It is to be hoped that the same rule will in time be established on the ocean; and when it is so, it will be remembered to the honor of the United States and of Prussia, that they first attempted to introduce it by inserting it in a formal treaty. The circumstance, however, that when they renewed the other provisions of that treaty fourteen years afterwards, in 1799, this was suffered to expire, is some evidence that their attempt was premature.

We readily admit also, what this writer repeatedly suggests, that the custom of deciding national disputes by war is as absurd, as the ancient practice of determining private controversies by judicial combat; yet it would be little less than quixotism for a practical statesman to make its immediate abolition the great object of his labors, and something more for any judicial tribunal to declare that, because it is irrational and cruel, it is therefore contrary to the law of nations, and punish every exercise of belligerent power as robbery or murder. An enlightened government ought to seize every opportunity of mitigating the rigor of public law, but should not forget that by declaring itself the advocate of extravagant and hopeless schemes of benevolence, it diminishes its ability to promote such as are practicable. Distinguished writers may usefully go further in their speculations, and endeavor to render public opinion familiar with still bolder improvements; yet there is a limit, which even they cannot overstep, without being regarded as visionary, and losing something of their influence.

The conduct of Great Britain, in her foreign relations, bears no marks, it is truly said, of a liberal and enlightened policy. Such a spirit did not dictate the celebrated rule of the war of 1756, which is supported by no practice but her own; nor her monstrous claim to the right of declaring a whole continent under blockade, or to that of taking from neutral ships at sea persons not in the military service of her enemies, and of exercising on the high way of nations a mere municipal authority. The position, however, taken in this work, that it was an unwarrantable pretension of England, to hold that enemy's property on board of neutral vessels is good prize, cannot be maintained. This is the settled law of nations and is uniformly enforced by the United States themselves. A pamphlet has been recently published here to refute the assertions of this writer that the United States acquiesced in the rule of 1756, and sanctioned in a formal treaty the attempt of England to starve the whole innocent population of another country, by totally interdicting the trade in provisions. We know of no acquiescence by the United States in the rule of 1756; but on the contrary they always protested against it, and compensation was demanded and received from the British government under the treaty of 1794, for the American vessels which had been captured and condemned by virtue of this rule. With regard to the trade in provisions, the words of the treaty are these: 'And whereas the difficulty of agreeing on the precise cases, in which alone provisions and other articles not generally contraband may be regarded as such, renders it expedient to provide against the inconveniencies and misunderstandings, which might thence arise: it is further agreed, that whenever any such articles, so *becoming contraband according to the existing law of nations*, shall for that reason be seized, the same shall not be confiscated; but the owners thereof shall be speedily and completely indemnified; and the captors or in their default the government, under whose authority they act, shall pay to the masters or owners of such vessels the full value of all such articles with a reasonable mercantile profit thereon, together with the freight and also the demurrage incident to such detention.'

We supposed that there was now but one opinion among enlightened men with regard to the merits of the treaty containing this provision, and that at the present day it was admitted as a whole to have been equally honorable and bene-

ficial to our country. It is obvious that the clause above cited does not warrant the reproach cast on it, that it did not recognize any new rule of public law, nor sanction any usurpation on the part of Great Britain, or relinquish any national right of the United States. Literally construed and fairly applied, it is unexceptionable, tending rather to mitigate than increase the severity of the law of nations; and the only rational objection to its policy is, that in practice it admitted, and indeed almost invited abuse, by enabling England, more easily and with less danger of clamorous and immediate resistance to interrupt even our lawful commerce with her enemy, upon her paying what her own courts should deem an adequate compensation for the injury.

The work, we are now reviewing, has been mentioned in some English publications as that of a pretended American. Our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic will not believe, that America can really have produced a book, written in a manner worthy of the best days of their literature. The style is throughout in excellent taste. Brilliant and glowing without any affectation either of quaintness or of novelty; polished, chaste, and vigorous, yet entirely unostentatious, and wearing no appearance of effort; it attracts attention always to the subject of which it treats, and not to its own merits. We will not say, that a minute criticism might not here and there discover in it a few instances of carelessness and inelegance; but in the main, it is just what a style should be; perfectly simple, and elegant in its simplicity; transparent and without tinge itself, like the pure light of heaven, yet giving distinctness, coloring, and beauty to every thing that it touches. We hope for the honor of our country that such a pen will never be weary.

Art. X.—*Bracebridge Hall, or the Humorists, a Medley, by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* 2 vols. New York, 1822.

We should be without excuse either to the public or our own consciences, did we longer neglect the pleasing duty of noticing the productions of our distinguished countryman, Mr Crayon. It is true we have all along consoled ourselves with the reflection that he needed not our commemoration; that far more widely than our pages circulate at home, his own were diffused and admired, and that while we can scarce

promise ourselves a curious reader or two beyond the sea, he is enjoying an almost unexampled heyday of popularity, at the metropolis of our language and literature. We are ever too happy to have our labors thus anticipated and superseded, by the public discernment and taste. That we now at length devote an article to the last of the much admired writings of our ingenious countryman and esteemed friend, is not because we have any thing to say of value, after the unequivocal tribute the great English and American public have paid to his success, but because we would fain call him in as an auxiliary in the battle we have occasionally waged in behalf of our country's reputation, and because of all the pleasures, which the gods have attached to the thankless vocation of reviewing, that of commenting upon the production of a man of good humor, happy taste, and fine talents is the greatest.

We observe that we wish to appeal to the example of our countryman, in support of opinions which we have occasionally expressed on the subject of American literature. We hope our readers will not be offended with us for reverting to this topic. We assure them that we omit many fair occasions to do it; we pass by numberless designed provocations; we take no notice of paragraphs meant to be stinging, written in England, where they excite but moderate interest, but sent in popular journals to this country, with no other visible object than that of keeping up a literary hostility. We look with no other emotion than silent disdain, at the laudatory notice of the unfortunate 'gentlemen,' who travel through the most noble and charming portions of our country—who cross our grand rivers—traverse a region of fertility unequalled except by the enterprise and industry of the springing nations, to whose comforts it ministers—who pass almost the doors of the rural establishments, which rival in extent, in taste, and improved cultivation, the happiest spots in England—who hurry by those canals which put the enterprise and liberality of kings and tributary nations to shame—who pass all this with no other 'recollections of America,' than filthy adventures in the public coach, and nauseous, and what is far worse, fictitious scenes in the bar-room.—We are in general, equally disposed to silence, when in the gravest and ablest journals, and in articles on Greek literature, it is stated that our fair countrywomen, when invited to dance at a ball, reply, 'I guess I have no occasion:' and when the practice of bundling (which has taken

such rank hold of the susceptible minds of the English tourists in America) is pointed out as one of the chief fruits of republicanism among us, we know well that without any ado on our part, the man who could dictate such sorry stuff, to be sent abroad among the chaste mothers and daughters, we shall not say of America but of his own England, will be adjudged by all fair and honorable persons, to be some pedantic bigot, without the feelings of a gentleman or the heart of a man. We can safely do this, for we know that the same public sentiment in England which has already done much to assert the cause of America against their own journalists will do more: will compel them to abate much of the tone they still assume, to abstain from insinuating the exploded charges which it is too late openly to assert; or at least force them to speak less confidently, or inform themselves more faithfully.

But to return from an unpleasant to a pleasant topic,—Mr Crayon, or to drop a mask which effects no disguise, Mr Irving has long been one of the most popular writers our country has produced.—The testimony rendered to his late writings by the English journals, and the numerous editions of those writings from the most fashionable English press are a confirmation of his reputation, which was not wanted here. We all remember the success of Salmagundi, to which he was a large and distinguished contributor; with what rapidity and to what extent it circulated through America; how familiar it made us with the local pleasantry, and the personal humors of New York, and what an abiding influence it has had in that city, by forming a sort of school of wit of a character somewhat marked and peculiar and superior to every thing our country has witnessed, except perhaps that of the wits of the Anarchiad in Connecticut. Equally or more admired was 'Knickerbocker's History of New York,' a work to be compared with any thing of the kind in our language; a book of unwearying pleasantry, which, instead of flashing out as English and American humor is wont, from time to time, with long and dull intervals, is kept up with a true French vivacity from beginning to end; a book which, if it have a fault, has only that of being too pleasant, too sustained a tissue of merriment and ridicule. As the author of these works, Mr Irving was justly admired throughout America. To all readers of refined taste he commended himself by the remarkable chastity of his English style, and the uncommon delicacy of his moral sense,

which even in the tempting characters of the early Dutch settlers of New York did not allow him to be betrayed into the coarse and vulgar. What was somewhat remarkable, these works were appearing at the precise moment that our political dissensions with England had roused the spirits of her journalists to uncommon activity; and while we were producing and relishing from one corner to the other of the continent a succession of works in a style of original humor and in a pure English equal to any thing, which the mother country has brought forth in this generation, we were taunted with Mr Barlow's poetry and Dr Mitchell's prose, and told to believe, in spite of our senses, that the English was a dead language among us, which we could neither read nor write.

For this ungentle carriage toward us, there was not even the equivocal excuse of ignorance; equivocal, we say, because the literary taste of a people should be really understood before it is vilified. The Salmagundi we are sure, and we believe Knickerbocker, were reprinted in London. Gentlemen in New York, who had friends in England, would send them out these pleasant books, and by some accident or other, one at least of them was reprinted, nay, and noticed in the minor reviews: how judiciously our readers will understand, when we mention that the reviewer mistakes for Americanisms, the cant terms, which the fancy of the Salmagundi folks coined to express their own notions. Our brethren of a later period have fallen into the same error, and actually speak of *slang-whangers* as a denomination of American politicians. Upon the whole, however, these charming works of Mr Irving attracted no notice in England. They found not their way into the leading journals, which instead of paying a just tribute to these and other works of merit, that were appearing among us, were still—with low bred travellers to furnish the text—ringing insipid changes on the 'American language,' wrestling with the puritanical Christian names of our writers, and waging a quixotic warfare against barbarisms never approved, and denounced already here.—Our newspapers were culled for scandalous advertisements, the proceedings of Congress sifted for indecorous scenes, and the provincial courts of our most insignificant states declared to be a specimen of our jurisprudence, and that by gentlemen who 'flattered themselves that their readers would give them credit for their knowledge of America;' all the time that the press at New York, a city

whose intercourse with England is more that of the same county than of another hemisphere, was sending forth a series of publications equal to any thing in the fugitive literature of the day, and which though reprinted had not the good fortune to be read in England. This shows, we apprehend, that if, as has been tauntingly said, no one reads an American book, it may not be altogether the fault of Americans ; and that there is some little mystery and skill, independent of those required for its production, which are necessary to bring a book into notoriety. If this remark be at all authorised by the earlier writings of our ingenious countryman, it is confirmed by his late productions.—Few recent publications have been so well received in England as the Sketch Book. Several of the Waverley novels have passed through fewer editions than this agreeable work, and the journals of most consequence have paid the highest compliments to its merit. We are nevertheless free to confess, that we think the Sketch Book, as a whole, inferior to the author's earlier writings. Not so much perhaps that in any single assignable quality of fine writing it falls below them, as because it wants the raciness of originality, and in one respect, to which we shall revert, is less fortunate in the choice of its subjects. What popularity may be attained by Bracebridge Hall, we have not yet had the means of knowing, but we see no reason to question that it will correspond with that of its successful predecessor. Meantime the good fortune of these later productions is extended to the former, and a new edition of Knickerbocker's humorous history of New York is annouced from Albemarle street.—We hope our design in making these remarks will not be misconstrued. We do not wish to be querulous on the subject of the reception our literature meets with in England. With a literary market so amply stocked as theirs, we cannot complain that they do not come to us for supplies. We admit, moreover, that it is quite natural that our brethren beyond the water should remain ignorant of what is here done. Foreign nations, on equal terms, know but little of each other's literature ; and it is in the nature of things that we should be far better informed of the state of literature in England, than our brethren in England of the state of literature in America. But we maintain that this excusable ignorance is no ground for the diligent abuse, which has been heaped upon our press. We also maintain that an equal diligence exerted in procuring from America a supply of

our current works, might have furnished ample matter for compliment and praise, and that it argues ill for the candor, with which judgments on America are formed in England, that it is actually necessary for an American writer to appear bodily in London, to become personally acquainted with the *arbitri elegantiarum*, and have the advantage of being patronized by the British Sosii, before justice can be done to his substantial merits.

But we feel it time to proceed to the more immediate consideration of Bracebridge Hall. Mr. Irving is a writer happily above the necessity of receiving formal compliments, and insipid generalities of admiration. It is consoling to criticise a first rate writer, for you know whatever fault you find, if unjust, can do him no hurt, and if just, be taken in good part. We have no hesitation in pronouncing Bracebridge quite equal to any thing, which the present age of English literature has produced in this department. In saying this, we class it in the branch of essay writing. It may, perhaps, be called a novel in disguise ; since a series of personages are made the subject or authors of the sketches of life and manners, which it contains, and it is conducted to a wedding, the regular *denouement* of a novel. The plot, however, is quite subordinate ; not exceeding in intricacy or amount of incident the history of those various respectable personages, with whom the Spectator, the Tatler, and other ancient humorists had to do. In fact it is the first observation, which the perusal of Bracebridge excites, that the Squire is a kind of extended Sir Roger de Coverley ; and could Addison have foreseen that the worthy knight would be so honorably supported, we think he would not have been in haste 'to kill him.' Looking on this work then as a series of essays and sketches on English rural life and manners, we may venture to put it in comparison with any thing else of the kind in English literature, for accuracy and fidelity of observation, for spirit of description, for a certain peculiar sly pleasantry, like the very happiest touches of the Addisonian school, and for uncommon simplicity and purity of style. In this last respect, however, we do not know that it is any way superior to the former writings of its author. It was therefore not learned by him in England, and must accordingly constitute a problem curious to be solved by the philologers, who have written on the American lan-

guage.* Before closing our article we shall present our readers with such extracts as we think will justify this opinion. But we beg leave first to hint at one or two points where we could have wished the ingenious author had taken maturer counsel. In his preface he thus expresses himself, in the person of Geoffrey Crayon Esq.

'The volumes, which I have already published, have met with a reception far beyond my most sanguine expectations. I would willingly attribute this to their intrinsic merits; but in spite of the vanity of authorship, I cannot but be sensible that their success has in a great measure been owing to a less flattering cause. It has been a matter of marvel *at least* to the European part of my readers, that a man from the wilds of America should express himself in tolerable English. I was looked upon as something new and strange in literature; a kind of demi-savage with a feather in his hand, instead of on his head, and there was a curiosity to hear what such a being had to say about civilized society. This novelty is now at an end.'

* We hope we shall not be thought to go out of our way, in noticing a criticism in one of the most respectable London prints. In an article in the Morning Chronicle on 'Europe, by a citizen of the United States,' the writer argues that the work could not have been written by an American, from its containing even the English provincialisms. This writer adds, that the author of Europe betrays an ignorance of America, in the following comparison: 'Thus the actual amount of wretchedness is in some measure hidden from public view, by the princely splendor that encircles the summit of society; as the poisonous and *impassable swamps* of Florida are concealed by the colossal Magnolia tree, which towers above them to immeasurable heights, and charms the distant spectator, with the magnificent richness of its foliage, and the matchless size and beauty of its flowers, perfuming the air, for miles around, with their delightful odor.' On this passage the writer in the Morning Chronicle remarks, that the Magnolia grows not in swamps, and therefore the author of Europe is no American. Now it is asking rather too much to demand of every American to know the natural history of every tree on our soil from Maine to Florida. We doubt if this critic, *European* as he is, knows much about the Oleanders on the plain of Sparta. We profess ourselves Americans, but being no botanists were wholly unacquainted with the soil of the Magnolia. The author of Europe, however, probably felt safe in the authority of Michaux, who says, 'the big laurel (Magnolia Grandiflora) grows only in cool and shady places, where the soil, composed of brown mould, is loose, deep, and fertile. These tracts lie contiguous to the great swamps which are found on the borders of the rivers, and in the midst of the pine barrens, or form themselves a part of these swamps, but they are never seen in the long and narrow marshes, called branch swamps.' *Forest Trees of America*, ii. 5. Here we see the manner, in which American matters are understood and American books criticised. It was scarcely possible for a free comparison to have been more studiously accurate; for while, by placing the Magnolia in '*impassable* swamps' the author of 'Europe' might appear to have used at least an unguarded expression, (for who could go and see them there,) yet it seems these great swamps are on the margin of rivers, or surrounded by the dry sandy plains.

There are some other hints to this effect in the Sketch Book or Bracebridge Hall, and we must therefore take leave to say, that we dislike this tone altogether. We apprehend our ingenious countryman to be without warrant, in saying either that he came from the wilds of America, or that the European part *at least* of his readers would think he came from them. What this *at least* can rest on, we are in fact profoundly ignorant. It appears to convey the intimation, that possibly some in our own country might labor under the same delusion, and entertain that feeling with respect to their countryman, which he supposes to prevail abroad. But without urging this, we apprehend, in plain matter of fact, that no such impression, as our friend hints at, exists even among his English readers. We have no doubt in the world, that all among them, whose opinions would find public or private conveyance to his ear, know that New York is just such a wild as the immediate vicinity of Charing-cross or Temple-bar; inhabited by savages who wear fine West country cloths, and read the Waverly novels. We do not think that an American writer has been thought an Indian with a feather in his hand instead of on his head, since Franklin wrote his letters on electricity, or the American congress those papers, which lord Chatham said were equal to any thing in Thucydides or Demosthenes, or Mr Jefferson his Notes on Virginia, or Mr Ames his essay on American literature, or President Kirkland his life of Mr Ames, or Mr Walsh his essay on the French government. Nay, as it is now two years since we had the honor of announcing in our own pages, a complete translation and commentary of La Place's *Mécanique Céleste*, from a small 'wilderness' in our neighborhood, we think our friend can hardly lay claim to the credit of having broken the charm of novelty, which attended an American book. We know such language has at times crept into scornful pieces in the English reviews. But we have good reason to think that they excite nearly as much disgust in England as America. The well educated portion of the public there would not, we are sure, be thought so ignorant of *geography*,—to put it on no better ground,—as not to know that beyond the Atlantic ocean there is a kindred nation of laws, institutions, and manners like their own, and who boast as proudly as any Englishman,

That Chatham's language is their mother tongue.

We should not have expressed so pointed a dissent from this sentiment of our countryman and friend—which taken by itself might have worn merely a playful air of national diffidence—had not the sentiment which dictated it appeared to govern him in the composition of his work. We have seen an extract of a judicious opinion on Mr Crayon's writings in England, from the pen of our distinguished compeer, Mr Christopher North, setting forth, 'that he has engrafted himself, matter and style, on English literature, and must be contented to pass among the crowd of good English writers.' This we think the capital error to be laid to our friend's charge. No one can go beyond us in the veneration we feel for the great masters of our language; no one in the disapprobation we would express of all affectation of uncouth new idioms in America; no one in the pious tribute we would pay to all that it is grand or endearing in this great national brotherhood, this fraternity of millions, this consanguinity of empires, which we hold to have been deeply sinned against by certain writers beyond the sea. But at these feelings, an American, even in the judgment of all judicious Englishmen, ought to rest. Mr Irving gained his reputation as an American writer, as a painter of American life, an observer of our humors, as the happy delineator of a very peculiar and deeply marked variety in character and manners, which he had witnessed from early life, and on which his mind had exercised itself habitually. He was so identified with the Salmagundi and Knickerbocker, that he could not, without labor, form himself to a different circle of topics, and if he did, it would remain for his readers here to become acquainted with him in his new dress, to feel familiar with an old friend under a new character, and then make the comparison between the two; a comparison never to be tempted by a writer so popular as the author of Salmagundi and Knickerbocker. Mr Irving, however, has now chosen to appear in a new character: the observer of English life and manners, and the describer of them in a style of writing more correct perhaps, in the freedom from a few specific faults, but in our judgment less original and nervous. Moreover, though Mr Irving in his preface ascribes the peculiar interest he feels in English scenery and English manners to the contrast of their antiquity and prescriptiveness, (if we may coin a word) with the novelty and immaturity of ours, yet he does not let this appear in his descriptions. He has labored to write as an Englishman would

write, to show that he is at home among these scenes. His quick observation and his reading of old authors have really given him a surprising comprehension and accuracy of knowledge on these subjects; and he is able, like Mr Matthews, to play four or five parts at once, and personate all the humorists at Bracebridge Hall of all ages, stations, and characters, with equal ease. This is a talent of a totally different kind, and implies an interest and feeling totally different from the talent and feeling, which would enable and dispose an American to paint in its strength the contrast of English and American scenery and manners. Mr Irving traverses Bracebridge Hall, explores the grounds, goes in and out of the housekeeper's room, and the hunter's lodge, visits the village school and the rustic fair, not like the stranger from another world, struck at the sort of life, which he had never before witnessed, but as one of the inmates. In so doing, we maintain that he has mistaken his powers. We do not say that he never should have travelled out of the cycle of Wouter van Twiller or Jeremy Cockloft, that all his views of life should have been drawn from Broadway, and all his pictures of nature been sketched among the Highlands, though here alone his success had borne the full test of experience. But he should at least have acted on the principle, announced in his preface as that on which his interest in England rested. A well educated American, kindly received in good company in England, and capable of expressing in writing the associations and the emotions, with which he beholds the panorama of a life in many respects new, and of a scenery still more in contrast with that which he has left at home, might surely be called upon to produce a work of a strongly marked original character. We know not the individual, who could have done it better than Mr Irving. Possessed of all that nationality, which a good man must feel, but too liberal to be a national bigot, animated by the entire success, which his writings had merited, we would gladly have trusted to him the duty of representing the literary interests of America abroad; of either presenting to the British public, with all the charm and fascination of his manner, topics purely American, or of uttering those emotions, which glow in an American's heart or expressing those judgments, which are formed in an American's mind, as he treads the soil where his fathers repose. In condemning the manner, in which Mr Irving has written, it is from any thing rather than a hostile

feeling toward England. We have felt, of course, our share of the irritation, with which the warfare has been waged between the journals, the tourists, and the newspapers on both sides of the water ; but this can cast no shade over the feeling, with which we contemplate the home of our ancestors, the seat of our language, laws, and manners. These feelings of tenderness and veneration are a treasure, of which we will not be deprived by any quality or amount of literary provocation at the present day. But our complaint is one, which has been, we doubt not, already anticipated in England, which, in fact, is made, though in the form perhaps of a compliment, by the writer, to whom we have alluded, in Blackwood's Magazine. It is that Mr Irving has aimed to engraft himself, manner and matter, on the English stock. In so doing, he has merely proved his happy facility, and no more. He has shown with what ease and freedom he can write on English scenery and manners, after two or three years passed in England ; and this is agreeable. We are not saying that the Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall are not pleasing, finely written works ; but we do say that they wave almost wholly that peculiar interest, which the author's position enabled him to give them ; and in the main can be read through and through, without causing a thrill in the heart of a countryman. Mr Irving could have written a book, which should have done this ; a book, which should have turned to profit all his curious observation abroad, without sacrificing—as he has done—all that store of recollections, which he had brought from home. We grant him, in all its force, the impression made on the mind of an American in England. We have, on a former occasion, hazarded the opinion, that an American surveys Westminster Abbey and Stratford-on-Avon with keener feelings than an Englishman can do it. But we cannot grant that this impression may obliterate those which were made at home. On the contrary, you must first go abroad to experience in all their power the emotions, which belong to an American at the contemplation of his native land. They are deeper, and warmer, and dearer beyond the sea. You then feel, for the first time, the whole weight of this lengthening chain.—The names of Plymouth, of Lexington, of Washington, of America must come up to the memory of one of her sons beyond the Atlantic and the Alps, before he knows all that they mean and all that they say. We doubt not our excellent countryman has thus

felt all that they can inspire; but there is little in his works to assure us of it.

We have hinted, that in this suppression he has mistaken the true path to interest as a writer, even in England. We remember well to have heard it objected by a person of remarkable discretion in London, to a certain American critical journal that shall be nameless, that it contained chiefly reviews of English books. 'We do not wish to know,' it was said, 'any thing more about Rob Roy or Childe Harolde. We want from you something new, national, peculiar.' Mr Irving need not have abated a whit of his courtesy and benevolence, he need not have omitted one nice trait in character or manners, above all he need not have employed one Americanism, and yet have written a book, which, without an allusion to a *caucus*, or the use either of *progressing*, or *lengthy*, should have revealed itself at once as an American production. As such, we are sure it would have excited a far higher and more flattering interest, than can attach itself to his late works.

We have thus far gone on the supposition that the Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall are exclusively of the character we describe. This, however, is not the case, and Mr Irving, we think, might have seen in the preference given to Rip Van Winkle, where his fort lies.—In Bracebridge there is one story, the longest, and in our opinion the best in the work, called Dolph Heyliger, which is of the true Knickerbocker and Rip Van Winkle school, though not equal to the best efforts of the author, in the same department. The following extract will afford a pleasant specimen of it.

'As the doctor increased in wealth, he began to extend his possessions, and to look forward, like other great men, to the time when he should retire to the repose of a country seat. For this purpose he had purchased a farm, or as the Dutch settlers called it, a Bowerie, a few miles from town. It had been the residence of a wealthy family that had returned some time since to Holland. A large mansion house stood in the centre of it, very much out of repair, and which, in consequence of certain reports, had received the appellation of the Haunted House. Either from these reports, or from its actual dreariness, the doctor had found it impossible to get a tenant; and, that the place might not fall to ruin before he could reside in it himself, he had placed a country boor with his family in one wing, with the privilege of cultivating the farm on shares.

'The doctor now felt all the dignity of a landholder rising within

him. He had a little of the German pride of territory in his composition, and almost looked upon himself as owner of a principality. He began to complain of the fatigue of business, and was fond of riding out "to look at his estate." His little expeditions to his lands were attended with a bustle and parade that created a sensation throughout the neighbourhood. His wall-eyed horse stood stamping and whisking off the flies for a full hour before the house. Then the doctor's saddle bags would be brought out and adjusted; then after a little while his cloak would be rolled up and strapped to the saddle; then his umbrella would be buckled to the cloak; while, in the mean time, a group of ragged boys, that observant class of beings, would gather before the door. At length the doctor would issue forth in a pair of jack boots that reached above his knees, and a cocked hat flapped down in front. As he was a short fat man he took some time to mount into the saddle, and when there, he took some time to have the saddle and stirrups properly adjusted; enjoying the wonder and admiration of the urchin crowd. Even after he had set off, he would pause in the middle of the street; or trot back two or three times to give some parting orders, which were answered by the housekeeper from the door, or Dolph from the study, or the black cook from the cellar, or the chambermaid from the garret window, and there were generally some last words bawled after him, just as he was turning the corner. The whole neighbourhood would be aroused by this pomp and circumstance. The cobbler would leave his last; the barber would thrust out his frizzed head, with a comb sticking in it; a knot would collect at the grocer's door; and the word would be buzzed from one end of the street to the other, "the doctor's riding out to his country seat!"

Besides Dolph Heyliger there are various other pieces in the volumes of Bracebridge, of a miscellaneous character, and not belonging to the delineation of English life and manners, such as the Student of Salamanca and Annette Delarbre. The scene of the former is laid in Spain, and describes, with considerable spirit and effect, the monuments of Moorish magnificence at Grenada. There are other passages also of great merit in the piece; but we do not regard it on the whole as a happy effort.—The lore of alchemy is somewhat trite, and Mr Irving in search of originality has gone somewhat too deeply into it, and quoted freely the names of authors too long forgotten to awaken any association.—The incidents are commonplace, and the interest of the story but moderate.—Few writers might be able to produce so agreeable a piece, but we

suppose Mr Irving could write a score such, with no additional effort, but that of the mechanical labor.—Annette Delarbre, on the other hand, is most beautiful. The conception on which the *denouement* rests, though new to us, is so perfectly natural as to awaken no reaction against its probability, and the whole is unsurpassed for delicacy and pathos. The story is that of a girl attached to a young Frenchman of the same village, whom, with unreflecting coquetry, she treats with unkindness, and drives in hasty desperation to sea. Soon repenting of her cruelty, Annette falls into a melancholy, and on the return of the vessel in which Eugene had embarked with the tidings that he had perished in a storm, she becomes insane.

'"The subject," continued my informer, "is never mentioned in her hearing; but she sometimes speaks of it, and it seems as though there were some vague train of impressions in her mind, in which hope and fear are strangely mingled, some imperfect idea of his shipwreck, and yet some expectation of his return.

'"Her parents have tried every means to cheer her up, and to banish these gloomy images from her thoughts. They assemble around her the young companions in whose society she used to delight; and they will work, and chat, and sing, and laugh as formerly; but she will sit silently among them, and will sometimes weep in the midst of their gayety; and if spoken to, will make no reply, but look up with streaming eyes and sing a dismal little song which she has learnt somewhere, about a shipwreck. It makes every one's heart ache to see her in this way; for she used to be the happiest creature in the village.

'"She passes the greater part of the time with Eugene's mother, whose only consolation is her society, and who dotes on her with a mother's tenderness. She is the only one that has perfect influence over Annette in every mood. The poor girl seems, as formerly, to make an effort to be cheerful in her company; but will sometimes gaze upon her with the most piteous look, and then put back her cap, and kiss her gray hairs, and fall on her neck and weep.

'"She is not always melancholy, however; she has occasional intervals when she will be bright and animated for days together; but there is a degree of wildness attending these fits of gayety, that prevents their yielding any encouragement to her friends. At such times she will arrange her room, which is all covered with pictures of ships, and legends of saints; and will wreath a white chaplet, as if for a wedding, and prepare wedding ornaments. She will listen anxiously at the door, and look frequently at the window, as if expecting some one's arrival. It is sup-

posed that at such times she is looking for her lover's return; but as no one touches upon the theme, or mentions his name in her presence, the current of her thoughts is for the most part merely conjecture.

'"Now and then she will make a pilgrimage to the chapel of Notre Dame de Grace; where she will pray for hours at the altar, and decorate the images with wreaths that she has woven; or will wave her handkerchief from the terrace, as you have seen, if their is any vessel to be seen in the distance."'

The description of Annette in her state of madness is quite equal to the best things of the kind, contained in our literature. The sequel of the story relates that Eugene had escaped from shipwreck and returned in safety to his native village. This concluding portion is so beautiful, that we cannot withhold it from our readers.

'In the mean time Eugene returned to the village. He was violently affected when the story of Annette was told him. With bitterness of heart he upbraided his own rashness and infatuation, that had hurried him away from her; and accused himself as the author of all her woes. His mother would describe to him all the anguish and remorse of poor Annette; the tenderness with which she clung to her, and endeavored, even in the midst of her insanity, to console her for the loss of her son; and the touching expressions of affection that were mingled with her most incoherent wanderings of thought; until his feelings would be wound up to agony, and he would intreat her to desist from the recital. They did not dare as yet to bring him into Annette's sight, but he was permitted to see her when she was sleeping, The tears streamed down his sunburnt cheeks as he contemplated the ravages which grief and malady had made, and his heart swelled almost to breaking as he beheld round her neck the very braid of hair which she once gave him in token of girlish affection, and which he had returned to her in anger.

At length the physician that attended her determined to adventure upon an experiment; to take advantage of one of those cheerful moods, when her mind was visited by hope, and to endeavor to engraft, as it were, the reality upon the delusions of her fancy. These moods had become very rare, for nature was sinking under the continual pressure of her mental malady, and the principal of reaction was daily growing weaker. Every effort was tried to bring on a cheerful interval of the kind. Several of her most favorite companions were kept continually about her. They chatted gayly; they laughed, and sang, and danced; but Annette reclined with languid frame and hollow eye, and

took no part in their gayety. At length the winter was gone; the trees put forth their leaves; the swallow began to build in the eaves of the house, and the robin and wren piped all day beneath the window. Annette's spirits gradually revived. She began to deck her person with unusual care, and bringing forth a basket of artificial flowers, she went to work to wreathe a bridal chaplet of white roses. Her companions asked her why she prepared the chaplet. "What!" said she with a smile, "have you not noticed the trees putting on their wedding dresses of blossoms; has not the swallow flown back over the sea; do you not know that the time is come for Eugene to return, that he will be home to-morrow, and that on Sunday we are to be married?"

'Her words were reported to the physician, and he seized on them at once. He directed that her idea should be encouraged and acted upon. Her words were echoed through the house. Every one talked of the return of Eugene as a matter of course; they congratulated her upon her approaching happiness, and assisted her in her preparations. The next morning the same theme was resumed. She was dressed out to receive her lover. Every bosom fluttered with anxiety. A cabriolet drove into the village. "Eugene is coming," was the cry. She saw him alight at the door, and rushed, with a shriek, into his arms.

'Her friends trembled for the result of this critical experiment; but she did not sink under it, for her fancy had prepared her for his return. She was as one in a dream, to whom a tide of unlooked for prosperity, that would have overwhelmed his waking reason, seems but the natural current of circumstances. Her conversation, however, showed that her senses were wandering. There was an absolute forgetfulness of all past sorrow; a wild and feverish gayety that at times was incoherent.

'The next morning she awoke languid and exhausted. All the occurrences of the preceding day had passed away from her mind as though they had been the mere illusions of her fancy. She rose melancholy and abstracted, and as she dressed herself was heard to sing one of her plaintive ballads. When she entered the parlor her eyes were swoln with weeping. She heard Eugene's voice without, and started. She passed her hand across her forehead, and stood musing, like one endeavoring to recall a dream. Eugene entered the room, and advanced towards her; she looked at him with an eager, searching look, murmured some indistinct words, and, before he could reach her, sunk upon the floor.

'She relapsed into a wild and unsettled state of mind, but now that the first shock was over, the physician ordered that Eugene should keep constantly in her sight. Sometimes she did not know him; at other times she would talk to him as if he were going to sea, and would implore him not to part from her in anger; and

when he was not present she would speak of him as buried in the ocean, and would sit, with clasped hands, looking upon the ground, the picture of despair.

'As the agitation of her feelings subsided, and her frame recovered from the shock which it had received, she became more placid and coherent. Eugene kept almost continually near her. He formed the real object, round which her scattered ideas once more gathered, and which linked them once more with the realities of life. But her changeful disorder now appeared to take a new turn. She became languid and inert, and would sit for hours silent and almost in a state of lethargy. If roused from this stupor, it seemed as if her mind would make some attempts to follow up a train of thought, but soon became confused. She would regard every one that approached her with an anxious and inquiring eye, that seemed continually to disappoint itself. Sometimes as her lover sat holding her hand she would look pensively in his face without saying a word, until his heart was overcome; and after these transient fits of intellectual exertion she would sink again into lethargy.

'By degrees this stupor increased; her mind appeared to have subsided into a stagnant and almost deathlike calm. For the greater part of the time her eyes were closed; her face almost as fixed and passionless as that of a corpse. She no longer took any notice of surrounding objects. There was an awfulness in this tranquillity that filled her friends with apprehension. The physician ordered that she should be kept perfectly quiet; or that if she evinced any agitation, she should be gently lulled, like a child, by some favorite tune.

'She remained in this state for hours, hardly seeming to breathe, and apparently sinking into the sleep of death. Her chamber was profoundly still. The attendants moved about it with noiseless tread; every thing was communicated by signs and whispers. Her lover sat by her side, watching her with painful anxiety, and fearing that every breath which stole from her pale lips would be the last.

'At length she heaved a deep sigh; and from some convulsive motions appeared to be troubled in her sleep. Her agitation increased, accompanied by an indistinct moaning. One of her companions, remembering the physician's instructions, endeavored to lull her, by singing in a low voice a tender little air, which was a particular favorite of Annette's. Probably it had some connexion in her mind with her story; for every fond girl has some ditty of the kind linked in her thoughts with sweet and sad remembrances.

'As she sang, the agitation of Annette subsided. A streak of faint color came into her cheeks; he eyelids became swoln with rising tears, which trembled there for a moment, and then, steal-

ing forth, coursed down her pallid cheek. When the song was ended, she opened her eyes and looked about her as one awaking in a strange place.

'"O Eugene! Eugene!" said she, "it seems as if I have had a long and dismal dream. What has happened, and what has been the matter with me?"

'The questions were embarrassing; and before they could be answered, the physician, who was in the next room, entered; she took him by the hand, looked up in his face, and made the same inquiry. He endeavored to put her off with some evasive answer. "No! No!" cried she, "I know I've been ill, and I have been dreaming strangely. I thought Eugene had left us; and that he had gone to sea—and that—and that he was drowned!—But he has been to sea!" added she, earnestly, as recollection kept flashing upon her, "and he has been wrecked—and we were all so wretched—and he came home again one bright morning—and—— oh!" said she, pressing her hand against her forehead with a sickly smile, "I see how it is; all has not been right here. I begin to recollect—but it is all past now—Eugene is here! and his mother is happy—and we shall never, never part again—shall we, Eugene?"

'She sunk back in her chair exhausted. The tears streamed down her cheeks. Her companions hovered round her, not knowing what to make of this sudden dawn of reason. Her lover sobbed aloud. She opened her eyes again, and looked upon them with an air of the sweetest acknowledgment. "You are all so good to me!" said she faintly.

'The physician drew the father aside. "Your daughter's mind is restored," said he, "she is sensible that she has been deranged; she is growing conscious of the past, and conscious of the present. All that now remains is to keep her calm and quiet until her health is re-established, and then let her be married, in God's name!"

'"The wedding took place," said the good priest, "but a short time since; they were here at the last *fête* during their honey moon, and a handsomer and happier couple was not to be seen as they danced under yonder trees. The young man, his wife, and mother now live on a fine farm at Pont l'Eveque; and that model of a ship which you see yonder, with white flowers wreathed round it, is Annette's offering of thanks to our Lady of Grace, for having listened to her prayers. and protected her lover in the hour of peril."'

But we are unconsciously drawing our article beyond its limits, and that perhaps without having done fair justice to the work. We have not quoted any of those portions, which belong to the main series of sketches of English life and manners,

and with which the stories we have alluded to have only a sort of episodical connexion. Many of them are singularly felicitous and pleasant, and replete with that half suppressed irony and gentle wit, which form the charm of a considerable portion of the Spectator. At the same time, we must add, that some of the pieces are but a kind of travesty. Such chapters as that on Hawking bear about the same relation to any thing in real life at any period of history, as the battle of the frogs and mice to the Iliad. They are certainly a mere farce, pleasant enough to be sure, but not the pleasantry of any set of humorists that ever existed in reality.

That we may clear our consciences of all the fault we have to find at once, we must profess our weariness of most of the quotations at the heads of the chapters, taken from writers very ingenious it may be, and of high repute with those who, like worthy Thomas Hearne, 'learn whatever time forgets,' but now exceedingly obsolete. There is a sort of reason of the thing which has allowed these authors to pass into forgetfulness, and as the series of years accumulates, each with its burden of books, it is wisely ordered that one after another of the older writers should sink away, leaving none but the immortal standards. As you skim along the shore, your eye is arrested and delighted with the hundred little hamlets that line it; but as you are borne off to the sea, they drop into obscurity, one after one is lost in the distance, and nothing but the great mountains and eternal landmarks remains for the eye to rest on. In an age, when, as has been finely said by a worthy colleague, good books are multiplied so rapidly, that all reading must be given up in despair, we hold it out of reason and taste to ransack the neglected shelves of the *beaux esprits* and gentle wits of Charles and James, and worry us with quotations from authors, we have no heart to set about reading.

We beg leave to make a remark on the price of the American copies of Bracebridge, which we have heard complained of for its extravagance. For ourselves, we rejoice that the publisher has ventured to sell it a price, without which, it is impossible that he can afford the author any thing for his pains. It is beyond all question, that the proximate cause of the languishing state of our literature is, that it is poorly paid. Men have somehow or other contracted a passion for keeping soul and body together; and where they cannot live by a

thing, they are seldom willing to starve by it. We suppose indeed that the *mass* of authors is as poorly paid in England as here. Human charity cannot go the length, in any country, of giving a great deal for most of the dull or trashy stuff, the learned or simple folly, that is scattered by the press. But those who write very well are paid very well, and the noble prize glitters in the mental sight of the whole tribe : few only can gain it, but all strive for it. Mr. Irving wrote better in America than in England, and in our measure we believe was well remunerated. But we are sorry to say that a man may stand high in the comparative degree among us, in this respect, and yet come shabbily off in the positive, and this we believe was the case of our ingenious countryman. Report speaks *goldenly* of his success abroad. It is a singular but certain principle that the price and reputation of a thing react upon each other; and when an author has been liberally paid, he is liberally praised, because the public would show that it has made a good bargain, and got its money's worth. Besides this, we should be glad to know what merit better deserves encouragement and what labor is better entitled to reward, than that which is purely intellectual. This one, who claims only to be a prudent adviser in matters of the law, and that one, who has his books kept by an accurate clerk, can turn his hours and his attention to an account of princely profit. Shall there be no lucrative market for wit and taste and learning, and for all that adorns our natures?

To conclude, we should not have spoken so freely of the work before us, had we not thought it in the author's power to write a better one. We know that some, over fond of metaphysical principles, deny the justice of these comparisons or the fairness of weighing one sort of writing against another, and bringing all to certain standard principles. Few men, however, hold this doctrine, but from a misgiving that their own works will not bear the test. No book can be pronounced good till it is also known what would be bad, and what indifferent. All judgment of merit is comparative; and no writer can be said to have done well, who has not done what became him in his place and condition. But though we cannot allow that Mr Irving has done all that ought to have been expected from the pen of an American in England, we have much to admire and praise, in his works. Besides the episodical tales, he has given us admirable sketches of life and manners.

highly curious in themselves, and rendered almost important by the goodnatured mock gravity, the ironical reverence, and lively wit with which they are described. We can scarce express the delight with which we turn to the definite images such a work excites, from the vagueness and generality of ordinary story writing, where personages without prototypes in any society on earth, speak a language learned out of books, without a trait of nature, life, or truth.

Art. XI.—1. *Narrative Journal of Travels through the northwestern regions of the United States, extending from Detroit through the great chain of American Lakes, to the sources of the Mississippi river; performed as a member of the expedition under Governor Cass in the year* 1820, *By Henry R. Schoolcraft.* 8vo. Albany 1821.

2. *A Memoir on the geological position of a Fossil Tree, discovered in the secondary rocks of the river Des Plaines. By Henry R. Schoolcraft.* Albany 1822.

The journal of Mr Schoolcraft's travels contains the first general view of the chain of lakes and the country about the sources of the Mississippi, founded on actual observation, which was ever published. This gentleman was induced to accompany the expedition sent out under Governor Cass to explore these regions solely for the purpose of acquainting himself with the natural history of this unknown but interesting part of our country. It is the tendency of this science to excite enthusiasm; the objects of nature are universally attractive even to the eye of a common observer, and they become absolutely bewitching when their secret charms are brought out by examination and study. When this passion is once excited, the votary follows wherever nature leads, and there are no proofs of stronger influence which any affection ever exercised, nor any instances of more perfect devotedness which any admirer ever exhibited, than those of which she has to boast. How many wearisome travels and long voyages and hazardous enterprizes have been undertaken for the advancement of natural history; how often has it called those engaged in the cultivation of it to give up the usual comforts and enjoyments of life, to renounce the society of man for the

solitariness of the desert, to forego the charms of domestic life, and range wild with the savage, and to have neither part nor lot in the common business of the world. It is only among her works, and in her own grand theatre, that nature can be studied; the naturalist must see her there, or he sees her only imperfectly. But this theatre is too vast for the eye of individual observation, it must be portioned out among those, who are desirous of surveying it, and the knowledge of it must be attained by bringing together what each has seen. How much is to be done to become acquainted with her works in our own country; what numerous mountain tops have we, which no geologist ever ascended, and forests which never furnished bird or beast for the cabinet of the naturalist, and valleys in which the flowers have bloomed unseen since the beginning of time! Let it not be said, therefore, that it is a waste of life to spend it in wandering among wilds in pursuit of flowers and butterflies, for if these fading, fleeting, fluttering objects were the only ones of which the naturalist is in chase, the employment would still be infinitely more noble and more intellectual than a far greater part of human occupations. Are they not the works of God, and has he made any thing so insignificant as to be beneath the attention of man? Moreover, these are not the only nor the most important objects which claim attention among the works of nature. The earth itself is one of its productions, and surely it must be an interesting inquiry to know something of the globe, which we inhabit; of the materials out of which it is formed, of the various substances which are produced beneath its surface, of the convulsions which it has suffered, and the changes to which it is exposed. It is particularly to this portion of natural history, that the volume before us brings its valuable contributions, and we scarcely know a spot on the surface of the earth, which either needed or deserved examination more than the region which it describes.

In the introductory remarks, which are chiefly historical, a sketch is given by the author of the information furnished by the earlier travellers in these parts, but he goes no farther back, than the discovery of the Mississippi by father Marquette in 1673. The most important facts of their history, prior to this date, are these. The two great rivers, St Lawrence and Mississippi, were discovered nearly at the same time; the former by Cartier in 1535, the latter by Ferdinand de Soto in 1540.

Cartier sailed up the St Lawrence as high as Montreal, but did not explore the interior; and no attempt to do it, or to derive any advantage from the discovery, was made for a long while after. Ferdinand de Soto, who set out upon his Florida expedition in 1539, spent three years in traversing the coasts about the gulf of Mexico, and to the north of it as far as Carolina, where he followed the Santee river nearly to its source, and thence in various directions to the Mississippi, up and down its banks on both sides, and died on the Red river, near its junction, in 1542. His successor, Lewis de Moscoso, according to Herrera, sailed down the Mississippi to the gulf of Mexico the year after. It is remarkable, that the next notice, which we get of this mighty river is from Marquette, one hundred and thirty years afterward. The St Lawrence, however, excited attention much earlier. De Monts and Champlain both began their settlements on its banks in 1603, the last of whom remained in the country the greater part of the next twenty-seven years, founded Quebec in 1608, and prosecuted discoveries as far up as lake Ontario, in the country of the Iroquois, and among the Hurons, on the other side. In the account of his travels, published in Paris in 1617, is the earliest mention of the great lakes, one of which he had seen, and of the others he had received some vague information from the bordering tribes of Indians. Champlain published a quarto volume in 1632, which contains an account of all his transactions in Canada from 1603 to 1629, which is in fact a history of the country for the same period. The Jesuits began their Journal of Missions in 1633, and continued them to 1672. They relate chiefly to ecclesiastical matters, but they are the only sources of authentic information upon the general affairs of Canada for that time. Soon after Marquette opened a route to the Mississippi by the way of the St Lawrence and the lakes, numerous adventurers came out from France to visit the country; and it is a curious fact, that all the early enterprises upon the first named river should have been carried on through this channel of communication. All the efforts of La Sale to discover the true mouth of the Mississippi were ineffectual, and it is very satisfactorily proved, that it was never entered from the gulf of Mexico, until 1701 by Le Moine.

It would be pleasant to ourselves, if not to our readers, to start with our author from New York, and follow him along the banks of the Hudson to Albany, and thence up the Mo-

hawk to Utica, and onward to the shores of lake Erie, stopping to admire with him the activity, and bustle, and enterprise, which mark out the course of the great canal, the beauty and neatness of the villages on the route, the richness of the lands, the improved state of agriculture, the general appearance of thrift and industry among the inhabitants, and, above all, that most extraordinary union, which this fine region every where exhibits, of the freshness of youth with the comforts and accommodations that characterize older countries. But it was our author's particular design to describe the hitherto undescribed regions; it must be ours, therefore to meet him on that ground.

We cannot, however, pass by Niagara—the wonder of the western world—without some notice. How early and by whom were these falls first described are two questions started by Mr Schoolcraft, but left unsettled by him. Champlain was doubtless the earliest European traveller in their vicinity, but he neither mentions them in the account of his travels, nor marks them on his map. It is hardly possible, however, to suppose that he knew nothing of them, as he must have been very near to them, and was in constant intercourse with the Indians who lived beyond them. Nor do we find any account of them in the Journal of the Missions, before spoken of, although the place of several of these missions was far to the north and west of lake Erie, which must consequently have been past in going from and returning to Montreal and Quebec. Sanson's map of Canada, published at Paris in 1657, is the earliest on which they appear, but they are not so much as named in the description, which accompanies the map. The name on the map, Ongiara, through whatever medium it may have come to him, must have been obtained originally from the indians, as it expresses the sound, as they pronounce it, which Mr Schoolcraft writes O-ni-âa-gârâh. La Sale is the first traveller, who speaks of having visited it, and he mentions it only incidentally, in describing the course, which he took in crossing to the Mississippi in 1678. 'Upper lake or Frontenac,' [Ontario] says he, 'has a communication with the lake Herie or Conti by a canal of above twenty leagues long, interrupted by a fall six hundred feet high, known under the name of the Fall of Niagara.' Neither admiration nor astonishment is expressed, nor a word more said of it. Hennepin, 'known in Canada,' says Kalm, 'as the great liar,' who was attached to Le Sale's

expedition for exploring the Mississippi, estimates the height of the falls also at six hundred feet. The monk Guedeville, whose *nom de guerre* is baron la Hontan, adds about a third to these estimates. 'As for the waterfall of Niagara, says he, ' 'tis seven or eight hundred foot high, and half a league broad. Towards the middle of it we descry an island, that leans towards the precipice, as if it were ready to fall. All the beasts, that cross the water within a quarter of a league above this unfortunate island, are sucked in by force of the stream. Between the surface of the water, that shelves off prodigiously, and the foot of the precipice, three men may cross in a breast without any other damage, than a sprinkling of a few drops of water.' Unless things have changed very much since baron La Hontan's visit in 1688, he and Hennepin together would come very near to two great liars. An account of the falls was published in the Philosophical Transactions for April 1722, written by Paul Dudley Esq. of Roxbury, who received his information in regard to it from Mr Borossoro, a French Canadian. This account is correct in every particular, and it is the first one published, which is so. The height is given at one hundred and fifty six feet, which was determined, says Mr Dudley, by a party of officers sent for the express purpose by the governor of Canada. Charlevoix, who visited the falls the same year, says that he saw it measured and made to be but one hundred and twenty feet in height, but gives his own estimate at one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty feet. The manner of measuring in both these cases was by letting down a rope with a weight attached to it. The two accounts coincide in all other respects, particularly in refuting the absurd fables of the earlier travellers as to the noise of the water and the distance which it shoots over. Whether these accounts were not believed, or that people prefer falsehood to truth, we are not able to say; but certain it is, that the old fictions of Hennepin and La Hontan continued to find a place in the geographies of Bowen and Middleton and others very nearly to the end of the last century.

The opinions about the point of view from which this stupendous cataract is to be seen are various. Most prefer that of the table rock; our author decides in favor of the chasm below. We agree with him in thinking it the best for judging of the height of the fall, of the volume of water, of the irresistible force with which it rushes over the precipice, and the best

also for watching the beautiful play of the prismatic colors as they form with the clouds of rising spray and vanish as these burst, and for observing those snow white billows as they are rolled out by the meeting of the waters, and for listening to the mighty roar which is sent up from the deep abyss, and for feeling that trembling, quivering motion, which is imparted to the solid rocks. But here is not the highest sublimity of the scene; to enjoy that, the waters from above must be brought into the view. The dark black aspect of the threatening cloud is more terrific than the thunder's peal and the lightning's flash. Let the beholder, who would feel the full grandeur of this beautiful and sublime spectacle, place himself on the table rock, and direct his eyes far above the fall to the point where the first ripple marks the rapidity of the river, and thence follow it downward as its impetuosity increases and as its waves roll out their crested curls, and then again when they no longer roll, but rush in a loud roar of broken, wild confusion, and next unite in a sheet of pure, transparent emerald green to plunge into the gulf below, and there waste their strength in fretting and foaming, and rise at last in infinitely divided spray, and float on the air as lightly and as gently as gossamer. But we would not be understood to imply that the view from this spot alone should satisfy any visitor; we mean only that all which belongs to this magnificent scene is here best grouped in the picture, and here it should be seen by every light and at every hour, and afterwards from the thousand other points along the banks of the river, which present some peculiarity, and novelty, and beautiful variety. Mr Schoolcraft has sketched his picture of this enchanting, this glorious spectacle with great correctness and liveliness, but it is too long for an extract, there is, however, one circumstance which he describes so beautifully, that we must give it in his own language.

'What has been said by Goldsmith and repeated by others, respecting the destructive influence of the rapids above to ducks and other water fowl, is only an effect of the imagination. So far from being the case, the wild duck is often seen to swim down the rapids to the brink of the falls and then fly out, and repeat the descent, seeming to take delight in the exercise. Neither are small land birds affected on flying over the falls, in the manner that has been stated. I observed the blue bird and the wren, which had already made their annual visit to the banks of the Niagara, frequently fly within one or two feet of the brink, appa-

rently delighted with the gift of their wings, which enabled them to sport over such frightful precipices without danger.'

What a beautiful picture this brings to view, and who ever saw the scene from which it is taken, without wishing to share in the sports of these water fowl. There is a refreshing coolness in the very thought,—to be carried with the rapidity of lightning down this crystal stream to the verge of the precipice, and there wet one's limbs in that bright green water, and then rise and skim along its surface, now dipping in the tip of one wing and now that of another.—But we are straying from our proper path; we did not set out in search of the picturesque, but of facts and phenomena in natural history. The depth of the chasm through which Niagara river passes, affords a fine opportunity for examining the different strata of its banks. These according to Mr Schoolcraft are limestone, fragile slate, and sand stone. The uppermost and lowest of these strata, limestone and sandstone, compose the great secondary formation of the United States, occupying the whole basin of the Mississippi and extending from it between the lakes and the Alleghany ridge, as far eastward as the Mohawk, between which the slate is often interposed, as here at Niagara, and throughout the western part of New York generally. This formation is almost without a parallel for uniformity, throughout such an extent, preserving every where its horizontal direction, or varying only with the slight undulations in the surface of the earth. The stratum of slate which is interposed between the limestone and sandstone of this formation at Niagara is nearly forty feet in thickness and exceedingly fragile, nearly as much so as shale, and having been observed to crumble and let down the superincumbent limestone, an opinion has arisen that the same operation has been going on for ages, and occasioned a retrocession of the falls from some point far below, which is generally considered to be Lewistown. We do not look upon this supposition as unquestionable, not that it is in any way incredible, but that we do not see sufficient proofs to place it beyond a doubt. It is true the three rocks are precisely those which would most readily admit of such an effect, the slate crumbling, the limestone then falling by its weight, and the sandstone disintegrating and washing away. But is it not more probable that such a volume of water should have at once borne away its opposing

obstacles when it was first hemmed in, or when it first broke loose, in which ever way the canal between Erie and Ontario may have been formed, than that it should have gone on in the nibbling manner which the supposition takes for granted? That the precipice is not as it was, nor where it was, at some former time, certainly cannot be questioned by any one who examines the banks above and below it, but we believe also that the outlet of lake Erie was originally somewhere else, and not through Ontario and St Lawrence, and that the deep chasm between the falls and Lewistown was mostly formed when the junction of the two lakes was effected. As to actual testimony of a gradual retrocession since it was known to Europeans, we see none that is satisfactory. Kalm, who is acknowledged by every one to be both honest and exact, visited the falls in 1750, the island was then between eleven and twelve hundred feet long, and we believe it will be found to be still the same. Its lower edge also was then just even with the fall, and so it is now. But it is not necessary or even probable, that the island should keep pace in running backward with the ledge over which the water is precipitated. Supposing this retrocession to be gradual and uniform, and not to have commenced before the creation of the world, as probably will not be contended, the regular annual retiring must be about five feet and a half, which would give three hundred and ninety-six feet for the seventy-two years since Kalm was there. Do the observations of its neighboring inhabitants support this supposition? Mr M'Causlin, who lived there nine years, in a paper upon the falls, published in the third volume of the transactions of the American philosophical society, bears witness to the contrary, although he is a believer in the general opinion of their having receded. We are foreclosed from citing Hennepin as an authority, or we might get something in the support of the non-retrocession from him. But although we cannot use him as an evidence, we may quote his suggestions, one of which is so striking as to deserve notice. 'I could not conceive,' says he, 'how it came to pass, that four great lakes, the least of which is four hundred leagues in compass, should empty themselves into one another, and then all centre and discharge themselves at this great fall, and yet not drown a good part of America.'

Mr Schoolcraft returns to Buffalo May 3d, and finds lake Erie still obstructed with ice, which was then rapidly break-

ing up. On the 6th he embarks on board a steam boat for Detroit, where he arrives after a passage of sixty-two hours. This is one of the productions of civilized ingenuity which is said to have triumphed over the wonted savage pride. They have not been able to suppress their astonishment on seeing vessels impelled rapidly through the water without the aid of any moving force, apparent to them. Indeed it could not well be otherwise, for it is hardly possible to conceive of an object more incomprehensible to a person unacquainted with the principles upon which it is constructed, than this strange vehicle, called a steam boat, and Indians are not the only people who have viewed its approach with fear and wonder. The first one which went up the Elbe drove the inhabitants from the banks, as if it had been a sea monster, and it was much the same with the first which appeared on the Rhine. And surely when such was the effect upon those to whom its appearance had been foretold and who knew something of its moving power, the simple Indians need not blush at having been dismayed. Admirable as this ingenious contrivance is upon all waters, there are none to which it is so peculiarly fitted, as to our inland seas and the two great channels, by which they communicate with the Atlantic,—the St Lawrence and the Mississippi. It has already contributed greatly to the late rapid increase of population in the parts of the country bordering on these waters, and will doubtless contribute still more to the same effect hereafter. It matters not what the distance between two points on the earth's surface is, if there be an easy and certain mode of communication from one to the other, and such a communication is now afforded by steam boats, wherever there is water for them to move in; the lover's prayer is half realized, and space annihilated by their aid. Detroit, for example, which was formerly a half year's journey from our own metropolis, is now a mere pleasant excursion. This place, when it was visited by Mr Schoolcraft in May 1820, contained two hundred and fifty houses, and fourteeen hundred and fifteen inhabitants. Its growth has been much less rapid, than would be expected from the great advantages of its situation and the mildness of its climate. But the several checks it has experienced from having been so often the seat of war with the Indians, and latterly of that with the English, have probably counterbalanced the causes, which would otherwise have given it a great increase. It was known in 1620,

the woodman and hunter having thus early selected it, as a stopping place in their journeys to the north. It was then the site of an Indian village, and afterwards of a French garrison, and continued such until 1759, when it fell into the hands of the English, and soon afterwards became famous by the long and obstinate siege it sustained against a confederacy of the Miamies, Ottaways, Chippeways, Wyandots, Pottawatamies, Missinagas, Shawnees, Ottagamies, and Winnebagoes, under the command of Pontiac, the greatest perhaps of Indian warriors. The account of this siege and of the English sortie and defeat at the bloody battle of Bloody Bridge is given at length in Carver's travels, and extracted into the work now before us. There are few places in our country, whose history is so rich in incident as Detroit; and were it not for one 'damned spot,' there would be none in any country, which could boast of a history with fairer and brighter pages.

The party for exploring the upper lakes and the sources of the Mississippi, consisted of Gov. Cass, Dr Wolcott, Mr Schoolcraft, and six other gentlemen, attended by ten Canadians, seven U. S. soldiers, ten Indians, an interpreter and guide, in all thirty eight, who embarked in three canoes at Detroit, May 24th. The entrance of the lake of St Clair, affords the first indication observed by Mr Schoolcraft of a change in the geological formation. Pebbles of granite, hornblende rock, and silicious sand are seen on the edge of the water, washed out from below the alluvion of the banks. This is probably very near the limits where the materials of the primitive formation show themselves from beneath the secondary; nothing of them being seen on the American side of lake Erie; but around St Clair masses of granite, mica slate, and quartz are found in abundance. This little lake is described as being very beautiful, particularly at the point of entrance into the strait which communicates with them. Descending the rapids near Black river, Mr Schoolcraft observed a stratum of blue clay fifteen feet in depth, covered by a layer of sand forty feet deep, and raises thereon some queries about the relative ages of the tree, which we think he might have answered for himself; for we know not how one could see the banks of such a water course, and not be convinced that the alluvion of its banks is continually undergoing changes. Fourteen days were spent by the party between Detroit and Michilimackinac, which shows the difference in despatch

between steamboat and canoe navigation, the distance being the same as from Buffalo to Detroit. The Erie steamboat now goes occasionally to Mackinaw and Green Bay, and never exceeds three days on the passage, which the canoes were fourteen in making. Huron afforded very few objects of interest to the travellers; its shores are uniformly level, and consequently dull and monotonous. No new plants were discovered to gratify the researches of the botanist, nor any geological phenomena observed, to extend the knowledge of the structure of the earth. Secondary limestone, filled with the usual reliquiæ, constitutes the great mass of the rock along the coast. Detached blocks of granite and of other primitive rocks are scattered here and there, in one of which crystals of staurotide, and in another place pieces of calcedony were found, and these were the only simple minerals which they discovered from one extent of the lake to the other. Mr Schoolcraft is somewhat perplexed with a granitic block which he found on the shore, containing globular pebbles of hornblende, and queries if it be a primitive breccia, or a granitic porphyry. We see no reason why either of these names is necessary, as hornblende is very often a proper constituent of granite. But if a distinctive name must be given, doubtless it should be porphyritic granite. Around Saganaw bay, the primitive formation appears to approach nearer the surface, the secondary limestone then giving place to sandstone, which disintegrates and forms sand banks and beaches, as on the sea shore. We know not that the Canadian shores of these northern lakes have been examined; when they are, they will probably be found to belong to the primitive formation, judging from the detached masses which are found on the American side. Mr Schoolcraft remarks, that the common accounts of the highly electrified state of the atmosphere about Saganaw bay are entirely erroneous, and that there is no reason whatever to believe, that the air in its vicinity contains a surcharge of electric fluid. Farther north an animal was killed, which he calls a brown rabbit, described in a note as a variety of the American Hare, the Lepus Americanus of Gmelin. In the description one or two of the distinctive marks are omitted, such as the white spots below the eyes and behind the cheeks, but it appears to correspond to the characters which belong to this species in all other respects, except that it is somewhat longer and has its ears

tipped with black, which is a characteristic of the Lepus Timidus, or common hare of Europe. We have noted this circumstance, as the distinctions between the animals of the genus Lepus in this country and in other parts of the world have never been well defined 'Approaching within four leagues of Michilimackinac,' says our author, 'we perceived ourselves opposite the foot of the island of Bois Blanc, which takes its names from the Liriodendron tulipifera, [what right have the botanists thus to bid defiance to the rules of grammar,] by which it is in a great part covered,' and which is a strong indication of the superior mildness of the climate near the lakes: the island is in lat. 45½°. 'Passing round this island,' proceeds Mr Schoolcraft, 'Michilimackinac first burst upon the view. Nothing can present a more picturesque or refreshing spectacle to the traveller, wearied with the lifeless monotony of a canoe voyage through lake Huron, than the first sight of this island, which rises from the watery horizon in lofty bluffs, imprinting a rugged outline along the sky, and capped with two fortresses, on which the American standard is seen conspicuously displayed. A compact town stretches along the narrow plain below the hills, and a beautiful harbor chequered with American vessels at anchor, and Indian canoes rapidly shooting across the water in every direction. There is no previous elevation of coast to prepare us for encountering the view of an island elevated more than three hundred feet above the water and towering into broken peaks, which would even present attractions to the eye of the solitary traveller, among the romantic and sublime scenes of the wilderness of Arkansaw.' We should exceed our limits were we to make a longer stop at this picturesque spot, but we recommend Mr Schoolcraft's whole account of it to the attention of our readers. Like Detroit, it, that is, old Mackinaw, which is three leagues distant from the present, has been the theatre of many interesting events in the early history of the wilderness. It was there that in 1671 Marquette began the first European settlement northwest of fort Frontenac on lake Ontario, and ever since it has been the seat of the most considerable fur trade in those parts. It is memorable also for the bloody massacre of the garrison by the Indians in 1763, and for the gallant assault which was made upon it by Col. Croghan during the late war. Mr Schoolcraft considers the island upon which the modern Mackinaw is built, as peculiar in its

geological structure, being composed of limestone of different ages, and of portions which mark the passage from one to the other, with crystals of calcareous spar in the cavities, and some other minerals of the same nature imbedded in the mass; but we see not from his description wherein it differs from the limestone of the Harz and numerous other strata of the same rock. An anomaly, however, of another kind, is pointed out by him in his statistical account of it; which is, that with a population of nearly five hundred, it has neither preacher, schoolmaster, attorney, nor physician, which we wish might be at least half true of all the towns in our country of the same size. The etymology given of this name is, Missi *great*, and Mackinaw *turtle*, the island being supposed to resemble a great turtle lying on the water.

The *sault* of St Marie interposes a barrier to the free navigation from lakes Huron and Michigan into lake Superior; barges and canoes partly loaded can ascend it, but the water never rises sufficiently to allow large vessels to pass. It was the site of another of the early garrisons of the French; and it may well be remarked, as it is by Mr Schoolcraft, that they discovered a most extraordinary good judgment, as well as a most thorough knowledge of the geography of the country in all the selections they made of places as points of defence; there is scarce an instance, where it has been found expedient to change them. While the party was there, the Indians attempted to frighten them out of insisting upon the claim, which they were instructed to make to a tract of land sufficient for a garrison, in virtue of a former cession to the French, but in consequence of the very firm and decisive manner in which the attempt was received, they soon gave up, and ceded the land demanded.

We are next introduced into lake Superior, and it would be injustice to our author to describe this, the grandest event of the whole expedition, in any language but his own.

'The morning (June 18) was clear and pleasant, with a gentle breeze blowing up the river, which while it filled our sails and relieved the men at the oars, produced an exhilirating effect upon our spirits, by its refreshing coolness, and we approached the lake with a feeling of impatient delight. The most enchanting views were presented in every direction, and we fully realized the justice of the remark made by Carver, "that the entrance into lake Superior affords one of the most pleasing prospects in the world."

This entrance was now in full view, presenting a scene of beauty and magnificence which is rarely surpassed, even amid the rugged scenery of the north. The lake spread like a sea before us: toward the north we could discern across the bay the distant highlands, which border the Canadian shore of the lake, while on the south the mountain chain extending from the head of the river St Mary, westward, towered majestically into the air and presented a fine contrast to the boundless expanse of water at its base.'

But the traveller searches in vain along the borders of this stupendous lake for the picturesque scenery, which its fine entrance leads him to expect; long and lofty ridges of sand, or piles of shapeless rock, interchange with low sandy beaches from Iroquois point to *Fond du lac.* The few objects of note described by Mr Schoolcraft are interesting only in a geological view. A remarkable heap or bank of sand about three hundred feet high extends nine miles along the lake, which is divided into three distinct strata. The lowest, one hundred and fifty feet thick, is unmixed light yellow silicious sand; the middle, about eighty feet, is composed of the same substance, mixed with numerous pebbles of granite, hornblende, limestone, and quartz; and the upper like the lower with trunks of trees imbedded. It is the extent and height of this sand bank alone which make it remarkable. The arrangement of the strata and the manner of their accumulation is doubtless this: the lower unmixed part is the original sandstone which forms the bank of this part of the lake in a state of disintegration, the second layer has washed out from the bottom of the lake at the time of some great overflow, and the upper has blown on from time to time and enveloped the trees which it found growing there. Following the shore along westward, we soon come to the *pictured rocks*, as they are called, which is a range of sandstone of about the same height as the ridge just described, broken into various fantastic forms by the action of the elements. To judge both from the sketch and the description which Mr Schoolcraft has given of these rocks, they must bear a most marked resemblance to the sandstone formation on the Elbe above Dresden, which is called Saxon Switzerland. By contrasting pictures of the two, the resemblance will appear; and first of the pictured rocks of lake Superior.—'Surprising groups of overhanging precipices, towering walls, caverns, waterfalls, and prostrate ruins, which are here mingled in the most wonderful disorder, and burst

upon the view in ever varying and pleasing succession'—are the objects selected by our author for his description of these rocks. Reichard's of Saxon Switzerland places before us,—'Chasms and loose rocks in the form of figures the most grotesque, summits and points elevated almost beyond the reach of sight, abysses of prodigious depth, rivulets, torrents and cascades, which are either engulphed, or foaming, rush forward on their course, grottos and caverns of all sizes.' And this in fact is the common appearance of sandstone rocks, when laid bare to the pelting of the storms. A little farther onward the granite shows itself above the sandstone in an abrupt rock rising out of the lake to the height of two hundred feet, which is united with the shore by strata of red and grey sandstone, under which it dips and rises on the contiguous coast in high, rough, and broken peaks. From this point westward, granite is frequently seen rising from beneath the sandstone.

From the Sault de St Marie, to the Ontanagon or Coppermine river is 330 miles, which it took our party ten days to travel in their canoes. Here they were directed to stop and ascertain the truth of the accounts which Henry and others had given about the copper mines on the banks of this river, and particularly to examine the mass which was estimated by him to weigh six tons. The result of their examinations, as given by Mr Schoolcraft, is, that

'the copper which is in a pure and malleable state, lies in connexion with a body of serpentine rock, the face of which it almost completely overlays and is also disseminated in masses and grains, throughout the substance of the rock. The surface of the metal, unlike most oxydable metals, which have suffered a long exposure to the atmosphere, presents a metallic brilliancy—the shape of the rock is very irregular—its greatest length three feet eight inches—its greatest breadth three feet four inches, making about eleven cubic feet, and containing of metallic matter not exceeding twenty two hundred pounds, but the quantity may be much diminished from what it was originally, as there are marks of chissels and axes upon it, and Henry speaks of having cut off an hundred pounds.'

Mr Schoolcraft does not determine whence it came, but thinks it must have been removed from its original bed. The obstacles to mining in this region which Henry had to encounter no longer exist, and it is difficult to conceive a reason which would prevent such operations, if skilfully and judiciously conducted, from being productive. Not a doubt can be

entertained that the metal abounds there, and would probably be found to be accompanied by tin. From the mouth of the Ontonagon to the *Fond du lac* are one hundred and seventy miles, making the whole length on the American shore five hundred miles. The Canadian is estimated at twelve hundred, and the whole circumference at seventeen hundred miles, and its medium depth, according to Darby, nine hundred feet. It has several large and well wooded islands. The most interesting of these is the Island of Yellow sands, about which the Indians have many fine fanciful tales,

'that its shores are covered with a heavy shining yellow sand, which is gold, but the guardian spirit of the island will not permit any of it to be carried away. To enforce his commands he has drawn together upon it, myriads of eagles, hawks, and other birds of prey, who by their cries warn him of any intrusions upon the domain, and assist with their claws and beaks to expel the enemy. He has also called from the depths of the lake, large serpents of the most hideous forms, who lie thickly coiled upon the golden sands and hiss defiance to the steps of the invader,—that an attempt was once made by some of their nation to carry off a quantity of the glittering sand, when a gigantic spirit strode on the water, and in a voice of thunder commanded them to bring it back.'

As this lake is still so rarely visited, and so little is known about it, which is entitled to credit, we give an extract from Mr Schoolcraft's general remarks upon it.

'The southern coast receives thirty tributary rivers, some of which exceed an hundred and fifty miles in length. Of these the Ontonagan, Montreal, Mauvaise, Bois Brulé, and St Louis are the largest, and communicate with the waters of the Mississippi. The coast is sandy from Point Iroquois to the pictured rocks; then rocky to the foot of the *Fond du lac* with occasional plains of sand, and then sandy and without hills to the head of the lake. The forest trees are white and yellow pine, hemlock, spruce, birch, poplar and oak, with a mixture of elm, maple, and ash, upon the banks of the rivers. The coast is very elevated, in some places mountainous, generally sterile and dangerous to navigate. It is subject to storms and sudden transitions of temperature and to fogs and mists, which are often so dense as to obscure objects at a short distance. It has a warm atmosphere during the summer, the mean heat for June being 66°, and for July 64°. The mean temperature of the water 61°. The winter is long and frightful.'

In regard to the geological formation, we learn from him, that a secondary sandstone forms the whole southern coast, through which the granite on which it rests occasionally ap-

pears, and that prase chalcedony, cornelian, jasper, opal, agate, sardonyx, zeolith, and serpentine, all silicious except the last two, with iron, lead, and copper, are the only simple minerals imbedded in it. This we do not consider as indicative of 'a very attractive field for geological investigations and mineral discovery,' as our author does; indeed it would be difficult to find a spot which promises less.

Beyond lake Superior the narrative becomes totally barren of interest, but its dulness is no fault of the author, it is wholly chargeable to the country where he travels, which was very aptly called by La Hontan, the 'fag end of the world.' After proceeding a short distance up the St Louis river, the company divided, a part still continuing to follow its course, and a part striking straight across to Sandy lake. Mr Schoolcraft accompanied the latter, which was composed of Lieut. Mackay, Mr Dotey, Mr Trowbridge, Mr Chase, eight soldiers, two Indian guides, and an interpreter. Four miles of ponds and marshes, in which the mud was half leg deep, succeeded by as many more of open, dry, sandy, barrens; terminating in a thick forest of hemlock and spruce, and a regular alternation again of swamps, mud, bog, windfalls, and stagnant water, in the whole course of which, not a dry spot to rest upon could be found, were among the *agrémens* of the journey, which became peculiarly interesting, when they found that the guides were ignorant of the way and were leading them they knew not whither. This circumstance gave rise to an incident, which must have more than compensated for the anxiety occasioned by losing their way, and as it serves to explain the manner in which the Indians communicate intelligence to their friends, during their marches through the trackless forests, and as also to show an uniformity of customs among the different nations, we extract the account of it.

'To leave a memorial of our journey for the information of such of their tribe, as should happen to fall upon their track, our Indian guides traced out with their knives upon birch bark, the following hieroglyphics—Lieut Mackay, with a sword to signify that he was an officer—Mr Dotey, with a book, they having understood that he was an attorney; myself with a hammer, I being called by them Paw-gwa-be-caw-a-ga, the destroyer of rocks—to these were added a tortoise and a prairie hen, to denote that these have been killed—three smokes, that our encampment consisted of three fires—eight muskets, that this was the number armed—three hacks upon a pole leaning NW., that we were go-

ing three days NW.—the figure of a white man with a tongue near his mouth (like the Azteck hierolyphics) that he was an interpreter, &c.

This told the whole story of how many, who, when and what. At Sandy lake they were joined by Gov. Cass and the rest of the party. Dr Wolcott who had been with them was requested by Mr Schoolcraft to take note of the geological character of the country through which he passed, which he did, and his observations upon it are given, but they are still more meagre and vague, than those with which we are favored by our author. All we learn from them is, that the vertical strata of slate which had been observed soon after leaving lake Superior continued but a short distance, and were succeeded by hornblende rocks, which extended as far as Sandy lake ; but these hornblende rocks, he says, were not in situ, and he does not inform us what the formation is through which the St Louis and the Savannah rivers flow, facts very important to be known, as these rivers rise in the ridge, which separates the waters of the Mississippi from those of lake Superior.

Sandy lake communicates with the Mississippi by a short outlet, and is therefore to be considered as one of its sources. North of it there are various other lakes, which send their tributary waters to form this mighty river, but it is difficult to say from which of them those drops proceed, which flow the farthest before they reach the ocean. Pike, on arriving at Sangsue lake, says, 'I will not attempt to describe my feelings, on the accomplishment of my voyage, for this is the main source of the Mississippi.' This may be ; but it is not the most distant point, from which it springs, La Beesh and Turtle lakes being a degree north of it, neither of which was visited by Pike or by our travellers. And how it is possible that men, who were possessed of a spirit of enterprise sufficient to carry them through all the toils and dangers of such expeditions, should turn back with their chief object unaccomplished, we are totally unable to conceive. Persons sent to explore the sources of a river should follow it till they reach the point, where they could hold all its water in the hollow of the hand. Objects of curiosity are not wanting in this quarter to occupy attention for days. A thorough search there would probably find out a spot as remarkable as the one on the Grison Alps, where a person may drink, without changing place, of water which flows into the Mediterranean, the Rhine, and

the German ocean ; and it would be still more wonderful to find a like point of approximation of the waters of the St Lawrence, the Misssissippi, the Red river of Hudson's bay, and the River of the West, which are received into the ocean at the extreme east, and west, and north, and south parts of the North American continent. In other respects, also, there is a great want of exactness in the accounts of both expeditions sent out to explore the sources of the Mississippi, as well as a great want of accord between them. The latitude of Red Cedar, or the Cassina lake of our author, as determined by Pike, is 47° 42' 40" ; but on Mr Schoolcraft's map it is found nearly or quite a degree to the north. In the same way he has removed all the known points north of lake Superior to a like higher latitude, than has before been given them, and as it is done upon the authority of a single observer, with a single instrument, the alterations cannot be received without other confirmation. Two striking facts, in regard to the climate of these dreary regions, are found in the narratives of the two expeditions. When Pike was there in Jan. 1806, whiskey congealed to the consistence of honey, and our travellers found the bottoms of their canoes encrusted with a scale of ice of the thickness of a knife blade on the night of July 19, and the thermometer down to 36° at sunrise ; but the extremes of heat and cold of the two seasons are not noted. It must be presumed that the Fur Companies offer the highest pecuniary compensations to induce their agents to spend a whole life, as they often do, in these miserable solitudes ; but to what a state of moral degradation must civilized man be reduced, before any reward could tempt him to wear out life in a condition, which places him so far below the wandering savage. An idea of the misery, which it sometimes produces, may be formed from the following picture.

'Mons. D—— had, according to the custom of the country, taken an Indian wife, and spent several winters in that inclement region. During the last, he was, however, caught in a severe snow storm, and froze both his feet in such a manner, that they dropped off shortly after his return to his wigwam. In this helpless situation, he was supported some time by his wife, who caught fish in the lake ; but she at last deserted him ; and on our arrival he had subsisted several months upon the pig weed, which grew around his cabin. As he was unable to walk, this had been thrown in by his countrymen, or by the Indians, and appeared to have been the extent of their benevolence. We found him seated in a small

bark cabin, on a rush mat, with the stumps of his legs tied up with deer-skins, and wholly destitute of covering. He was poor and emaciated to the last degree, his beard was long, cheeks fallen in, eyes weak, but darting a look of despair, and every bone in his body visible through the skin. He could speak no English [for which God be praised,] but was continually uttering curses in his mother tongue upon his own existence, and apparently upon all that surrounded him.'

It would not require a heart as sentimental as Yorick's to bleed at such a sight.

Mr Schoolcraft has attempted to estimate the height of the sources of the Mississippi above the level of the sea, which he makes to be thirteen hundred and thirty feet. The basis of his calculation is the altitude of lake Erie, as determined by the canal commissioners, which is five hundred and sixty feet above the tide waters of the Hudson, to which his estimate adds ten feet for the rise to St Clair, nineteen to Huron, fifty-three to Superior, making the last six hundred and forty two above the same level; from this to Sandy lake the rise is five hundred and twenty seven feet, and from that to Cassina one hundred and sixty two feet. If this estimate be correct, or nearly so, and the length of the Mississippi, as he gives it, three thousand and thirty eight miles, its average descent per mile is about three feet. 'It is deserving of remark,' says our author, 'that its sources lie in a region of almost continual winter, while it enters the ocean under the latitude of perpetual verdure;' and adds, 'to have visited both the sources and the mouth of this celebrated stream falls to the lot of few; and I believe there is no person living, beside myself, of whom the remark can now be made.' And had he but have gone to La Beesh lake, we would join him in the exultation. The observations of Mr Schoolcraft determine that this river flows through a primitive region from its rise to the falls of St Anthony, but this is covered in many places along the banks by recent alluvion. From St Anthony to the gulf of Mexico, it is secondary limestone and alluvion. Various tribes of Indians are found on its borders, some of which, particularly the Chippeways, are distinguished for not making use of salt. The name Mississippi signifies *great river*, but we would observe, that it is not safe to trust altogether to the explanations given by the Indians of the names they apply to sensible objects; Mr Schoolcraft was told that Missisawgaiegon, their name for

lake Superior, signified a great lake, and we find it afterward applied to an inconsiderable tributary to the Mississippi, which enters it a little above the falls of St Anthony.

From Sandy lake the party followed the course of the Mississippi to the point where it receives the Ouisconsing. A greater part of this route is comparatively well known, we shall therefore detain our readers no longer with this part of the narrative, than to give them the following extract.

'In passing through lake Pepin, our interpreter pointed out to us a high precipice, on the east shore of the lake, from which an Indian girl, of the Sioux nation, had, many years ago, precipitated herself in a fit of disappointed love. She had given her heart, it appears, to a young chief of her own tribe, who was very much attached to her, but the alliance was opposed by her parents, who wished her to marry an old chief renowned for his wisdom and his influence in the nation. As the union was insisted upon and no other way appearing to avoid it, she determined to sacrifice her life in preference to a violation of her former vow, and while the preparations for the marriage feast were going forward, left her father's cabin without exciting suspicion, and before she could be overtaken, threw herself from an awful precipice and was instantly dashed to a thousand pieces. The name of this noble minded Indian girl was Oola Ita.'

A few leagues below the confluence of the Ouisconsing with the Mississippi on the other side is the district of country called Dubuque's mines, which abound with the sulphuret of lead. The right of working these mines was ceded by the Fox Indians some years ago to Mr Dubuque, who carried on the process of mining to great profit, the ore being very near the surface, and consequently obtained without much labor. His grant was for life only, and when he died, the mines reverted to the Indians, who have since worked them and sold the ore to the traders in the vicinity. The abundance of this metal in the alluvion of the great basin of the Mississippi forms its most remarkable geological character. It is without a parallel in the extent to which it spreads and for the manner in which its veins or rather beds lay themselves bare on the surface of the rock, in which it is found. A particular account of the several districts on the Missouri, in which this metal has been observed, and of the manner in which it is mined and smelted, is contained in a former work of our author, entitled a 'View of the lead mines of Missouri, &c.

We must now leave the Mississippi, and accompany our travellers on their return to Detroit by the way of the Ouisconsing and the Fox rivers, and the lakes Michigan and Huron. It was precisely by this route inverted that Marquette first came out to the Mississippi in June 1673, and there is a most remarkable accord in the narratives of the two travellers. The only points of difference are in their estimates of the length of the portage from Fox river to the Ouisconsing and of the distance from where they strike this river to its junction with the Mississippi, and these may be satisfactorily accounted for by considering that one descended and the other ascended it, and that the portage is not now just where it was then.

Marquette places the mouth of the Ouisconsing in 42° 30′ N. latitude, and that is within 12 miles of the true parallel, which is very accurate, considering the means he had for determining it. At certain seasons a perfect water communication between the Mississippi and lake Michigan is formed through this river, canoes being able to pass easily from it into the Fox river of Green Bay, but the navigation is interrupted in several places by falls. The whole distance across following the courses of the rivers is four hundred and forty miles. The Fox river is described by Marquette to be so 'full of wild oats, that it looked rather like a corn field, than a river,' and by our author as 'so prolific in the various species of water plants, that often, where it is a mile in width, there is scarce open space enough in its centre to allow the passage of a canoe.' Another circumstance mentioned by both these writers is the flux and reflux of the water in Green Bay, which is observed also on the other lakes, particularly Ontario, and is caused without doubt by the winds.

Being now arrived on the borders of civilization, the soldiers of the escort were sent to their stations and the Indians who had been taken to hunt, were dismissed. The party formed itself into two divisions, one going around the west and north side of the lake to Mackinaw, and the other around the south and east to the same place. The shores of this lake are described as much more beautiful than those of Huron and Superior, and are also more diversified in their geological character and mineral productions. Large boulders of granite and other primitive rocks are scattered along the shore, which was observed to be secondary limestone, wherever the strata appeared through the superincumbent alluvial.

We should have been pleased to have had a more particular account of these boulders, which Mr Schoolcraft speaks of having seen upon the borders of the northern lakes, and which from all accounts, are scattered very widely over those regions. If the facts in regard to them were collected, they might throw some light upon the history of these inland seas, and possibly afford some grounds for determining the period of the great catastrophe, by which they were formed. Were they closely examined, they might probably be traced to their original places, as those upon the Jura and the banks of the Aar have been; perhaps they would confirm Mr Hayden's theory of a great northeast current. The appearances around Green Bay, particularly near the rivers which it recieves from the chain of mountains in which the Ontanagon rises, indicate very decidedly that copper abounds in the angle between lakes Superior and Michigan. A brilliant specimen of native copper, ten or twelve pounds in weight, was brought to Mr Schoolcraft by an Indian, who

'related that passing in his canoe during the afternoon of a beautiful summer's day, across Winnebago lake, when the sun was just visible above the tops of the trees, and a delightful calm prevailed over the face of the waters, he espied at a distance in the lake before him a beautiful form standing in the water. Her eyes shone with a brilliancy that could not be endured, and she held in her hand a lump of glittering gold. He immediately paddled towards the attractive object, but as he came near he could percieve that it was gradually altering as to its shape and complexion; her eyes no longer shone with brilliancy—her face lost the hectic glow of life,—her arms imperceptibly disappeared; and when he came to the spot where she stood, it was a monument of stone, having a human face, with the fins and tail of a fish. He sat a long while in amazement, fearful either to touch the super-human object or to go away and leave it; at length, having made an offering of the incense of tobacco, and addressed it as the guardian angel of his country, he ventured to lay his hand upon the statue, and finally lifted it into his canoe. Then sitting in the other end of the canoe with his back towards the miraculous statue, he paddled gently towards the shore, but was astonished, on turning round to find nothing in his canoe, but a large lump of copper, which I now present to you.'

How can it be said, that the aborigines of our continent are a stupid race, when they have a thousand such fictions showing the liveliest imagination?

The principal geological and mineralogical facts, which we learn from Mr Schoolcraft's Journal, are these—that the secondary region extends along the whole chain of lakes, which is mostly limestone and sandstone, and the latter chiefly around lake Superior—that beyond the portage of St Louis river, the few rocks, which are seen in situ are granitic, and that the same formation extends from thence downward along the Mississippi to the falls of St Anthony—that copper and iron are abundant near lakes Superior and Michigan, and lead throughout the whole limestone basin of the Mississippi. But a few earthy minerals are spoken of, and those mostly silicious. It would now be interesting and important to determine where the primitive range commences, which runs north of the lakes, and to what depth the secondary strata extend.

On the hundred and twenty third day from the time of his departure from Detroit, Mr Schoolcraft returns to it again, having made a complete tour of the northern lakes, and north of them to the sources of the Mississippi and down that river to the Ouisconsing, and thence across to Michigan, and again down the Huron to the St Clair. The whole distance travelled could not be far from three thousand six hundred miles. The narrative of this journey contains much valuable information upon the natural history and the geographical features of those unknown parts of our country, and also upon the manners and character of the savage tribes, who inhabit them. All who are interested in these subjects are much indebted to the author for the knowledge he acquired at the expense of so much toil and hardship, and for the fidelity with which he has communicated it. But it has been the defect of all the expeditions of this kind which we have sent out, not to be provided with the instruments necessary to make the requisite observations upon the country, which they went to explore, and it appears to have been the case here. We learn from it nothing to be relied on about the height of mountains, the currents in the lakes, the fall of the rivers, the temperature of the waters, and the latitude and longitude of remarkable places. If it were reasonable to complain of one who has done so much as Mr Schoolcraft, because he has not done every thing, we would say that his descriptions are too loose and indefinite ; we are not sure that he has seen one new animal, or plant, or mineral, as he has never marked those, which he supposes to be new, by any characters which decide them to

be so. As to language his work is highly defective, and every page he writes, is marked by a sin against the King's English. We complain not of such words as 'snags,' and 'bluffs,' and 'prairies,' and 'pauses,' and many others like them, which we consider legitimate, because they are technical; but we do complain of 'progress,' and 'progressing,' as they are used by him, of 'handsome opportunity,' of 'sundown,' of 'the balance of the time,' of 'illy,' 'testing,' 'schute,' and 'eventuate,' none of which belong to our language. We are independent Americans it is true, and have a right if we choose to vote out the English language altogether, but we have no right to corrupt it. We trust moreover that it is still a boast of every man of English descent throughout the land that the language of Shakspeare and of Milton is his mother tongue. Subjection to it is not among the grievances complained of in the bill of rights, nor is freedom from its laws any where to be found in the declaration of independence; and while this magna charta does not forbid allegiance to it, we hope no scholar can be found who will not keep 'his loyalty, his zeal, his love.'

Mr Schoolcraft's Memoir on a fossil tree, the second work named at the head of this article, contains an account of a phenomenon, which is certainly of rare occurrence. It is thus described.

'This extrordinary species of phytolites occurs imbedded in a horizontal position in a stratum of newer floetz sandstone, of a grey colour, and close grain. There are now fifty-one feet six inches of the trunk visible. It is eighteen inches in diameter at the smallest end, which appears to have been violently broken off prior to the era of its mineralization. The root-end is still overlayed by the rock and earth in the western bank of the river, and is two feet six inches in diameter at the point of disappearance; but circumstances will justify the conclusion that its diameter at the concealed end, cannot be less than three feet. The trunk is straight, simple, scabrous, without branches, and has the gradual longitudinal taper observed in the living specimen. It lies nearly at right angles to the course of the river, pointing towards the south-east, and extends about half the width of the stream. Notwithstanding the continual abrasion to which it is exposed by the volume of passing water, it has suffered little apparent diminution, and is still firmly imbedded in the rock, with the exception of two or three places where portions of it have been disengaged and carried away; but no portion of what remains is elevated more than a few inches above the surface of

the rock. It is owing, however, to those partial disturbances, that we are enabled to perceive the columnar form of the trunk,—its cortical layers—the bark by which it is enveloped, and the peculiar cross fracture, which unite to render the evidence of its ligneous origin, so striking and complete. From these characters and appearances, little doubt can remain that it is referable to the species juglans nigra, a tree very common to the forests of the Illinois, as well as to most other parts of the immense region drained by the waters of the Mississippi. The woody structure is most obvious in the outer rind of the trunk, extending to a depth of two or three inches, and these appearances become less evident as we approximate the heart. Indeed, the traces of organic structure in its interior, particularly when viewed in the hand specimen, are almost totally obliterated and exchanged, the vegetable matter being replaced by a mixed substance analogous, in its external character, to some of the silicated and impure calcareous carbonats of the region. Like those carbonats, it is of a brownish grey colour, and compact texture, effervesces slightly in the nitric and muriatic acids, yields a white streak under the knife, and presents solitary points, or facets of crystals resembling calc spar. All parts of the tree are penetrated by pyrites of a brass yellow colour, disseminated through the most solid and stony parts of the interior,—filling interstices in the outer rind, or investing its capillary pores. There are also the appearances of rents or seams between the fibres of the wood, caused by its own *shrinkage*, which are now filled with a carbonat of lime, of a white colour, and crystallized.'

This description is very correct, so far as we can judge from a small specimen sent to the mineralogical cabinet at Cambridge by Governor Cass, which we have been permitted to examine. In this specimen the calcareous spar in the centre, the seams of pyrites and white carbonate of lime in the outer rind are distinctly seen. But there are distinctive characters in it, which Mr Schoolcraft has only slightly hinted at, in another part of the memoir, where he speaks of the exterior rind and bark having acquired a blackish hue, from an effect analogous to carbonization. We look upon it to be not merely analogous to carbonization, but the thing itself. Throughout the mass, wherever its fibrous structure remains, it appears to be perfect anthracite, becoming ignited by the action of the blowpipe, yielding neither flame, nor smoke, nor bituminous odor, and bearing a large portion of grayish white ashes; also soiling the fingers and having a dull blackish trace. Instead therefore of regarding this tree as petrified

and converted into a lithoxyle, we look upon it as carbonized and converted into the substance above named, into which calcareous matter has entered by infiltration, and filled up the fissures formed by the decomposition of some parts, and the shrinking of the fibres, with sulphuret of iron here and there disseminated. A single glance at its cross fracture shows that its vertical layers are not calcareous. It was probably carbonized in some of the coal fields, with which that region abounds, and then swept into the river, where it now lies, and afterwards filled up with the calcareous matter which now constitutes so large a part of it, and enveloped in the alluvial sand of the river. Calcareous lithoxyles are exceedingly rare; in fact we know of none, unless some of the petrifications observed by Riche, Peron, and Le Sueur in their voyage to the *terres australes*, may be so considered. These are our conjectures—they may be wrong, and it looks somewhat like vanity, we confess, to sit here in our attic, and presume to know what is done on the Illinois, better than those who have been on the spot to examine.

Art. XII.—*The Spy, a tale of the Neutral Ground. By the author of Precaution.* 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 537. New York, 1821.

We have long been of opinion that our native country opens to the adventurous novel-writer a wide, untrodden field, replete with new matter admirably adapted to the purposes of fiction. Our views on this subject have already been partially developed, (N. A. Rev. No. 31.) and our conviction has not been staggered by any arguments we have heard opposed to them. That nothing of the kind has hitherto been accomplished, is but a poor argument at best—especially when taken in connexion with the fact, that nothing has as yet been attempted. We are told, it is true, that there is among us a cold uniformity and sobriety of character; a sad reality and utility in our manners and institutions; that our citizens are a downright, plain-dealing, inflexible, matter-of-fact sort of people; in short, that our country and its inhabitants are equally and utterly destitute of all sorts of romantic association. We are not so foolhardy as to deny the truth of the theory on which

these objections rest. It is not enough that solitary exceptions may be found here and there, if there be in fact great general uniformity pervading the mass of the people. The characters of fiction should be descriptive of classes, and not of individuals, or they will seem to want the touch of nature, and fail in that dramatic interest which results from a familiarity with the feelings and passions pourtrayed, and a consciousness of their truth. Admitting then, that the power of creating interest in a work of fiction, so far as it arises from development of character, lies in this generalizing principle which substitutes classes for individuals, we are triumphantly asked whether that state of society is not best fitted to the end proposed, in which this system of classification is already carried to its greatest extent;—where order rises above order in the most distinct and uniform gradation,—each pinnacle standing aloof from its neighbor, each separated by its own impenetrable barrier. No—certainly not; if by these distinctions are meant the mere formal divisions of society into lords, gentlemen, and villains. It is not such artificial and arbitrary distinctions which give the greatest possible variety and scope to character, or effect that kind of classification which is best adapted to the wants of the author. On the contrary, they are so many impediments in his way, forcing character out of its natural development into constrained and formal fashions, if such principles were left to their own tendency, they would make all men so many flat-headed Indians; and when the causes of these unnatural distinctions in human character had ceased to exist, we should look round in vain for the model of the dull and uniform monsters they had created. Not so where men have sprung up in active and adventurous communities, unshackled by forms, unfashioned by governments, and left freely to work out their own way, pursuing their own objects, with nothing to interrupt or affect them, but that mutual attrition which has not always the effect of polishing in the moral, as in the physical world. When therefore we are told that the country whose society contains the most abundant distinction of classes is the chosen fairy land of poetry and romance, and that America can never be such because it contains none, we are instinctively brought to remember a certain forensic maxim, which may be of use before more than one species of tribunal, namely, where the law is against you, always deny the fact. Now we

do most seriously deny, that there is any such fatal uniformity of character among us, as is herein above supposed;—we deny (bating the formidable division into king, lords, and commons,) that there is not in this country a distinction of classes precisely similar in kind, and of extent nearly equal to that which exists in Great Britain; nay, we boldly insist, that in no one country on the face of the globe can there be found a greater variety of specific character, than is at this moment developed in these United States of America. Do any of our readers look out of New-England and doubt it? Did any one of them ever cross the Potomac, or even the Hudson, and not feel himself surrounded by a different race of men? Is there any assimilation of character between the highminded, vainglorious Virginian, living on his plantation in baronial state, an autocrat among his slaves, a nobleman among his peers, and the active, enterprizing, moneygetting merchant of the East, who spends his days in bustling activity among men and ships, and his nights in sober calculations over his ledger and day-book? Is the Connecticut pedlar, who travels over mountain and moor by the side of his little red wagon and half-starved pony, to the utmost bounds of civilization, vending his '*notions*' at the very ends of the earth, the same animal with the long shaggy boatman '*clear from Kentuck*,' who wafts him on his way over the Mississippi, or the Ohio? Is there nothing of the Dutch burgomaster yet sleeping in the blood of his descendants; no trace of the prim settler of Pennsylvania in her rectangular cities and trim farms? Are all the remnants of her ancient puritanism swept out of the corners of New England? Is there no bold peculiarity in the white savage who roams over the remote hunting tracts of the West; and none in the red native of the wilderness that crosses him in his path? It would be hard indeed out of such materials, so infinitely diversified, (not to descend to the minuter distinctions which exist in each section of the country) which, similar in kind but far less various, have in other countries been wrought successfully into every form of the popular and domestic tale, at once amusing and instructive, if nothing can be fabricated on this degenerate soil.

But where are your materials for the higher order of fictitious composition? What have you of the heroic and the magnificent? Here are no 'gorgeous palaces and cloud capped towers;' no monuments of Gothic pride, mouldering

in solitary grandeur; no mysterious hiding places to cover deeds of darkness from the light of the broad sun; no cloistered walls, which the sound of woe can never pierce; no ravages of desolating conquests; no traces of the slow and wasteful hand of time. You look over the face of a fair country, and it tells you no tale of days that are gone by. You see cultivated farms, and neat villages, and populous towns, full of health, and labor, and happiness. You tread your streets without fear of the midnight assassin, and you perceive nothing in their quiet and orderly inhabitants, to remind you of misery and crime. How are you to get over this familiarity of things, yet fresh in their newest gloss? You go to your mighty lakes, your vast cataracts, your stupendous mountains, and your measureless forests. Here indeed you find nature in her wildest and most magnificent attire. But these boundless solitudes are not the haunts of fierce banditti; you have never peopled these woods and waters with imaginary beings; they are connected with no legendary tales of hoary antiquity; —but you cast your eye through the vista of two short centuries, and you see them as they now are, and you see nothing beyond. Where then are the romantic associations, which are to plunge your reader, in spite of reason and common sense, into the depths of imaginary woe and wonder?

If we are asked with reference to the good old fashioned romance, and are required to construct a second castle of Otranto, to amaze our reader with mysteries, like those of the far famed Udolpho, or harrow up his young blood with another Fatal Revenge, we answer, that in our humble judgment, it matters little in regard to these mere creations of the brain, in what earthly region the visionary agents are supposed to reside; the moon, for aught we know, it has been elsewhere said, may be as eligible a theatre of action, as any on this earth. Not that we would speak disparagingly of the wildest creations of romance, or have it thought that we are less affected than others, by those masterly efforts of a bold imagination, left to luxuriate in its own ideal world. But we are not ambitious that scenes so purely imaginary, should be *located* on this side of the Atlantic, when they cannot from their very nature, partake any thing of the character of the soil and climate which give them birth; although we are by no means sure that a first rate horror, of the most imaginative kind, might not be invented without the aid of Gothic architecture, or

Italian scenery.——While for these reasons, which do not peculiarly affect ourselves, we have no particular longing after this species of American castle building, we do hope to see the day, when that more commodious structure, the modern historical romance, shall be erected in all its native elegance and strength on American soil, and of materials exclusively our own. The truth is, there never was a nation whose history, studied with that view, affords better or more abundant matter of romantic interest than ours. When you ask us how we are to get over the newness and quietude of every thing among us, your question points only at the present time—a thing in itself utterly destructive of romance in all quarters of the globe. What should we think of a historical romance, for instance, in which the duke of Wellington should win the battle of Waterloo, and the marquis of Londonderry be made the secretary of state for foreign affairs? And yet if their noble lordships should meet with any different fortune or fate, however excellent the plot, however spirited and well sustained the characters, who would not throw down the book with a *quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi?* Since then the præterperfect is our only romantic tense, we reply, a little paradoxically perhaps, go back to the days when things were newer—but not so quiet as they now are. It is no new principle in the laws of imagination, that remoteness in point of time attaches romantic associations to objects which have them not in themselves—and these, so soon as they are created, become heightened by contrast. A ruin is a romantic object, only because it carries you perforce into remote antiquity, and suggests on its very front the moated castle with all its battlements and towers standing in proud proportion, a stately pile that seemed to bid defiance to the ravages of time and storm. You look at an elegant modern edifice, with a stack of chimneys for its minarets, and a smiling cornfield for its court yard, and it suggests nothing of itself, but the unromantic notion of peace and comfort, which are reigning within. Go back then to the day when its walls were slumbering in their native quarry, and its timbers flourishing in the living oak; when the cultivated farm was a howling wilderness, the abode of savages and outlaws, and nothing was to be seen in its borders but rapine and bloodshed. Imagine some stern enthusiast, voluntarily flying the blandishments of more luxurious abodes

—or some accomplished courtier, driven from the scene of his ambition and intrigues—or some gallant soldier wearied of the gay capital, and panting anew for adventure and renown, fearlessly marching with his chosen band into these dreary and dangerous solitudes; follow him through the perils and difficulties he surmounts, and witness the long struggle of civilization, encroaching on the dominion of barbarism; and you will then find that romantic associations may become attached even to this familiar spot. Neither need we revert to any very remote period of antiquity to rid us of this familiarity, which forever plays about present things with a mischievous tendency to convert the romantic into the ludicrous. It is astonishing what changes are effected in manners, customs, names, and outward appearances, in the course of a single human generation; and when we look at the days of the fathers of the oldest now living, how little do we see that we recognize, how much that we wonder at! Not the least pleasing, perhaps, of the many admirable productions of the great master of romance in modern times, refer to a period hardly so remote as that of which we speak; and yet no one, not even they who live on the very spot, which is represented as the theatre of great and romantic action, complains of the familiarity of those scenes.

There seem to be three great epochs in American history, which are peculiarly well fitted for historical romance;—the times just succeeding the first settlement—the æra of the Indian wars, which lie scattered along a considerable period—and the revolution. Each of these events, all pregnant with interest in themselves, will furnish the fictitious historian with every variety of character and incident, which the dullest imagination could desire or the most inventive deserve. What is there for instance in the rebellions and wars of the Scotch covenanters, to compare with the fortunes of those sterner puritans, who did *not* rise in arms against their prince; but who, with a boldness of adventure, under which the spirit of chivalry itself would have quailed, leaving behind them all that is most dear to men on earth, the companions of their youth, the graves of their fathers, the home of their hearts, crossed a trackless ocean; fixed their habitations on an unknown and inhospitable shore; not for the visit of a day, not cherishing a latent hope of future return, when they should have amassed wealth, or acquired fame, to raise them in the estimation of their coun-

trymen ; but with the humble hope and firm resolve to expend their lives and their children's lives in the wilderness, for the sake of worshipping their God after the fashion of their own hearts. The situation and character of these men, who 'had they been as free from all sins as gluttony and drunkenness,' (so says one of their quaint historians) 'might have been canonized for saints,' are in the highest degree picturesque ; and moreover afford a singular contrast to those of Raleigh's successors in the south, headed by that man of adventure, who had challenged a whole Ottaman army in his youth, carrying off the heads of three Turkish champions at his saddle-bow, and who was now solacing his riper years, amidst the cares of a colonial government, in the arms of the renowned Pocahontas. The gloomy but sustaining spirit of fanaticism in these, who had fled to the wilderness for conscience' sake ; the disappointed avarice of those who had come to it for silver and gold ; the stern ecclesiastical oligarchy first established in the east ; the worldly time-serving despotism of Smith and the succeeding governors in the south ; the one punishing with banishment and death 'that damnable heresie of affirming justification by works ;' the other promulgating in the new world the laws of the old 'to prevent sectarie infection' from creeping into the pale of mother church ; the former denouncing temporal punishment and eternal wrath, against 'all idlers, common coasters, unprofitable fowlers, and tobacco takers ;' the latter formally enacting and literally executing that salutary law, that 'he who will not work shall not eat ;' the Virginian colony importing into the country a cargo of negroes, to entail the curse of slavery on their remotest posterity, in the same year that our first fathers were founding the liberties of America on the Plymouth rock, and Winthrop with his company of sturdy Independents, extending along the shores of Massachusetts the work which had been so happily begun, while 'refiners, goldsmiths, and jewellers,' 'poor gentlemen, tradesmen, serving men, libertines, and *such like*, ten times more fit to spoil a commonwealth, than either to begin or maintain one,' as the old writers inform us, were still flocking over to the shores of Virginia. Such contrasts judiciously exhibited, as, notwithstanding the distance of the two colonies, they well might be, with no very unpardonable poetical license, especially by the link of the New Netherlands, while they supply at once an infinite variety of individual character to the

author's hands, could not fail to confer on a work of fiction the additional value of developing the political history of the times, and the first beginnings, perhaps, of those conflicting sectional interests, which sometimes perplex us at the present day. Or if more rigid rules of composition require us to confine our views to the colony of Massachusetts Bay, for instance, what character could be more obsequious to the imagination than that of the moody and mysterious Blaxton? who who was found by the colonists, the solitary lord of the little isthmus of Shawmut,* which he claimed and was allowed to hold against them, by the acknowledged right of established possession; of whom history only tells us that he had been a clergyman of the church of England, that he dissented equally from her canons, and those of his non-conforming brethren; but how or when he emigrated to America, and built his humble hut on a spot destined to become the seat of a populous and flourishing city, it tells us not. What shall we say to Sir Christopher, the knight of Jerusalem, a lineal descendant of the famous bishop of Winchester, who with the strange lady was travelling and revelling through the land, until he was stopped by the scandalized 'seekers of the Lord,' and arraigned on a charge of suspicion of bigamy, *et alia enormia contra pacem*, before such a judicial assembly as the politic Winthrop, the scholastic Cotton, the fiery and intolerant Dudley, with Underhill perhaps for a witness, and Miles Standish for captain of the guard? What would not the author of Waverly make of such materials? But we forbear to enlarge further on this prolific theme.

The Indian wars, of which the first occurred soon after the time of which we have just spoken, and the last of any note in New England, in the years 1722–25, are fruitful of incidents, which might, to great advantage, be interwoven with the materials before noticed; and it scarcely needs to be asserted, that the Indians themselves are a highly poetical people. Gradually receding before the tread of civilization, and taking from it only the principle of destruction, they seem to be fast wasting to utter dissolution; and we shall one day look upon their history, with such emotions of curiosity and wonder, as those with which we now survey the immense mounds and heaps of ruin in the interior of our continent, so extensive that they have hardly yet been measured, so ancient that they lie

* The Indian name of the peninsula on which Boston now stands.

buried in their own dust and covered with the growth of a thousand years, forcing upon the imagination the appalling thought of some great and flourishing, perhaps civilized people, who have been so utterly swept from the face of the earth, that they have not left even a traditionary name behind them. At the present day, enough is known of our aborigines to afford the ground-work of invention, enough is concealed to leave full play for the warmest imagination; and we see not why those superstitions of theirs, which have filled inanimate nature with a new order of spiritual beings, may not be successfully employed to supersede the worn out fables of Runic mythology, and light up a new train of glowing visions, at the touch of some future wizard of the West. At any rate we are confident that the savage warrior, who was not less beautiful and bold in his figurative diction, than in his attitude of death, the same who 'suffered not the grass to grow upon the war-path,' and hastened 'to extinguish the fire of his enemy with blood,' tracking his foe through the pathless forest, with instinctive sagacity, by the fallen leaf, the crushed moss, or the bent blade, patiently enduring cold, hunger, and watchfulness, while he crouched in the night-grass like the tiger expecting his prey, and finally springing on the unsuspicious victim with that war-whoop, which struck terror to the heart of the boldest planter of New England in her early day, is no mean instrument of the sublime and terrible of human agency. And if we may credit the flattering pictures of their best historian, the indefatigable Heckewelder, not a little of softer interest might be extracted from their domestic life.

Instead of wearying our reader with a formal disquisition on the characters and scenes of the third epoch, we beg leave to introduce him, without farther ceremony, if he has not already made the acquaintance, to Mr Harvey Birch, better known by the name of the Spy of the Neutral Ground; whom we greet, as doubtless the reader does also, with the greater satisfaction, in that he has taken a world of trouble off our hands, doing away the painful necessity of establishing by syllogism and inference this part of our proposition, viz, that the American revolution is an admirable basis, on which to found fictions of the highest order of romantic interest. This trouble is taken off our hands, however, not because the work before us is a perfect model of its kind, but because, whatever other deficiencies or deformities may appertain to it, want of interest, the only unpardonable sin of romance, is not among them.

We do not propose, however, to give a minute analysis of a work, which has already been some months before the public, and has withal sufficient notoriety to have reached its third edition. We have a right to assume, that our readers are fashionable enough to have kept pace with their neighbors, and shall therefore tell no more of the story, than we find necessary for our purpose.

The narrative turns on the fortunes of Henry Wharton, a captain in the royal army, (then under sir Henry Clinton, with head quarters at New York) who imprudently visits his father's family at West Chester, (the neutral ground,) in disguise, and there falls into the hands of an American party under the command of Major Dunwoodie, his sister's betrothed lover, and his own bosom friend. He is tried and condemned as a spy; but succeeds in making his escape by the assistance of Harvey Birch, the pedlar, himself a notorious British spy, and with the connivance of Washington, who, under the assumed character of Harper, had been an inmate at the house of Wharton's father, at the time of the stolen visit, and was firmly convinced of the young man's innocent intentions.

Harvey Birch, by whose mysterious agency every important incident in the book is more or less affected, though a convicted spy of the enemy, with a price set upon his head, turns out in the sequel to have been all along in secret the confidential and trusty agent of Washington.

This finely conceived character, on whom the interest of the narrative mainly depends, is not wholly without historical foundation. It is matter of notoriety, that no military commander ever availed himself of a judicious system of *espionage* with more consummate address, or greater advantage to his cause, than General Washington. The similarity of the belligerents in all outward appearances, and their community of language, furnished both parties with great facilities for mutual deception. But the minute local knowledge of our commander in chief, his extensive information in regard to the manners, habits, and occupations of the persons with whom he had to deal, his own acute observation and discriminating judgment, united to an intimate acquaintance with the characters of individuals, gave him in this respect peculiar advantages, which he never failed to improve. A fund, liberal, considering the parsimony and extreme poverty of our government at that

time, was furnished by congress, expressly to be employed in secret services of this nature, and Washington was never sparing of his own purse when occasion demanded additional supplies. Hence he was enabled to maintain great numbers of secret agents, who were often at work unsuspected in the very heart of the British army, transmitting regular and authentic intelligence of its minutest operations; while his most confidential officers were profoundly ignorant of the means and sources of his information, and frequently received themselves that, on which they were directed to rely, without knowing the quarter whence it came. We do not state this without authority. We have it through a channel, which ought not to be doubted, that, at a time when General Heath was left by Washington in command, he was directed to make daily search in the hollow of a certain tree for despatches from the enemy's camp; and the search was seldom fruitless, though the general professed himself entirely unsuspicious of the person or persons by whom he was thus supplied. Many similar facts are probably known to officers now living; and although others, who stood high in the service, should not possess the same kind of information, this is a species of negative evidence, which can weigh little in the scale. That services of this sort should have been performed by persons commonly reputed to be disaffected to the American cause, and even by those who lived ostensibly in British pay, is a thing not only extremely probable in itself, but likewise a fact capable of being established by living testimony. Indeed we have, within these few days, held direct communication with a man then in this city, who, having first suffered his name to be stricken off the rolls of his regiment for desertion, entered into the service of sir Henry Clinton, as a private, and sir Henry thought confidential agent, while he was, in truth, a spy upon the movements of that officer, and constantly conveyed all his valuable information to the commander of the American armies, in conformity with the understanding that subsisted between them; and this was a man of sufficient respectability ro receive a captain's commission for his services.* It may well, however, be a matter of doubt, whether

* This man had a secret pass from Washington, to be used in case of emergency. He was accustomed to carry his despatches rolled up, in shape and size like a bullet, that they might be swallowed, if necessary. Once, when employed by sir Henry, as the bearer of a despatch to sir Guy Carleton in Canada, he met a brother tory, charged with despatches, *vice versâ*, from sir

General Washington himself ever submitted to a personal disguise for the purpose of obtaining this kind of information, either directly or indirectly; and, until we see undoubted evidence of the fact, we shall not hesitate to deny it. The whole character of Washington is against it. His station, his trust, than which none could be higher, are against it. The opinion of those most intimate with him, by their official relations, is entirely against it. Nay, it was almost physically impossible. His remarkable stature and physiognomy, his lofty carriage, the unbending dignity of his whole demeanor, and, above all, the notoriety of his person making detection almost certain, rendered him the most unfit of all men to practise such a deception. We are compelled to believe, therefore, that our author has deviated from historical accuracy, in a point where he should most scrupulously have adhered to it. When such a personage as Washington is made to move in the scenes of fiction, so recently too after the termination of his conspicuous career, he should appear, if he would appear safely, only as his countrymen have known and must ever remember him, at the head of armies, or in the dignity of state. Our imagination will hardly consent to follow him through the mere common courtesies, or grosser familiarities of life; and where our author attempts so to represent him, he undertakes a task, under which greater and more practised abilities would sink. In his own words, 'it was rash—it was unkind—it was a sad, sad mistake.' Reminding him, therefore of the old rule, '*sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam viribus*,' we will proceed to business.

The scene opens abruptly, in the year 1780, with a solitary traveller, muffled in his cloak, and mounted on a warlike steed, who is seen by the startled dames and peasants of West Chester riding through one of its valleys, towards the edge of an October evening, in quest of shelter from the approaching storm. After being dismissed from the door of a miserable hovel, the residence of Harvey Birch, by a sharp-voiced,

Guy. These he contrived to get into his possession, by pretending that he himself was then on his way to sir Henry, and immediately carried the two to Washington. 'This,' said he, 'was the only time I ever saw his excellency smile,' although he often had private interviews with him. He went to see General Washington the day before he resigned the presidency, and the general, not unmindful of former services, then presented him with a hundred dollars.

meagre-visaged female, who informs him through the crack of the door, that she is 'only a forlorn, lone body, and does not much like to give lodgings to strangers in these ticklish times,' he proceeds through the driving rain to a house in the neighborhood with something more of elegance about it, and we are forthwith introduced to the family of the Whartons. After the first and second set of 'complimentary greetings' are happily over, Mr Wharton, 'who by his manner, dress, and every thing around him showed he had seen much of life and of the best society, hands a glass of excellent Madeira to his guest, inquiring with a *formal bow*, to whose health have I the honor of drinking?' The traveller, who sat unconsciously *gazing on the fire*, 'turning his eyes slowly on his host, with a look of close observation, replied, *bowing in his turn*, while a faint tinge gathered on his pale features, Mr Harper. Mr Harper, resumed the other, with the formal precision of the day, I have the honor to drink your health, and hope you will sustain no injury from the rain, to which you have been exposed. Mr Harper *bowed* in silence to the compliment, and soon resumed the *meditations*, from which he appeared to have been interrupted.' We are thus particular in noticing this highly complimentary scene, because it is the first instance of a fault very frequent with our author, and here the more unfortunate, as occurring so early, and so hard upon the heels of an extremely spirited introduction. We mean the great stiffness and inelegance, relieved by a little vulgarity, of his high life. This is rather a serious charge, and as we have no opinion of sweeping remarks, we shall proceed to establish it by, we trust, well supported illustration. The almost insuperable difficulty of representing Washington, *en famille*, we have already noticed; but that Harper is Washington the reader has as yet no ground to suspect; he comes to us a stranger, whom we look upon without 'fear, favor, or affection,' and expect merely that he will conduct himself like any other gentleman of graceful and dignified deportment, under similar circumstances. But, contrary to all this, the moment Mr Harper appears, wrapped in his cloak and mounted on his stately courser, we are tacitly informed that a prodigiously great man is getting under weigh. While he continues muffled, and in the saddle, he supports this character tolerably well; but no sooner do we meet him in the parlor, with the other high-bred gentlemen and ladies, than we perceive at once the author has got more dignity upon

his hands than he knows how to manage; and accordingly it is starched up with stiff bows, awkward courtesies, and glum looks. All reasonable allowance doubtless should be made for a laudable attempt to exhibit 'the formal precision of the day;' but really there is so little in the above scene said, or done very different from similar 'complimentary greetings' in modern days, that it is hardly more worthy of notice than 'the extra handkerchief' and 'blue surtout,' of which we are told, with great solemnity, Mr Harper had disrobed himself on his entrance.

Nor are we altogether satisfied with the easy abstraction in which Mr Harper settles himself down to contemplate the fire, and commune with his own meditations, when he ought to have been making his intrusion as little disagreeble as possible to the good people he had disturbed. These certainly were not the manners of Washington! There is something however really ludicrous about the mock dignity with which this Mr Harper constantly makes a low bow, and says nothing 'for fear of committing himself,' and the formality with which we are told, this common place remark he made '*with his usual gravity*' p. 8. that, '*crossing his leg with steady composure*,' p. 9. &c. This holds with regard to Harper throughout; and is in a greater or less degree applicable to all our author's heroes when they leave off action, and begin to talk; because he thinks it necessary to stiffen their backs with an extra share of dignity and military etiquette. Thus Dunwoodie, 'the elegant and graceful Peyton Dunwoodie,' who is designed for a model of high breeding, after a pretty little love scene with Frances, full of touches of nature and true feeling, as soon as he comes to an interview with Henry, his prisoner, draws himself up like an old drill sergeant in a muster of raw recruits. That there should be a little awkwardness at first, between the captor and the captured, under such circumstances, is natural enough; but there is no earthly reason why two warm hearted young men, who had spent their days of childhood in sweet communion together, who had grown up in habits of the strictest intimacy, who loved each other like brothers, and were in fact in a fair way to become so, should *sir* and *major* each other up, (when it was usually simple Peyton and Henry,) in a family conversation, as if they were upon parade, merely because duty required the one to examine into the motives and circumstances of his friend's disguise, while the other well knew that he

was under no sort of obligation to answer the inquiries, though very properly made. We had noticed several instances of the recurrence of this fault in the character of Dunwoodie, but our limits oblige us to omit them.

We have also said there is an occasional dash of vulgarity and grossness, among those who are introduced to us as men of a very different stamp. Lawton, for instance, who with something of Bothwell, and a smack of Dalghetty, rising but a single degree above either, is one of the best drawn characters in the book, a fearless trooper, who eats, drinks, and fights *con amore*, by some strange mistake comes in with the pretensions of 'a gentleman,' and is seriously spoken of by the author as such, pp. 70. 245 ; yet one of the first things he does when he gets into a gentleman's house, (its inmates utter strangers to him,) and is asked when Major Dunwoodie may be expected, is to fix his eyes upon Frances, and '*look droll*' at Mr Wharton. And when he and his officers, 'all of them men who under the rough exterior of actual and arduous service *concealed the manners of the highest classes of society*,' p. 72, are seated at the breakfast table, they not only eat with a most inelegant voracity all that is set before them, but seem to amuse themselves—very genteelly—with endeavoring to disconcert their timid host, by shrewd questions, sharp looks, significant smiles, and '*dry*' remarks, together with sundry threats of making his neighbor Birch dangle before his door 'from one of the limbs of his own namesakes.' p. 71—4. All we have to say to these finished gentlemen is, that they certainly succeed admirably in *concealing* 'the manners of the highest classes of society'—according to our poor notion of what those manners may be. It may really be worth our author's while, to contrast these high bred officers of his, seated around Mr Wharton's breakfast table, with Evandale, Claverhouse, and even sergeant Bothwell, at a *dejeuné* in the castle of Tillietudlem.—We will not fatigue our readers with multiplying examples of this kind, which lie scattered throughout the book. We cannot, however, but refer to the dining scene, towards the end of the first volume.

The scene in which the pedlar, after young Wharton's arrival, is ushered into the parlor, with all his vendibles, and the conversation which follows, are admirable. The gradual development of character—the cunning of the pedlar—his avarice, assumed to mask his real purposes—his affected indifference on political subjects—the skill and caution

with which he eludes the inquiries put to him—the effect on the purchases of the young ladies, who were of opposite parties in politics, as they draw different conclusions from his guarded answers—the eagerness with which young Wharton thrusts his head from behind the curtain, when he hears of Sumpter's defeat, and asks for more news, and the confusion with which he slinks back again when the pedlar, like a true yankee, replies by *asking* with peculiar emphasis, whether he had heard that André was hung;—the emotion of the father, who from beginning with an attempt to mend a broken tea-cup, ends with crushing the pieces of china in his hand—the boldness which he musters up at last to inquire whether they are like to be disturbed by the enemy—his dismay on being answered by the inquiry who do you call the enemy?—the quietude of Harper, sitting as if he were a disinterested auditor, throughout the whole—and the exquisite humor of the negro, 'the old family house servant, who, born and reared in the dwelling of his master, identified himself with those whom it was his lot to serve,' a character which we have never before seen truly depicted,—make it altogether a rich display of comic power, which we should certainly present to our readers at length, had we not yet better matter in store for them.

The battle scene, the escape, flight, and recapture of Henry Wharton—the chase of the pedlar-spy, and the overthrow of Lawton, are all described with great animation and spirit. We have no fault to find with either of them, except that the battle is planned with a little too much of military precision, and drawn too much into detail in the execution.

The next important scene we could not refuse our readers the pleasure of perusing, for the great variety of excellence it contains, but that we could not do it justice without a larger extract than our limits allow. We certainly esteem it the best in the first volume, and one which will redeem many subjects of censure.—In the hut of the mysterious pedlar lived an aged and infirm father, his sole surviving relative, and Katy Haines, his housekeeper, the same who introduced herself to the reader in the first chapter by repelling the applications of Harper for admittance in so uncourteous a way. The old man was lying at the point of death, and Cæsar had been despatched by his mistress to the hut with some restoratives which proved of little avail.

The curiosity of the spinster and the negro is excited to as-

certain whether the dying man had made 'his last will in the testament,' for which purpose they enter upon a laborious investigation of the record of births, deaths, &c., in the first page of the old family bible; but when they had spelt their way to the record of some awful visitation of providence, a deep groan from the apartment of the sick fairly frightens them into closing the volume. In the next instant they are startled by the entrance of the pedlar himself, who had come to receive the dying benediction of his parent; and this is interrupted by the arrival of the skinners, (outlaws of the time,) who, after extorting from Birch his hidden treasures, on the promise that he should then be allowed to go to his father, are on the point of violating their faith by seizing his person, when the old man, looking like a newly risen corpse, totters into the room, and puts them to the rout with the full persuasion that they had seen a ghost, or according to the African Dutch of Cæsar, 'a spookie.'—Every part of it is admirably wrought.

So far every thing has gone on swimmingly. The machinery of the plot is in excellent train. All the parties who are, or ought to be, interested in each other, by a series of natural, and for the most part striking incidents, have been brought under the same roof. The love seems to be working well;—the mystery that hangs over the pedlar thickens at every step;—and the fate of Henry Wharton is a strong concentrating point of growing interest, to which we look forward with doubt and anxiety. The characters, various and spirited in conception, have been well sustained;—we have had little superfluity; no unnecessary make-weights; no more of the insipid than was just necessary for nature's dead-coloring;—no boarding school sentimentality; no out-heroding of Herod; nothing absolutely shocking to the taste or revolting to the feelings. In this prosperous state of things, borne on with swelling sails 'in the full tide of successful experiment,' our author, with that unaccountable perversity with which young men will sometimes indulge a whim—a freak—a folly—against all sober judgment, does not merely stop short in his bright career, and fall into a profound slumber—we could forgive him that—does not move on more drowsily, or meander a little in his path from ignorance of the way, or a slight bewilderment of his senses—we could forgive that too—but suddenly, with his eyes open, and without any manner of provocation, wheels off at a right angle, and

walks entirely out of a plain road, to bring in for no conceivable purpose but to create confusion, the least agreeable of all disagreeable 'bundles of sensibilities' we ever remember to have met with in print—or out of it. However 'a wilfu' man maun have his way;' and accordingly he ushers in Miss Isabella Singleton, in a one horse chaise, with a dragoon escort and blackey to drive. This is brought about by causing her brother to be dangerously wounded, and carried to Mr Wharton's house; in consequence of which the sister is sent for by Dunwoodie, after a little struggle with his own delicacy, because she was so unhappy as to have fallen in love with him, while on the other hand neither he nor any other mortal living, could possibly feel the like passion for her. The young lady is chiefly remarkable for an eye 'large, full, black, piercing, and at times a *little wild*,' together with great versatility of countenance, which she displays on every promising occasion. For instance, as soon as she learns that her brother is *out* of danger, 'she clasps her hands with energy,' 'rolls up her dark eyes to heaven, 'a slight flush beams on her features,' and 'she gives vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.' Frances is seized with a sort of sympathy; she first contemplates her with a kind of 'uneasy admiration!' She then 'springs to her side with the ardor of a sister,' and 'kindly drawing her arm in her own, leads the way to a retired room, where they can cry it out. 'Miss Peyton followed the youthful pair with only a smile of complacency. The feeling was communicated to all the spectators, and'—what think you did they?—why, like sensible people,—'they dispersed in pursuit of their usual avocations!'—We shall follow their example, taking no farther notice of the sensitive Isabella, than that she continues to exhibit a very changeable countenance, and a great variety of emotion; contrives to excite the jealousy of Frances; occasions a temporary dismissal of Dunwoodie; and performs many other unheard of achievements, until one day a lucky bullet, which was designed for Lawton, makes a very indelicate entrance into the bosom of Miss Singleton, and so she dies as ridiculously as she had lived, happily ridding the author and the reader of a very disagreeable impediment to the progress of the story.

The funeral of the elder Birch is a solemn, well conducted scene; and the land speculator of the times who had contrived to cheat the pedlar in a bargain for the house, which now that his father was dead he was about to leave forever; the

parting between Harvey and Katy, which was beginning to grow so tender on the side of the latter, when it is interrupted by the arrival of the Skinners; their capture of the pedlar, and burning of his house after it had become the property of the speculator; the description of the quarters of the dragoons at the 'Hotel Flanagan,' together with Betty Flanagan herself; the examination, imprisonment, and miraculous escape of the pedlar-spy, and more than all, the military theology of sergeant Hollister, where he humanely counsels his captive to make his thoughts ready to pass muster at the last review, are all well conceived and happily executed.

But we must give our readers a taste of Mrs Flanagan and the sergeant, at a time when they were proceeding, in obedience to a mysterious warning from the pedlar, to carry succor to Lawton, who was supposed to be in some imminent peril.

'"As it is quite uncertain whether we shall be attacked in front or rear," said Hollister, "five of you shall march in advance, and the remainder shall cover our retreat towards the barrack, should we be pressed. 'Tis an awful moment to a man of little learning, Elizabeth, to command in such a service; for my part, I wish devoutly that one of the the officers was here, but my trust is in the Lord."

'"Pooh! man, away wid yee," said the washerwoman, who had got herself comfortably seated, "the divil a bit of an inimy is there near—march on hurry-skurry, and lit the mare trot, or it's but little that Captain Jack will thank yee for the help."

'"Although unlearned in matters of communicating with spirits, or laying the dead, Mrs Flanagan," said the veteran, "I have not served through the old war, and five years in this, not to know how to guard the baggage. Doesn't Washington always cover the baggage? I am not to be told my duty by a camp follower. Fall in as you are ordered, and dress."

'"Well, march any way," cried the impatient washerwoman; "the black is there already, and it's tardy the captain will think yee."

'"Are you sure that it was really a black man that brought the order?" said the sergeant, dropping in between the platoons, where he could converse with Betty, and was equally at hand to lead either way.

'"Nay, said the washerwoman, "and I'm sure of nothing, dear. But why dont the boys prick their horses, and jog a trot; the mare is mighty uneasy, and it's no warm in this cursed valley, riding as much like a funeral party as old rags is to continental."

'"Fairly and softly, aye, and prudently, Mrs Flanagan," said the veteran; "it's not rashness that makes the good officer. If it is a spirit that we have to encounter, it's more than likely that he'll make his attack by surprise;—horses are not very powerful in the dark, and I have a character to lose, good woman."

"Caractur!" echoed Betty, "and is'nt it caractur and life too, that Captain Jack has to lose?"

'"Halt!" cried the sergeant; "what is that lurking near the foot of the rock, on the left?"

'"Sure it's nothing," said the uneasy washerwoman, "unless it be the matter of Captain Jack's sowl that's come to haunt yee, for not being brisker on the march."

'"Betty, 'tis foolishness to talk in such a way. Advance one of you and reconnoitre the spot—draw swords!—rear rank close to the front!"

'"Pshaw!" shouted Betty, "is it a big fool or a big coward that yee are?—jist wheel from the road, boys, and I'll shove the mare down upon it in the twinkling of an eye—and it's no ghost that I fear."

By this time, one of the men had returned, and declared there was nothing to prevent their advancing, and the party continued their march, but with great deliberation and caution.

'"Courage and prudence are the jewels of a soldier, Mrs Flanagan," said the sergeant; "and without one, the other may be said to be good for nothing."

'"Prudence without courage," cried the other, "is it *that*, you mane?—and it's so that I'm thinking myself, sargeant. This baste pulls tight on the reins, any way."

'"Be patient, good woman—hark! what is that?" said Hollister, pricking up his ears at the report of Wellmere's pistol; "i'll swear 'tis a pistol, and one from our regiment.—Hark! rear rank close to the front!—Mrs. Flanagan, I must leave you." So saying, having recovered all his faculties, by hearing a martial sound that he understood, he placed himself at the head of his men with an air of military pride, that the darkness prevented the washerwoman from beholding. A volley of musketry now rattled in the night wind, and the sergeant exclaimed—

'"March—quick time!"

The next instant the trampling of a horse was heard coming up the road, at a rate that announced a matter of life or death, and Hollister again halted his party, and rode a short distance in front himself to meet the rider.

'"Stand!—who goes there?" shouted Hollister, in the full tones of manly resolution

'"Ha! Hollister, is it you?" cried Lawton, "ever ready and at your post; but where is the guard?"

'"At hand, sir, and ready to follow you through thick and thin," said the veteran, relieved at once from his responsibility, and now eager to be led against his enemy.

'"'Tis well," said the trooper, riding up to his men; and speaking a few words of encouragement, he led them down the valley at a rate but little less rapid than his approach. The miserable horse of the sutler was soon distanced, and Betty thus thrown out in the chase, turned to the side of the road, and observed—

'"There—it's no difficulty to tell that Captain Jack is wid'em any way; and it's the funeral that's soon over now; and away they go like so many nagur boys at a husking-frolick;—well, I'll jist hitch the mare to this bit of a fence, and a walk down and see the sport, afoot—it's no rasonable to expose the baste to be hurted."

The burning of the old mansion, with the rescue of Frances by Lawton, and of Sarah in a state of insanity by the pedlar, are told with some interest. But the moving ball of black which alarms Hollister in his midnight watch over the smoking ruins, and which turns out to be the royal chaplain in his robes, skulking about for fear of the Indians, is a poor conceit enough.

The trial of Captain Wharton, though detailed with rather too much form, and paying but a poor compliment to the acuteness of the learned judges in the art of cross-examination, is yet upon the whole well done; and there is not a little of real pathos in the wild supplications of Frances, and the violent emotions of Col. Singleton, when the recent death of his daughter is suggested to him by the agonized girl. It is the only atonement made for the Singleton episode in the whole book.

Wharton's escape is a very clumsy contrivance. To suppose that vigilant sentinels in broad day, should mistake a man in a black mask for a real negro, is making rather a larger draught upon our faith, than we can answer in this part of the country. The chase, however, is a scene of breathless interest, excellently well told. But we cannot sufficiently admire at the idle stage-effect of making Wharton and the pedlar exhibit themselves upon the cliff they had gained, to their baffled pursuers, merely because the *horses* of the latter could not climb the precipice. We regret that our limits will not allow us to extract the whole of this scene, which, with the exceptions above mentioned is extremely good. We will not refuse them, however, the following energetic and eloquent

passage. It is just before the escape of the prisoner is discovered. Wharton, in the guise of Cæsar, is riding behind the supposed clergyman, (Harvey Birch) who turns his head occasionally under pretence of giving ghostly counsel to his humble follower, but in reality to watch the first indications of discovery and pursuit.

'Do you see any thing in particular?' asks Wharton.

'"Humph!" ejaculated the pedlar; "there is something particular indeed, to be seen behind the thicket on our left—turn your head a little, and you may see and profit by it too."

Henry eagerly seized this permission to look aside, and the blood curdled to his heart as he observed that they were passing a gallows that unquestionably had been erected for his own execution:—he turned his face from the sight in undisguised horror.

'"There is a warning to be prudent in that bit of wood," said the pedlar, in the sententious manner that he often adopted.

'"It is a terrific sight, indeed!" cried Henry, for a moment veiling his eyes with his hand, as if to drive a vision from before him.

'The pedlar moved his body partly around, and spoke with energetic but gloomy bitterness—"and yet, Captain Wharton, you see it where the setting sun shines full upon you; the air you breathe is clear, and fresh from the hills before you. Every step that you take, leaves that hated gallows behind, and every dark hollow, and every shapeless rock in the mountains, offers you a hiding place from the vengeance of your enemies. But I have seen the gibbet raised, when no place of refuge offered. Twice have I been buried in dungeons, where, fettered and in chains, I have passed nights in torture, looking forward to the morning's dawn that was to light me to a death of infamy. The sweat has started from limbs that seemed already drained of their moisture, and if I ventured to the hole that admitted air though grates of iron, to look out upon the smiles of nature, which God has bestowed for the meanest of his creatures, the gibbet has glared before my eyes like an evil conscience, harrowing the soul of a dying man. Four times have I been in their power, besides this last; but—twice—twice—did I think that my hour had come. It is hard to die at the best, Captain Wharton; but to spend your last moments alone and unpitied, to know that none near you so much as think of the fate that is to you the closing of all that is earthly; to think, that in a few hours, you are to be led from the gloom, which, as you dwell on what follows, becomes dear to you, to the face of day, and there to meet all eyes upon you, as if you were a wild beast; and to lose sight of every

thing amidst the jeers and scoffs of your fellow-creatures—That, Captain Wharton, that indeed is to die.'

Soon after this comes a digression little less obnoxious than that which made us acquainted with the remarkable life, sufferings, and death of Isabella Singleton. We refer to the strange expedition of Frances Wharton, alone in a dark night through the midst of soldiers and villains, to the mysterious hut on the mountain, upon the vague notion of finding the pedlar, who might direct her to Harper, who she supposed would influence Washington to save the life of her brother who had already escaped, but who, to be sure, might possibly be recaptured, and then if he ever should come to the gallows, it would be highly convenient to have a pardon on hand.

The part which Harper, that is, Washington himself, is here made to play—holding secret and familiar communications with one of his meanest agents in such a spot, skulking upon the approach of Wharton into a recess of the rock—and finally emerging, after his departure, to inform Frances, that *if* she can but detain the cavalry two hours, her brother will be safe, and after giving her a long solemn blessing, concluding with 'any of these sheep-paths will take you to the place,' is far worse than the dull dignity with which he was stigmatized in the early scenes. The only real object seems to have been to furnish a pretext for the hasty marriage of Frances to Dunwoodie—a loss of time, by the way, which was rather inconsistent with the fiery zeal of the hero to pursue and overtake his fugitive friend.

There is one following scene of greater power, perhaps, than any our author has produced. It reminds us strongly, from the feeling of unmixed horror it excites, of the drowning of Morris in Rob Roy, although we do not mean to compare them in point of style.

——'On the brow of the eminence stood a deserted and dilapidated building, that had been a barn. Many of the boards that had formed its covering were torn from their places, and its wide doors were lying the one in front of the building and the other half way down the precipice, whither the wind had cast it. Entering this desolate spot, the refugee officer very coolly took from his pocket a short pipe, whose color might once have been white, but which now, from long use, had acquired not only the hue but the gloss of ebony, a tobacco-box, and a small roll of leather that con-

tained steel, flint, and tinder. With this apparatus, he soon furnished his mouth with a companion, that habit had long rendered necessary to extraordinary reflection in its owner. So soon as a large column of smoke arose from this arrangement, the captain significantly held forth his hand towards his assistant. A small cord was produced from the pocket of the sergeant, and handed to the other. Now, indeed, appeared a moment of deep care in the refugee, who threw out vast puffs of smoke until nearly all of his head was obscured, and looked around the building with an anxious and inquisitive eye. At length he removed the pipe, and inhaling a draught of pure air, returned *it* to its *domicile*, and proceeded to business at once. There was a heavy piece of timber laid across the girths of the barn, but a little way from the southern door, which opened directly upon a full view of the river, as it stretched far away towards the bay of New York. Over this timber the refugee threw one end of the rope, and, regaining it, joined the two parts in his hand. A small and weak barrel that wanted a head, the staves of which were loose and at one end standing apart, was left on the floor, probably as useless to the owner. This was brought by the sergeant in obedience to a look from his officer, and placed beneath the beam. All of these arrangements were made with immoveable composure, and now seemed completed to the officer's perfect satisfaction.

'"Come," he said coolly to the skinner, who, amazed with the preparations, had stood both a close and silent spectator of their progress. He obeyed—and it was not until he found his neck-cloth removed, and hat thrown aside, that he took the alarm. But he had so often resorted to a similar expedient to extort information or plunder, that he by no means felt the terror an unpractised man would have suffered, at these ominous movements. The rope was adjusted to his neck with the same coolness, that formed the characteristic of the whole movement, and a fragment of board being laid upon the barrel, he was ordered to mount it.

'"But it may fall," said the skinner, for the first time beginning to tremble. "I will tell you any thing—even how to surprise our party at the Pond, without this trouble; and that is commanded by my own brother."

'"I want no information," returned his executioner, (for such he now seemed really to be,) as he threw the rope repeatedly over the beam, first drawing it tight, so as to annoy the skinner a little, and then casting the end from him, far beyond the reach of any one.

'"This is joking too far," cried the skinner, in a tone of remonstrance, and raising himself on his toes, with the vain hope of releasing himself from the cord by slipping his head through the

noose. But the caution and experience of the refugee had guarded against this escape.

'"What did you with the horse you stole from me, rascal?" he cried, throwing out extraordinary columns of smoke, as he waited for a reply.

'"He broke down in the chase," replied the skinner quickly; "but I can tell you where one is to be found, that is worth him and his sire."

'"Liar! I will help meself when I want one—but you had better call upon God for aid, as your hour is short." On concluding this consoling advice, he struck the barrel a violent blow with his heavy foot, and the slender staves flew in every direction, leaving the skinner whirling in the air. As his hands were unconfined, he threw them upwards, and held himself suspended by main strength.

'"Come, captain," he said coaxingly, a little huskiness creeping into his voice, and his knees beginning to shake with a slight tremor, "just end the joke—'tis enough to make a laugh, and my arms begin to tire—indeed I can't hold on much longer."

'"Harkee, Mr Pedlar," said the refugee, in a voice that would not be denied, "I want not your company. Through that door lies your road—march!—offer to touch that dog, and you'll swing in his place, if twenty sir Henrys wanted your services." So saying, he retired to the road with the sergeant, as the pedlar precipitately retreated down the bank.

'Birch went no farther than a bush that opportunely offered itself as a skreen to conceal his person, while he yielded to an unconquerable desire to witness what would be the termination of this extraordinary scene.

'Left thus alone, the skinner began to throw fearful glances around, to espy the hiding places of his tormentors. For the first time, the horrid idea seemed to shoot through his brain, that something serious was intended by the Cow-Boy. He called entreatingly to be released, and made rapid and incoherent promises of important information, mingled with affected pleasantry at their conceit, which he could hardly admit to himself could mean any thing so dreadful as it seemed. But as he heard the tread of the horses moving on their course, and in vain looked around for human aid, violent tremblings seized his limbs, and his eyes began to start from his head with terror. He made a desperate effort to reach the beam, but too much exhausted with his previous exertions, he caught the rope in his teeth, in a vain effort to sever the cord, and fell to the whole length of his arms. Here his cries were turned into shrieks—

'"Help—cut the rope—Captain!—Birch!—good pedlar—down with the Congress!—sergeant!—for God's sake help—Hurrah for the king!—O God! O God! mercy—mercy—mercy—"

'As his voice became suppressed, one of his hands endeavored to make its way between the rope and his neck, and partially succeeded, but the other fell quivering by his side. A convulsive shuddering passed over his whole frame, and he hung a hideous, livid corse.

'Birch continued gazing on this scene with a kind of infatuation, and at its close he placed his hands to his ears, rushing towards the highway; but still the cries for mercy rung through his brain, and it was many weeks before his memory ceased to dwell on the horrid event. The Cow-Boys rode steadily on their route, as if nothing had occurred, and the body was left swinging in the wind, until chance directed the footsteps of some straggler to the place.'

Such is our hasty epitome of the Spy;—a work, which, with numerous and great blemishes, has yet redeeming merits to give it a respectable station in the ranks of historical romance. We have no fondness for indiscriminate censure or praise; and we humbly trust, we shall never award that palm, which we should withhold from a foreign production, to the work of an American, merely because it is such. There is no compliment, in that unmeaning adulation, which has styled the author of the Spy the Scott of America; nor do we think public sentiment, in this part of the country, will bear out a pretension so extravagant. At any rate, for ourselves, we do not hesitate to say, that although uncommon powers are here exhibited, from which we have a right to augur yet better things, we have discerned nothing in this production which draws the writer a step nearer to the author of the Waverley novels, than it does to Shakspeare himself. His faults, however, are in general those of inexperience, and we fear we must add haste. Nothing but unpardonable haste can account for that sad huddling into confusion, towards the end, of a plot so well laid in the outset. And if we look more into detail, we find not unfrequent such gross negligences as making locks which were *black* in one place, p. 14; *auburn* in another, p. 65.; speaking of a house as lowering from the '*light of day*,' p. 229, when it was just fired because the night was '*too dark to move in*,' p. 226; or causing a gentleman to establish a cigar-*box*, instead of a cigar, in the corner of his mouth, 'without the slightest interruption to discourse,' p. 208; while loose and inelegant expressions, and even sentences of ungrammatical construction, are more frequent than they could have been with the ordinary care of

an ordinary writer. We hope these indications of haste do not proceed from the pitiful ambition of feeding the compositor with sheets, on which the ink is scarce dry. That may answer for the veteran of established reputation—at least 'for the nonce;' but it is the last point in which we desire to trace a resemblance between our young writers and the author of Waverley.

The particular talent of our author seems to lie in describing action and hitting off the humors of low life. Wherever there is something to be done, he sets about doing it with his whole soul; the reader's attention is chained to the event; every other interest is absorbed in the deed, which is exhibited with a boldness of outline and vividness of coloring, proportioned to its importance in itself, or in its results. The flight, the hot pursuit, the charge, the victory, pass before you with the rapidity, and the distinctness too, of the forked lightning which plays in the summer cloud; and the reader, not less than the writer, is irresistibly borne on by the subject. On the other hand is character to be developed, where character is most strongly marked, not in the heroes and the heroines, but the scene-shifters of life, the vulgar bustling beings, who perform its ordinary functions, who make the strong shadow and the sharp light, which education and refinement soften away, we are brought to hear a spirited dialogue, replete with comic humor, rich with the direct language of untutored men, which displays clearly the moral peculiarities of the speakers, and proves the writer to possess, and to have employed, the talent of observing others, and of subtracting useful or striking traits from the real characters of life.—These are high gifts—the highest in the writer of fiction of a secondary rank. They are also (in a far more exalted degree, however, than with our author) the characteristics of the great Scottish antiquary; but then to these are added in him other qualities of extraordinary perfection, which our author either does not possess, or possesses in a far humbler degree.

The author of the Spy has not shown himself to be pre-eminently endowed with the power of moving the softer affections. That mysterious touch, which can open the secret sources of passion, and dissolve the heart in tears, and without which the highest order of excellence in fictitious composition cannot be attained, we do not say that he has not the mastery

of, but he has not yet proved to us that he has. The close of the trial scene, the pedlar's short description of the terrors of a lonely and ignominious death, which we have quoted above, and one of the early interviews between Frances and Dunwoodie, are the only instances which occur to us, in which he has exhibited much pathos; and these are not of the first rate. Neither has our author betrayed that exquisite sensibility to the beauties of nature, which so commonly belongs to the poetic mind. There is a vast field of novelty open in our country, for this species of descriptive writing. Our author has not neglected to enter upon it;—but though his descriptions of natural scenery contain nothing that is not American, and are in fact good, yet they exhibit only the most obvious peculiarities of nature in this western world, with not a mark of that deep moral feeling, which weds the soul to beauty wherever it exists, and breathes its own freshness and fragrance over all that it creates. A delicate and discriminating taste, the result only of high cultivation, does not seem to be among the characteristics of this writer, and we trust he may not think it beneath him, to devote himself to the refinement of a power, which diffuses such an inexpressible charm over the productions of genius, and without which the invention, which can feed the appetite with perpetual novelty, and the imagination which can electrify the mind, may disgust as often as they please. It is true we are seldom shocked by gross violations of this principle, except in the mistaken view of the refinements of artificial and polished life, which have been already noticed; but harmony and smoothness are wanting throughout the whole. Of this we cannot be expected to give an illustration, unless the reader should find one in the citations already made; but as an instance of particularly bad taste we would specify, amongst many that might be adduced, the description of the highway, which 'ran boldly to the base of a barrier that would frighten a spirit less adventurous, and regardless of danger and difficulties kept its undeviating way until the summit was gained, when, rioting for a moment in victory, it as daringly plunged into the opposite vale, and resumed its meandering and sloth.' This was doubtless meant for fine description;—but the personification of a turnpike is about as violent an appeal to the imagination as can well be made. The inventive faculty, that, which if it be not genius is at least its chief characteristic, we cannot but think our author

possesses in an eminent degree; and we have rather to complain of that want of good taste, which has crowded so much of violent action into so small a space, than of paucity of incident, or monotony of style. At the same time that we cannot but remark again upon that gross negligence, which has produced the effect of poverty; as, for instance, two miraculous escapes of the pedlar, effected in precisely the same way; two burnings, that of the pedlar's hut, and that of the Wharton mansion, closely succeeding each other; and the horror of encountering the gallows erected for his execution, first inflicted upon Wharton himself, and then upon Frances.

One capital defect, which remains to be considered, is that excessive minuteness which leaves nothing for the imagination to supply. The enumeration of little unimportant facts —mere necessary consequences—and full length descriptions of the exact tone, look, and gesture, with which something, or nothing, is uttered, the precise graduation of this or that emotion, and nice calculations upon the quantum of scorn or of smile exhibited on every trifling occasion, are prodigious *weakeners* of style, and when once noticed by the reader, produce a ludicrous effect. Upon such a point a single illustration is worth a volume of commentary, and the following specimen presents itself literally at a single glance. It is from a short conversation (not so witty by the way as the author intended) between Capt. Lawton and Mason, his lieutenant, p. 134, 135. 'The thought makes my head ache, replied the other, *shrugging up his shoulders.*'—'I have much reason to be obliged to the captain, said Mason, *drily.*'—'I'll not feign anger with you, returned the captain, *good humoredly.*'—'I believe both of us will be spared &c. observed Mason, *kindly.* 'From my soul I hope so, exclaimed Lawton, *fervently.*'—'I thought they were going the wrong way, answered the subaltern, *drily.*' —'It was either your fall &c. returned the *waggish* subaltern, *gravely.*'—'Ay, but he managed &c. continued Mason, *coolly.*' 'You slept through it all, said Mason, *laconically.*'—'Yes, returned the other *with a sigh.*'—Yes, yes, said the captain, *quickly,*'—and so on to the end of *all* the chapters. A species of characterising, that reminds one of the dauber in Don Quixote, who wrote under his portrait, *this is a cock*!—Epithets and adverbs are the wretched expedients of a lame artist, who knows not how to do that which, to say the truth,

our author does full well—make his characters speak for themselves, and exhibit their qualities by word and deed. His portraits are spirited and for the most part, we doubt not, striking likenesses. Cæsar, in particular, whom we are unromantic enough to esteem the true hero of the piece, and who is certainly a pattern for all 'people of color,' is not only a real African, but if any of our readers doubt it, we can point out the very person who sat for the picture. Sergeant Hollister, overflowing with piety and valor, is a man whom we are all well acquainted with. The calculating Katy Haines we meet every day of our lives;—and the speculator upon the land and the misfortunes of others we may not look far to recognize. These are all original sketchings, done with a masterly hand, and serve strongly to illustrate the remarks which we made in the beginning of our article, upon the wide scope, which our country affords for the exercise of this kind of talent.* Betty Flanagan, though neither native nor new, is hardly inferior to either of the others; and Lawton, if he would not insist upon setting himself up for a finished gentleman, and were a little less ambitious of being thought a commical fellow withal, would be a trooper after our own hearts. Even Dunwoodie, though by no means the man our author took him to be, is precisely such a vaporish hero as we have seen strutting in regimentals many a day; and his mistress, who loves him far better than he deserves, keeping the courtship a little too much on her own side, is, or at least was, before she caught the Singleton infection, a pretty little miniature of an enthusiastic, warmhearted heroine. Of the insignificants, old Wharton and Miss Peyton are excellent pictures, true to the life; and we think we may add Sarah to the list, before she goes mad; after that calamity, though she sets out in her new character well enough, she carries the joke a little too far. And this reminds us of Dr Sitgreaves, whom it is a wonder we had not thought of before. The surgeon of the horse has many excellent points of humor about him. The

* When those remarks were prepared for the press, we had not read the New England Tale, a beautiful little picture of native scenery and manners, composed with exquisite delicacy of taste, and great strength of talent. Had we seen this, we should not have needed a stronger confirmation of our opinion respecting the abundance of original character we can supply to the domestic tale.—If rumor has rightly attributed this excellent production to a female pen, we may with far greater confidence boast of a *religious* Edgeworth in our land, than of a wonder-working Scott.

billet, for instance, which he indites to his assistant, when Cæsar is despatched on an eight mile ride, expressly for a certain ring, which was to unite the destinies of Sarah and Wellmere, and in which the ring is the very last thing mentioned, a mere *obiter dictum*, after divers instructions which concerned the health of the regiment, rather than the happiness of the bridal array; his rescuing a good *subject* from the flames of the Wharton dwelling, at the imminent hazard of his life; and his remonstrances, before we become tired of them, against the unscientific cut of Lawton and his men, so fatal to human life and the art of surgery, are certainly comic. But Dr Sitgreaves after all is a mere caricature, and, we speak it with all due deference to the 'lights of science,' considerably overdone. A late foreign journal has exclaimed loudly against the whole system of *bores*—even the great Erymanthian bores—(if we may follow Cicero in quoting the pun of the Agrigentines) of the writer of the Waverley novels. The remarks are certainly just, but we are not prepared to go to the full length of the conclusion that would suddenly strike out of existence so prodigious a monster, as Dominie Sampson and others of his kind—'all my pretty chickens and their dam—at one fell swoop,' merely because they are monsters, certainly very harmless, and infinitely amusing in their way. But then they should be properly kept up—let out now and then seasonably;—whereas our friend, Dr Sitgreaves has no sort of tact at perceiving when he is wanted, and coming in at all hours without knocking, makes us laugh at his professional ignorance rather than his simplicity, in discoursing so seriously as he does on the difficulties of replacing a shattered brain, or reuniting a severed artery, to any purpose of animal life. Unseasonable jokes, and a constant repetition of the same, are rather a fault of our author's. Thus poor Cæsar's teeth are made to chatter every ten pages, till we wonder that a single stump is left in his head, p. 92. 98. 155. 161. &c. Birch is a grand conception, but imperfectly executed. His movements are sometimes too rapid for mere human agency, as where he sets Hollister and his party in motion, and in almost the same time that Cæsar on horseback, and at full speed, could travel with the marriage ring from the 'four corners' to the 'Locusts,' he performs the same journey on foot, and arrives in time to interrupt the ceremonies. His warnings of danger are sometimes a little too ambiguous to

warrant the effects they produce, such as 'the moon will not rise till after midnight—a fit time for deeds of darkness.' He often usurps a dignity which hardly belongs to him, and then again relapses into a degree of vulgarity quite inconsistent with his late dignity, and needless for any purpose of deception. His constant allusions to *him*, who alone knew him, but ill agree with his habitual caution; and the useless tricks that he plays, merely to astonish the natives, are often quite unaccountable; as where he calls to Dunwoodie to 'stand or die;' informs him that he wants nothing but his good opinion (which he certainly took a novel way of securing;) warns him of some impending danger without explaining what; and finally concludes with the very superfluous manœuvre of firing his musket in the air, throwing it at the feet of Dunwoodie, and vanishing *in fumo*.

But we must put a period to remarks which have already swelled our article to unlooked for dimensions. We have to thank our author for having demonstrated so entirely to our satisfaction, that an admirable topic for the romantic historian has grown out of the American Revolution; although we still think it a less prolific source than our earlier history. If he has not done all that man could do, he has at least exhibited powers from which we have every thing to hope. The Spy of the Neutral Ground is not the production of an ordinary mind, and we will not presume to set limits to that capacity of improvement, which the author of *Precaution* has evinced in this second attempt. He has the high praise, and will have, we may add, the future glory, of having struck into a new path—of having opened a mine of exhaustless wealth—in a word, he has laid the foundations of American romance, and is really the first who has deserved the appellation of a distinguished American novel writer. Brown, who is beginning to attain a merited distinction abroad as well as at home, although his scenes are laid in America, cannot be said with truth to have produced an American novel. So far from exhibiting any thing of our native character and manners, his agents are not beings of this world; but those dark monsters of the imagination, which the will of the master may conjure up with an equal horror in the shadows of an American forest, or amidst the gloom of long galleries and vaulted aisles. His works have nothing but American topography about them. We recognize the names of places that are familar to us and

nothing more. Not even his natural scenery, wild, romantic, sublime, possibly a true copy of the particular spots it represents, can be said to possess the peculiar characteristics of America; and with him the aboriginal savage moves to his fell purpose, not as the real warrior of the wilderness, but a mere fiendlike instrument of death.—The graceful and humorous author of Knickerbocker and the Sketch Book, we regret to say, has not yet permitted us to view him threading the mazes of romance; and when we have named these, we know not who else there is to enter into competition with our author for the palm as an American novelist. We hope to hear from him again—not too soon. We do not exactly.

'drop in unwilling ears
This saving counsel—keep your piece *nine years*,'

But we protest most seriously against modern rapidity of production; and really beg that he will be so good (for it is a virtue now-a-days,) as just to write his book before he prints it; and it would do no harm if he were to read it over once into the bargain.

ERRATA.

Page 71. 12th l. from bot. for 'voluminous,' *read* 'numerous.'
—— 72. 6th l. ——— — 'Mr Bacon Wood,' *read* 'Mr Baron Wood.'

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A New England Tale; or, Sketches of New England Character and Manners. New York.

The History of George Desmond. Founded on facts which occurred in the East Indies, and now published as a useful caution to young men. 18mo. Boston.

The Grecian Captive, or the fall of Athens, a Melo Drama, in three acts. By M. M. Noah, Esq.

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A Flora of North America, illustrated by colored figures drawn from nature. By Wm. P. C. Barton, M. D. W. S. N. Professor of Botany in the University of Pennsylvania. No. 22.

The Medical Pocket-Book, Family Physician, and sick man's Guide to Health. By Elias Smith.

A domestic narrative of the Rev. Samuel Bard, M. D. L.L. D. by the Rev. John M'Vicar, A. M.

The Biography of Robert Treat Paine, written for the great national work, the lives of the signers of the Declaration of American Independence.

Trial of Lieutenant Joel Abbot, by the General Naval Court Martial. Reported by F. W. Waldo, Esq. one of his counsel. Boston.

Trial of Benjamin Shaw, John Alley, jr. Jonathan Buffum, and Preserved Sprague, for riots and disturbance of public worship, in the society of Quakers, at Lynn, Massachusetts, March 16th 1822. Salem.

Reports of Cases, adjudged in the Court of Common Pleas of the first judicial district of Pennsylvania. By Peter A. Browne. 2 vols. 8vo.

Report of Proceedings in the District Court of the United States, for the District of New York, on a suit brought by the United States, against Daniel D. Tompkins, June 3d, 1822. By one of the Jury.

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Longworth's New York Directory for 1822 and 1823.

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An Eulogy on Alexander Metcalf Fisher, A. M. Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Yale College, who perished in the wreck of the Albion, April 22nd, 1822. Delivered in the College Chapel, June 26th, 1822, by James L. Kingsley, A. N. Professor of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin Languages. 8vo. New Haven.

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NEW SERIES, No. XII.

OCTOBER 1822.

ART. XIII.—*An Inquiry concerning the power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind; being an answer to Mr Malthus's Essay on that subject. By William Godwin.* London, 1820.

IT is now about twenty-four years since Mr Malthus first undertook to discuss the subject of population. He was led to an examination of the subject, with a view of refuting some of the leading dogmas of a class of writers who at that time attracted much of the public attention, and by whom all the miseries and sufferings of the lower classes were attributed to the institutions of society, and particularly to the laws of property. Among these writers was Mr Godwin, whose treatise on Political Justice, we all have read or heard of. Mr Malthus' work, though at first written with this temporary purpose, attracted so much notice, that the author was induced to continue his attention to the subject; and now in its fifth edition, it has grown to the size of three octavo volumes, and is probably destined to be forever after considered the standard work on the difficult subject which it treats. Mr Godwin, it would seem, has not relished this success of his antagonist—for after the lapse of so long a time, he has come forward with a volume of more than six hundred pages, in the way of rejoinder. And a most lame and impotent rejoinder it is; alike

unphilosophical in its views, and disingenuous in its spirit. The author scolds when he ought to reason; calls names when he should give us facts; and condescends at all times to the most unworthy misrepresentations, not only of particular positions and arguments, but of the whole scope and object of his opponent's work.

It is well known that the fundamental principles of Mr Malthus' work, or rather the fact upon which all his reasonings are built, is, that 'population, when *unchecked*, goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years; or increases in a geometrical ratio'—but that food can only increase in an arithmetical ratio. It was not left to Mr Malthus to discover that there is a tendency in the human race to increase its numbers; and if it is admitted that population increases at all, for any considerable period, it seems to us necessary that the increase should be in the nature of a geometrical increase. If the population of a country can double itself, no matter whether it be in a period of twenty-five or of a hundred years, the population, when doubled, will still have the same power of increasing which the original stock had. But not so with food; if, in the course of twenty-five years, we could double the amount of food produced in any country, it would by no means follow, that in a period of fifty years the amount would be quadrupled. It was not, however, until the publication of the American censuses, that the world was enabled to judge, with any degree of accuracy, in how short a period this doubling could be accomplished. 'If America had never been discovered,' says Mr Godwin, 'the geometrical ratio, as applied to the multiplication of mankind, would never have been known. If the British colonies had never been planted, Mr Malthus would never have written.' If this were true, it would detract not a whit from the correctness of what Mr M. has written. Most of the writers who have attempted to answer Mr Malthus, at least those whose works have lived long enough to cross the Atlantic, have been content to acquiesce in the truth of the geometrical increase, and have confined their endeavors to an attack upon his inferences and deductions. Not so with Mr Godwin—he proceeds at once to the root of the argument, and denies both that the population of the United States has increased in the ratio which Mr Malthus supposes, and our censuses represent; and says, that if this were the case, it would be insufficient to prove that such is the natural

rate of increase of mankind; and to these ends has he written this book.

Mr Godwin begins with what he calls general views of the increase of mankind. In imagination, he carries his reader 'up into an exceeding high mountain,' 'to show him all the kingdoms of the world.' 'The first thing, that occurs to him who thus surveys "all the kingdoms of the world," and the state of their population, is the thinness of their numbers, and the multitude and extent of their waste and desolate places.' 'He sees his species as a little remnant widely scattered over a fruitful and prolific surface, and weeps to think that the kindly and gracious qualities of our mother earth are turned to so little account.' Mr G. affirms, that not only could the globe maintain twenty times its present number of inhabitants, but that this increased number might exist in a state of greater plenty and happiness, than is enjoyed by our present small number. Whether he is right or not, in his calculations, there is no doubt that the earth might support a very much larger number of human beings than at present inhabit it. What then becomes of the geometrical increase, and a doubling every twenty-five years? Where has it been operating? The world has existed for more than six thousand years; and by this theory there ought to be men enough to fill the universe: and yet the fact is, that this little planet does not contain, by an immense number, all the inhabitants which it alone is capable of supporting. And not only the earth is not full, as it ought to be; but when we take a more minute survey of its parts, we find many of them, which once sustained nations and crowded cities, are now amongst its 'waste and desolate places.' Montesquieu, with the Persian letters, is called in to aid us in the enquiry, and convince us that the populousness of ancient nations was greater than that of modern. And then we are referred to the opinions of a large portion of political writers and practical statesmen, of all ages and countries, who have ever thought that the decline of population was the greatest evil that could befal a nation; and hence have been led into the belief that those were the best philanthropists who could devise the strongest encouragements for the increase of our race. 'Upon what evidence,' he then asks, 'is it [the doctrine of a geometrical increase] to be received? Upon one solitary experiment (and I must be allowed to add, a most equivocal one) of one bare hundred and fifty

years, in one infant colony, as I may call it, in an obscure nook of the new world; and this replied to and refuted, with one voice, and with an evidence the most consenting and astounding, by all ages and countries, by all sects of religion and forms of government, that were ever heard of or devised.'

But in order to ascertain whether the above remarks contradict Mr Malthus' position, it is well for us to recollect precisely, what is the position he assumes. His words are, that 'population, when *unchecked*, goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years.' He does not affirm that such has actually been the rate of increase at all times, and throughout the world; and this Mr G. must have known, for a great part of Mr Malthus' book is taken up by the inquiry into the nature of those checks, which in different parts of the world have kept down population so much below its natural level. It is not pretended by any one that there is any material difference in the natural fecundity of the human race in different countries; at least Mr G. is very strenuous in insisting that there is none. It would seem therefore neither unfair nor unphilosophical to take the ascertained rate of increase in any one country, as proof that the human race is capable of that rate of increase. The inquiry is, in what period will population, when unchecked, double itself. We look at the United States, where the usual checks have operated with less force than in any other part of the world, and we find the period there is twenty-five years. Now it would be of no consequence, if it could be proved that in every other nation on earth the rate of increase is so slow, that it would require a hundred, or even a thousand years, to double the population. The fact is proved, that the human race can increase so fast as to double in a period of twenty-five years. It becomes, it is true, a very important question, why population does not increase as fast in other countries as in this. What are those checks which have in them operated with such terrible effect against the powerful tendency of human nature? Into this inquiry Mr M. has entered, and has executed his task in no hasty or superficial manner. Perhaps the larger, and by no means the least important, part of the essay on population, is devoted to this subject; and it would have been well for Mr G. (if he were able) to have pointed out any incorrectness in this part of his opponent's statements and arguments. But whilst he has not done this, his angry railings against Mr M. for assuming his

fact from the American censuses alone, are as absurd as they are undignified.

But Mr Godwin not merely denies that Mr Malthus was authorized in assuming the rate of increase in the United States, as that which is the natural rate of mankind. A point of much more importance with him is, to show that no such increase as our censuses indicate, has ever been the result of procreation alone. And here it is proper to remark that the correctness of our censuses is not called in question by either party. The dispute is merely about the cause of the increase of our numbers. Mr Malthus says it is a natural increase. Mr Godwin seriously asserts, and spends no small part of his work in attempting to prove that it is owing merely to emigrations from Europe, and particularly from Great Britain. The bare statement of such a proposition will excite surprise in this country; and our readers will feel some curiosity to learn by what sort of evidence a fact is proved, which to us, 'on this outside of the world,' (as our ancestors used to call it) is so novel.

The first proof is truly an exquisite one, though not more so than the point it is intended to establish. Mr Godwin has been told that between the years 1630 and 1640, twenty-one thousand two hundred British subjects were computed to have passed over to New England only. By looking into Anderson's history of commerce, he finds an enumeration of the ships cleared outward in 1663; and their tonnage was 142,900. In 1818, the tonnage of ships cleared outward was 3,072,409. He then states a question in the rule of three: if 142,900 tons yielded an emigration of 2,000 persons, what emigration will be yielded by 3,072,409 tons? And he thus finds that 43,000 persons emigrated in 1818. (p. 407.) To this argument we shall not attempt a reply. We never reason against the arithmetic; and so we pass to the next piece of evidence. It is an official account of the number which had emigrated from Ireland to North America, in the three years ending January 5th, 1819. The whole number is 35,633. But this includes the emigrations to the British dominions in America. It is known, that extraordinary inducements had, shortly before this period, been held out to the poorer classes of the United Kingdom to emigrate to the Canadas, by offering them at first, a free passage, a grant of land, implements of husbandry, and support for the first six months. These inducements were afterwards restricted to a grant of land; which

shows that numbers have been induced to avail themselves of the first offer. By an extract which Mr G. gives us of a paper published by the emigrant society of Quebec, dated 11th of October 1819, it appears that 'the number of emigrants arriving at that port, since the opening of the navigation for the present season, amounts to upwards of twelve thousand, which probably exceeds two thirds of the population of the city itself.' If the average of the preceding years was any thing near this, it will seem that but a small part of the 35,633 emigrants above mentioned came to the United States. Mr Godwin's next document is Niles' Weekly Register, from which he extracts the accounts of several extraordinary arrivals of emigrants at different ports of the United States. The first, dated August 16, 1817, states, that in the two preceding weeks there had arrived 2,512. The second, dated August 30, 1817, states, that in the two preceding weeks, 947 had arrived. October 25th of the same year, '204 passengers arrived at Boston, in the Mary Ann.' 'For the week ending 31st August, 1818, 2,150 passengers, nearly the whole of whom were emigrants from Europe, arrived at the single port of New York.' And it is estimated that 6,000 arrived in the United States, in the two weeks preceding the sixth of September 1818. Thus much for Mr Niles, who probably little suspected that his industrious compilations were ever to furnish the ground-work of such extravagancies ; and by way of climax, Mr Godwin informs us, that he finds in a letter written by Mr Cobbet, dated Long Island, August 14, 1819, the following assertion : 'Within the last twelve months upwards of a hundred and fifty thousand have landed from England to settle here.' (p. 414.) In Mr Cobbet this is remarkably well, for probably the assertion is not more than fifteen times larger than the truth. He probably reasoned (if he reasoned at all on the subject) in the same manner that Mr G. would have his readers. In one or two weeks there arrived two or three thousand : there are fifty-two weeks in a year, and so *probatum est*, there arrived a hundred and fifty thousand in the course of the year. We marvel that Mr G. did not adopt the argument before deduced by him from an estimate of the tonnage ; and say if one ship brought 402 passengers, how many were brought by all the ships which arrived during the year ? In this way he might have made up his desired number of emigrants ; but in the mode he has adopted, though

not less erroneous than the one we suggest, he does not do it.

By our late census, it appears that our population has increased, during the last ten years, 2,385,831. Three of these ten years were passed in a state of war, which may safely be affirmed to have put an entire stop to immigration. During the remaining seven years, there ought then to have arrived, on an average, upwards of 340,000 emigrants a year :—considerably more than double the number which did arrive even upon the supposition, that the above statements of Mr Niles present us with the weekly average. But we all know that the average is nothing like the above numbers ; that these were extraordinary arrivals, and for that reason were noticed by the newspapers. They were extraordinary cases in extraordinary years. In 1817 and 1818, the new situation of Europe threw thousands out of employment ; and the consequence was, as we must all recollect, the arrival of several large bodies of emigrants in this country. But who besides Messrs Cobbet and Godwin ever thought of taking the wholesale newspaper accounts of cases like these, as ground work for calculating the number which arrive in the course of a year, and for every year ? And yet it is upon the documents which we have given above, that Mr G. ventures the assertion,—' The present population of the North American continent, with one exception, which will presently be mentioned, must have arisen from a direct transportation of the inhabitants of the Old World to the New ;' (p. 403,) and that but for this assistance, our population would be at a stand.

The single exception above alluded to we shall have occasion to notice hereafter, and we think there will be little difficulty in showing that it amounts to nothing. The above proposition is so utterly extravagant, that we would not waste the patience of our readers in a discussion of it, but that it has come from a writer of so much note as Mr. Godwin, and has attracted some attention in England. According to this hypothesis, in the course of every twenty-five years, a number of foreigners come here, and enrol themselves among our citizens, equal to the whole number of citizens at the commencement of the period. And what is truly astonishing is, that in all the stages of our increase, this number of foreigners has always been increasing in exact proportion to the number of citizens to which they were to be added. When, in 1749, we

had little more than a million of inhabitants, there came enough to double that number: when, in 1790, we had 3,921,326, there came enough to match that number. In 1800 our numbers were up to 5,319,762; and now we are possessed of the census of 1820, from which it appears that the number of 1800 will be doubled in less than twenty-five years. So that it is plain, if population does not increase in a geometrical ratio, emigration does. And all this while, Great Britain, which furnishes nine tenths of all our emigrants, is increasing her numbers at home. No matter what is the situation of Europe, whether at peace or war, enjoying abundance or suffering scarcity; the amount of emigration goes on increasing constantly and uniformly, in exact proportion as the land in America becomes more settled, and the temptations to emigration are diminished. The inquiry will naturally suggest itself to Mr Godwin's readers in this country—where are all these foreigners? Since 1790, near six millions of them must have arrived, and of course a majority of the adult population are of foreign birth. Considering that in this country, a majority is omnipotent, it is a little singular that we do not see and hear a little more of this class of men; that we do not sometimes witness their efforts to control the elections or to influence the government. Why should they not alter that clause of the constitution which excludes them from the highest office of the nation; and why, although not constitutionally disqualified, are they (with here and there a solitary exception) in fact excluded from all other offices? Mr. Godwin's ideas of the character of our population correspond with his notion of its origin. We will give the account in his own words.

'There is an extreme fallacy in Mr Malthus' language, when he talks, in his letter to me of October 1818, speaking of the population of the United States, of "foreign immigration." In the United States there is no idea, correspondent to the term, "a foreigner." This republic is properly *colluvies omnium gentium*. No native of any part of Europe will fail in one respect to find himself at home, the moment he has set his foot on the shores of North America; particularly the inhabitants of the British isles, who, according to Mr. Niles' collections, land there at the rate of two or three thousand per week. The term "foreign" in this case, conveys to the mind a fallacious idea; since we are accustomed to see what Mr. Malthus calls "foreign immigrants" constituting a very trivial portion of the population of an old country. The American congress in reality has done wisely in refusing to sepa-

rate their new citizens by districts and boundaries, in cases where particular countries have sent out to them a great number of settlers, and choosing rather to blend them in one common mass; since if they were allowed by such separation fully to keep alive their original prejudices, we might expect to see them one day overpowering the *Creoles*, or proper descendants of the old settlers, just as in some countries we read of slaves that have become so numerous as to be able to put down and subjugate their masters.' pp. 416, 417.

This account, we have no doubt, would have been realized, were we but half as much inundated with foreigners (and we do assure Mr Godwin we have an idea correspondent to this term) as is supposed. But in that case no policy of the government could have preserved our institutions, or prevented the poor '*Creoles*' (we love to repeat such a happy epithet,) from being overpowered. A nation of near ten millions of people, more than one half of whose adult population were born on foreign soil, educated under different forms of government, brought together in a remote part of the world by accident; yet that nation preserving a constitution of government like our own, without disturbance or interference, or even assistance from its imported majority, would present a phenomenon, which to us seems more difficult of solution, than the increase of our population does to Mr Godwin.

But what would set this matter at rest in the minds of those acquainted with this country, (if in the minds of such it were possible in the first place to raise a doubt,) is the fact, that the part of the United States which has always been considered to have presented the greatest natural rate of increase, is New England; and it is this very part, which has been blessed with the smallest number of emigrants. Our 'weather bleached and battered rocks,' seldom attract the visionary adventurer from abroad; and should they do so, it would require but a small part of one of our winters, to freeze up the tide of enthusiasm which bore him from his home. And besides, thin as our soil is represented to be, it is known that most of it is occupied, and by men who will not give it away without a consideration. Nearly the whole of the population of New England are descendants of the puritans; yet, until her territory was in a great measure occupied, the increase of population here was unequalled by any of those states, whose greater natural advantages would be likely to draw towards them a larger

number of emigrants. And in later years, we see, that whilst she has been peopling the states northwest of the Ohio, her own population has been constantly increasing. This fact is particularly worthy of observation in our last census. Since the census immediately preceding the last, we have had commercial restrictions and war, which pressed with peculiar force on the northern states, whose prosperity is at all times, in a considerable degree, dependent on the free use of the ocean. During the years 1813 and 1814, we may recollect that the tide of emigration seemed rushing so strongly to the west, that serious apprehensions were felt, that our population was on the decline. And yet we now find that in every one of these states there has been an increase ; and in one of them, so great an increase as 30 per cent. It is in vain then to talk of the increase of our numbers being dependent on the transportation of men from the other side of the Atlantic. For every foreigner who has come into New England, within the last ten years, with a view of remaining here, it may be safely affirmed that thirty native citizens have left it for the banks of the Ohio or the Illinois.

Mr Godwin wrote his book, without knowing the result of our recent census. Before that time, there had been three successive enumerations taken, at intervals of ten years each. They had each exhibited a rate of increase, which would double the population in a period of little more than twenty-two years. Mr Malthus, that he might be on the safe side, had stated the period to be 25 years; and in so doing, he thought, (and so it seems to us,) that he had made ample allowance for the addition to our numbers from emigration. By the census of 1820, it appears that the total population of the United States is 9,625,734. And this we should think sufficient to furnish a final answer to Mr Godwin's loose theories and conjectures. It seems that since 1810, there has been an increase of 2,385,972 ; and at this rate the population of 1810 will be doubled in less than twenty-five years. The results furnished by our several censuses, are as follows :

Total.	Increase.	Increase per cent. per annum.
1790—3,921,326		
1800—5,319,762	1,398,436	3.097
1810—7,239,903	1,920,141	3.130
1820—9,625,734	2,385,972	2.989

The increase from 1790 to 1810, was 84.39 per cent. for the whole period, and 3.113 per cent. per annum; at which rate the population would double in 22.61 years. From 1800 to 1820, the rate has been 80.94 per cent. for the whole period, and 3.01 per cent. per annum; at which rate the population will double in 23.38 years. The rate between 1810 and 1820 has been 32.96 per cent. for the whole period, and 2.989 per cent. per annum; at which rate the population of 1810 will be doubled in 24.33 years. The increase of the ten last years has not been quite so large as that of the preceding years; but still, if there were no other argument in the case, the regularity of the above increase is sufficient to show that it could not have arisen from a cause so fluctuating and unsteady as foreign emigration.

We believe that it was the expectation of many, that the census of 1820 would disclose a more sensible diminution in the rate of increase than is above exhibited. This opinion was founded upon the idea that the Atlantic states had now been so long settled, that the checks which keep down population in Europe below its natural level, must have begun to operate here with considerable force. Something too, it was supposed, was to be allowed for the effects of our last war, which lasted near three years, and caused no small waste of life.

The opinion respecting the operation of the checks to population was probably drawn from an acquaintance with the cities, where undoubtedly they do operate. But the inhabitants of the cities bear but a small proportion to the whole nation; and in the country, it would seem we have not yet a surplus population, owing to the prevalence of emigration to the west. Marriages are probably as early as they used to be; and the rate of mortality is not increased. The real price of labor is, in this part of the country, as high as ever; although a short time since some alteration took place in its money price. But there is another fact to be attended to in this connexion. It is not supposed by Mr Malthus, or any body else, that in every single district of the United States, the rate of increase has uniformly been such as would double the population in twenty-two, or even in twenty-five years. But this is the average of the whole country; and consequently in some parts the period must be shorter. This has been the case with New England; and it would appear still to be so, if we could reckon in the censuses of this part of the coun-

try the adults whom we send forth to other states. But within a few years the territory northwest of the Ohio has been settled; and settled principally by New England men. We accordingly find there, the customs and habits of New England, with the advantages of a fine climate and soil. And we have every reason to believe that in those states, independent of emigration, the rate of increase is as rapid, if not more rapid, than it ever was in New England. Consequently, although it be true that in some parts of the country the operation of the checks to population has been increased; yet if at the same time the proportion of the country in which they operate scarcely at all, has likewise been augmented, we need not anticipate any diminution in the average rate of increase for the whole country.

With regard to our late war—it caused, no doubt, a considerable consumption of life. For although our most important engagements appear like skirmishes, in comparison with the wholesale slaughters of Smolensko and Waterloo; yet when we recollect that our whole Atlantic border was exposed to continual incursions from the naval force of the enemy; whilst on the other side, we had to contend with numerous tribes of Indians; when it is considered too, how many of our citizens were engaged in privateers; and of these, how many were afterwards confined in crowded prisons, we shall perceive that it must have been a destructive war, although from the nature of such desultory warfare, it is impossible to estimate, with any degree of accuracy, the numbers which died in it. We know that a nation like ours, with ten millions of inhabitants, can afford many a bloody battle, without a very perceptible diminution of its numbers; but when we see the arrival of a few thousand foreigners brought forward and considered with so much pomp and gravity, we think it right to bring into the account the loss, by three years' fighting. But as we wish to be liberal to Mr Godwin, we will allow him to offset this loss, by the extraordinary emigrations which took place between the close of the war and the taking of the census; and in so doing, we assure him, that we allow him an excellent bargain. Having done this, we shall rest satisfied until Mr G. writes another book much better than this, that the increase of the last ten years has been 'from procreation alone.'

We think it has already been shown, that the number of

emigrants has never been near that which is required for the support of Mr Godwin's position. The subject of the emigrations to this country is not, however, one involved in such utter darkness, but that we can do something towards enabling our readers to form a tolerably correct estimate of the actual number of foreigners who arrive here ; and the first document which we offer, is nothing more nor less than an official transcript of all the lists of passengers who arrived in the United States from the 1st October 1819, to September 30th, 1820, inclusive. This transcript was prepared in the department of state, from returns made to it from all the collectors of customs at the several ports of the United States, in pursuance of the 4th and 5th sections of the act of congress of 2d March, 1819 ; and was presented to congress, February 20th, 1821. As it is the first report prepared under the act, and is interesting on account of its classification of the passengers, we shall give it entire.

Passengers arrived in the U. S. from foreign countries, from Sept, 30, 1819, to Sept. 30, 1820.

Useful productive Class.

Artificer	1	Cloth manufacturer	1
Bakers	58	Coopers	33
Basket makers	5	Coppersmiths	4
Blacksmiths	35	Cotton spinner	1
Block makers	7	Curriers	10
Boat builders	4	Cutlers	5
Book binder	1	Distillers	5
Boot makers	3	Dyers	3
Brick layers	6	Farmers	806
Brick maker	1	Fishermen	4
Brazier	1	Flax dresser	1
Brass founders	2	Gardeners	25
Brewers	6	Goldsmith	1
Butchers	37	Gunsmiths	3
Button maker	1	Harness makers	3
Cabinet makers	22	Hatters	5
Carpenters	114	Iron founder	1
Chair makers	4	Laborers	289
Chandlers	6	Leather dresser	1
Cloth dressers	3	Mantuamakers	5
Clothiers	9	Manufacturers	7

Masons	12	Seamstresses	10
Mattrass maker	1	Ship carpenters	5
Mechanics	31	Shoe makers	82
Milliners	17	Silver smiths	2
Millers	9	Slater	1
Millwrights	2	Soap boilers	2
Morocco dresser	1	Stay makers	2
Nail maker	1	Stone cutters	8
Painters	13	Sup. of glass works	1
Paper makers	2	Tailors	55
Pin and Needle makers	2	Tailor and farmer	1
Planters	66	Tanners	3
Plasterers	7	Tanner and currier	1
Plumbers	3	Tinker	1
Potters	2	Tobacconists	6
Printers	4	Turner	1
Refiner	1	Umbrella makers	2
Rigger	1	Watch makers	6
Rope makers	5	Weavers	61
Rule makers	2	Wheelwrights	4
Sadlers	4	White smiths	4
Sail makers	2	Wax makers	2
		Total of the useful productive class	1,987

Useful unproductive Class.

Accountants	4	Engineers	6
Ambassadors	2	Engravers	2
Architects	2	Fair traders	2
Artists	2	Farriers	2
Auctioneer	1	Governess	1
Barbers	5	Grocers	6
Carters	2	Herdsmen	2
Clergymen	18	Horse doctor	1
Clerks	76	House keepers	8
Colliers	3	Judge	1
Cooks	7	Lawyers	5
Confectioners	4	Limner	1
Consuls	4	Mariners	350
Dentist	1	Mathematician	1
Draftsman	1	Merchants	938
Drapers	6	Military men	32
Druggists	2	Nurse	1

Paper hanger	1	Steward	1
Physicians	33	Supercargoes	26
Publican	1	Surgeons	8
Schoolmasters	21	Surveyors	3
Servants	87	Traders	31
Shop keepers	11	Washerwomen	3
Stationers	4	Woollen draper	1
		Total of this class	1,730

Ornamental and amusing unproductive Class.

Dancing master	1	Jewellers	5
Falconer	1	Ladies	49
Gentlemen	87	Rope dancer	1
Guilder	1	Showman	1
Hair dressers	2		
		Total of this class	148

Recapitulation.

Useful productive class	1,987	
Useful unproductive do.	1,730	
Ornamental and amusing do.	148	
		3,865
Occupation unknown, principally women and children		3,136
Total arrived		7,001

Of these there are 1,959 females—5,042 males.

Now is it to be observed that this list embraces not only the foreigners coming here with the intention of remaining, but those who came here only on a visit, and our own citizens, who returned from visits to foreign countries. For these reasons we should deduct nearly all of the following classes, viz: ambassadors, clergymen, consuls, judge, lawyers, merchants, mariners, physicians, supercargoes, gentlemen, and ladies, and probably the planters; amounting in the whole to 1,579; which leaves but 5,422. But as our deductions are merely conjectural, we will estimate the number of emigrants for that year at 6,000. A second report under the above act, for the year ending 30th September 1821, was presented to congress at their last session; but owing to some strange oversight, no order was passed for its being printed. The particulars, there-

fore, we are not acquainted with; but we have ascertained that the whole number of passengers was 10,722, of which 2,415 were 'from the United States,' leaving 8,307 foreigners. Besides this, we have a newspaper before us, which professes to give an abstract of 'official returns ordered to be printed by the house of commons' of Great Britain. From these it appears, that from the year 1812 to the year 1821, both years included, there emigrated to the United States—from Ireland, 30,653—from England, 33,608—from Scotland, 4,727. The whole amount of emigrations to the United States, 68,988. During the same period, there embarked for the British dominions in North America, from Ireland, 47,223—from England, 23,783—from Scotland, 19,971. Total of emigrations to the British dominions 90,977. Total of emigrations from the United Kingdom, 159,965. This gives us an annual average of 6,898 emigrants to the United States; and this we take to be not far from the true average. For if the above period embraces the years of the war, when there were no emigrations to this country, it likewise embraces the extraordinary years 1817 and 1818, when the emigrations were double or treble what they ever were before, or have been since. We should add about one ninth to the above amount, for emigrants from other countries than Great Britain; for we take it, that about nine tenths of all the foreigners who come to this country, come from the United Kingdom, and we shall have an average of little more than 7,500 emigrants per annum. And whilst we thus find the documents of the British government, and of our own, coinciding so nearly, it is impossible to think that both are very far from the truth. With regard to the years 1817 and 1818, the only satisfactory information we possess, is from Dr Seybert's valuable work.* We are there furnished with the number of passengers arriving at the principal ports of the United States, during the year 1817, as obtained from the records of the several custom houses. The number was 22,240. If we make a proper deduction for the number of Americans who must have been among these passengers, we shall conclude that the number of emigrants for that year was about 18,000. Dr Seybert supposes the number in common years to be 6,000; and allowing them the extraordinary rate of increase of 5 per cent. per annum, he calculates, that deprived of this foreign aid, our population would require, in order to effect

* Statistical Annals, p. 29.

a duplication, four fifths of a year longer than it now does. The amount of emigration in common years, we are of opinion, varies from six to eight thousand. To make out Mr Godwin's proposition, it ought to be about two hundred and forty thousand.

If any thing be wanting to confirm the above statement, we may find it in the last census. The number of 'foreigners not naturalized,' is there given under a distinct head, and amounts only to 53,655. No foreigner can be naturalized until he has resided within the United States at least five years; and consequently we have the whole number which could have arrived during the five years preceding the census, even if we suppose that all who arrived before that period were naturalized as soon as the law would permit. But we know that a great many delay obtaining naturalization for several years after they are entitled to it; and not a few are never naturalized at all. From all the above sources of information, and the agreement of them all, we have as much certainty respecting the amount of emigration as the nature of the subject will admit of.

We have said that Mr. G's proposition, 'that the present population of the American continent must have arisen from a direct transportation of the inhabitants of the Old World to the New,' is stated 'with one exception.' The limitation alluded to is this :

'The majority of the emigrants that pass over from Europe to North America may be supposed to be in the flower of their life. Now every such emigrant is equal to two human beings, taken indiscriminately among the population, or rather among the rising generation of an old established country. For example, we have found that, in four children born into the world, we have no right to count upon more than one female, who by child bearing, can contribute to keep up or increase the numbers of mankind in the next generation. But of emigrants withdrawing themselves to America, as we have been informed they usually withdraw themselves in families, we have a right, if they go in the flower of their lives, out of every four, to count upon two females who, by child bearing, may contribute to the future population of the country.' pp. 404, 405.

Mr Godwin had supposed, independently of this limitation, the annual number of emigrants necessary to account for the increase between 1790 and 1810, to be one hundred and

sixty-five thousand; and with it, he thinks he may reduce the number to eighty or ninety thousand. As respects the object of Mr. Godwin's argument, this exception is not worth considering. For allowing him all that he claims from it; instead of reckoning the annual emigration at seven or eight thousand, we should only have to consider it as raised to thirteen or fourteen thousand, which would still leave the period of doubling, by procreation alone, within the twenty-five years. The allowance claimed by Mr Godwin on this account, is, however, most enormous, upon any theory of the increase of mankind, and most of all upon that broached by Mr Godwin. If 1,600,000 persons of both sexes had come here in the year 1790, Mr Godwin might perhaps, without a very great departure from his own principles, admit that this number would, by the year 1810, have increased to 3,200,000. But this number come, not all at the same time and at the commencement of the twenty years, but successively, through every part of the period, a moiety of them within the last half of it, and some not until the very last year. Under these circumstances, to suppose that they will be found to have doubled at the end of the period, is admitting a greater tendency in the human race to increase its numbers, than Mr Malthus has ever contended for. We do not say that such a thing is impossible; but we do say that the assertion of it on the part of Mr Godwin, is an abandonment of every principle in his book. If, however, we take any number of emigrants arriving here at the same time, and look at them as they are, it probably will not be supposed that each one of them 'is equal to two human beings taken indiscriminately among the population' of this country. By the transcript we have given above, it appears that, of the passengers therein enumerated, 5,042 are males, 1,959 females. Many of the emigrants come in families, but the majority of them are unmarried men. The situation of a great portion of both classes, at least for some time after their arrival, is but little favorable to their rapid increase. Those, who are single, have generally to wait long, before they can so establish themselves in a strange land, as to be in a condition to support a family; and of those who come in families, it is unfortunately too often the case, that their situation, to say the least of it, is no better calculated for the rearing of their children, than it was in their own country. One of the proofs adduced by Mr Godwin of the great num-

ber of emigrants to the United States, is founded on the number of societies which exist in our cities for the relief of foreigners. He has collated from Morse's geography the names of divers St George's and St Patrick's, and St Andrew's and Thistle and Shamrock Societies; and infers that the amount of emigration must be immense, where so many charitable institutions can find employment. He might have inferred another fact, and with more truth; which is, that the amount of poverty and distress must be very great among those emigrants. Skilful mechanics, practical farmers, and industrious, prudent, calculating laborers, who have come here from abroad, and brought with them the means of support, until they can overcome the great difficulties necessarily attendant on a recent establishment in a strange community, have generally been able to attain to a greater degree of respectability, and to bring up their children with better prospects, than they could have done at home. But then it is a fact not less notorious than it is melancholy, that very much of all the squalid poverty and wretchedness, which is to be found in our cities, is amongst the foreigners. If the fact were not in itself perfectly notorious, the records of our alms-houses and jails could prove it. It seems to be thought in England, that most of our emigrants are farmers, attracted hither by the cheapness of land. The fact we believe to be, that a very great proportion of the foreigners in the United States are to be found in the cities, where the checks to population are almost as great as they are in Europe. Many, no doubt, who come with other intentions, remain in the seaports where they were first landed, because, having exhausted their little all, in procuring their passage, they are unable to proceed onward to 'the new country;' but yet if we look again at our transcript of passengers, we see that of the whole 7,000, according to the occupations specified, only 997 belong to agriculture; the rest are nearly all of them of such professions as must necessarily be exercised in large towns.

Mr Godwin has a great deal to say about the *impossibility* of the increase of the United States having arisen from procreation. He observes,

'I further trust, that if I shall not be able to make out to demonstration the precise sources of the increasing population of the United States, I shall at least show in what follows, from a

variety of considerations, exclusively of the thread of the argument of my second and third books, that it is impossible that the source should be found in the principle of procreation.' p. 371.

It does seem to us that under the circumstances of the case Mr Godwin is bound to point out very clearly 'the precise sources of the increasing population of the United States.' That the increase has taken place is admitted; that it is not owing to emigration is no less certain than that the increase has taken place; then if it be not owing to procreation, it behoves Mr G. at least to name some third source from which it might have arisen. Any reasoning *a priori*, on a subject of this nature, is extremely unsafe, as is evinced by the numerous errors which prevailed in England on the subject of their own population, previous to the 'population acts.' Such reasoning is almost always founded on arbitrary principles of the prolificness of marriages, or on imperfect parish registers of births and deaths. Whiist therefore the fact of increase is ascertained, and it is known not to have arisen from emigration, any argument which goes to prove that in the nature of things it is impossible that such a rate of increase should arise from natural causes, ought to be considered as answered and refuted by the fact, even if it were less easy, than it is in the present case, to detect the fallacy of the argument itself.

'Throughout Europe,' says Mr G., 'taking one country with another, the average falls short of four births to a marriage,' p. 206; 'and in every instance which has come to our hands, the fruitfulness of the human species in the United States does in no way materially differ from what occurs on the subject in many countries of Europe.' p. 425. To which he afterwards adds, that 'a smaller number are not prematurely cut off by disease.' p. 431. With regard to the fruitfulness of marriages in the United States, he further says, and often repeats the observation, 'the difference of the United States and the Old World, does not, I presume, consist in the superior fecundity of their women.' p. 30. Be it so—the natural capability of women on either side of the Atlantic may be the same; but if in America a smaller proportion of the women remain unmarried, and if marriages take place at an earlier age than in Europe, they may still produce a greater number of children. Now it is a fact, which we think will hardly be denied even by Mr Godwin, that the wages of labor are higher, and food more abundant here than in Europe. And whilst this is the case, we

may very safely infer that a greater proportion of the whole population will marry; and of those who marry, the marriages will take place at an earlier period of life, than in countries where a different state of things prevails. There are no documents in this country, from which we can estimate the average fruitfulness of marriages. There is, or rather there was, a statute in Massachusetts, requiring the marriages, births, and deaths to be recorded by the town clerk of the place where they occur. But the statute, though unrepealed, has become so nearly obsolete, that not many, even among the profession, are aware that it ever existed. The record of marriages and baptisms might be obtained from clergymen; but the number of baptisms would furnish us with a very uncertain criterion for estimating the number of births. If, however, we could procure certain records of the marriages and births in particular towns or parishes, it would be of no importance in ascertaining the fruitfulness of marriages; so great is the interchange of inhabitants constantly taking place between our towns. The older settlements are every day sending forth new married couples to find farms in other places; of course the marriage, and the births resulting from it, do not appear on the same record. And for the same reason, it would be of no assistance to us, if we could obtain the number of the births and marriages in the whole state of Massachusetts, or of any single state in the union. For the intercourse between the states, is as unrestrained as that between different towns. There is every reason to believe, as we have before remarked, that in New England there is born, on an average, a greater number of children for each marriage; and that of the born, a greater number are reared, than in any other part of the United States; unless it be in some of the new states north west of the Ohio. Yet an inspection of the records of marriages and births would very probably lead us to a different conclusion; because thousands of the children of marriages solemnized in New England, must be sought for on the banks of the Ohio or the Wabash. We have no doubt that, in consequence of the migratory spirit, we could find many towns of Massachusetts, where the proportion of births to marriages in the records, would be no more than three to one; whilst the census should indicate, and truly too, that the population was increasing. And on the other hand, we might take the records of a town in Indiana or Ohio, which has been settled within the last ten years, (and there are hun-

dreds of such towns,) and by counting up all the marriages, and then all the births, which have taken place within the town, we should obtain a dozen or fifteen births for one marriage. No reliance therefore is to be placed on the records of particular towns, as a mean of judging of the fruitfulness of marriages throughout the country, or even in the place where they are kept. In the absence of documents, conjectures are not of much avail on such a subject; yet all writers have agreed in the supposition, that the number of births is very much greater here than in Europe. Mr Godwin indeed is to be excepted; but there is no subject with which he is less acquainted than America; unless, indeed, it be the subject of population in general. Dr Franklin supposes eight births to a marriage, which we have no doubt is too high. Dr Seybert thinks there are six, and that four out of the six are reared, and this we conceive to be very near the truth. But that either there must be a greater number of births in America than in Europe, or that of the born, a greater number must live beyond the first and most dangerous stages of life, is proved by the fact, that the children in this country, as shown by all our censuses, compose a much larger portion of our population, than they do of the population of other countries.

The remarks we have just made respecting registers, apply to all the evidence which Mr Godwin adduces in support of his proposition, that marriages are not more prolific in America than in Europe. He introduces with infinite satisfaction, a communication to the philosophical society of Philadelphia, by Mr Barton, in which communication, is contained, an account of the births, marriages, and deaths, in the first parish of Hingham, in this state. By this, it appears that 'during fifty-four years, there were 2,247 births, 1,113 deaths, and 521 marriages.'

Supposing this account to be accurate, (and it may be so or it may not,) it is not safe to estimate from it the prolificness of marriages. For although we are not particularly acquainted with Hingham, yet we know enough of the country towns in New England generally, to be able to say with great confidence, that of the children of five hundred marriages solemnized in so old a town as that, a very considerable proportion were born in other places. Mr Godwin likewise gives us a report of marriages and births, in Portsmouth N. H. for a period of six years, drawn up by Dr Spalding, to which the same remarks

apply. And we may add, that Portsmouth is too large a town to furnish a fair average of the whole country; to say nothing of the difficulty of any individual's keeping a very accurate account of the births in so considerable a population. Mr Godwin finds that in these two accounts there are about four and a half births to a marriage. His mode of ascertaining this is by merely dividing, in each instance, the whole number of births by the whole number of marriages. But this is not a correct mode of ascertaining the prolificness of marriages, for it is evident that many of these births, must have resulted from marriages which took place prior to the period embraced by the registers; and on the other hand subsequently to the period in the registers, many of the marriages contained therein will have yielded other births, which of course are not counted. And on this account, where the population is either increasing or diminishing, the proportion of births to marriages in the registers will never truly represent the prolificness of marriages. We had supposed that Mr Malthus had made this subject clear enough, in his chapter on the fruitfulness of marriages; and to that we refer our readers for the correct rule on the subject. By this rule, and with the premises furnished him by Mr Barton, Mr Malthus finds 5.58 to be the prolificness of marriages in this country. Of the uncertainty of these premises we have already intimated our opinion. We are very much at a loss to determine whether Mr Godwin ever read the chapter just referred to, or not. He occasionally extracts from it a detached passage; but at the same time he goes on reasoning from principles, which are there demonstrated to be erroneous, as if he were utterly unconscious that the correctness of those principles had ever been questioned. It is possible that he may have resolved that he will be instructed by nothing which comes from Mr Malthus; but it is hardly possible that he can be so childish as to believe that his readers have formed a similar resolution.

To those who are acquainted with Mr Malthus' book, it is superfluous to observe, that there is nothing in the Hingham account at all inconsistent with the supposition of a rapid increase of population. 'The proportion of births to marriages, indeed, forms no criterion whatever by which to judge of the rate of increase. The population of a country may be stationary or declining, with a proportion as 5 to 1, and may be increasing with some rapidity with a proportion as 4 to 1.'* The

* Malthus' Essay on Pop. vol. ii. p. 23.

prolificness of marriages is a thing different from the proportion of births to marriages, as presented in the registers. It is only the latter to which Mr Godwin pays any attention. But it is not even on the prolificness of marriages alone, that the rate of increase depends. Population increases when the births exceed the deaths. And the excess of births over the deaths is affected not merely by the prolificness of marriages, but likewise by the proportion of the born which lives to marry; and by the earliness of these marriages compared with the average duration of life. That with the same prolificness of marriages, the rate of increase will be the more rapid, in proportion as a greater proportion of the born shall live to marry, must be evident to every one; and a slight reflection will render it apparent, that where any increase is going on, it will be more rapid, as the interval between the average age of marriage and the average age of death shall be longer. 'It is evident that if there be any principle of increase, that is, if one marriage in the present generation yields more than one in the next, including second and third marriages, the quicker these generations are repeated, compared with the passing away of a generation by death, the more rapid will be the increase.'* Mr Malthus has explained and demonstrated these principles in his chapter on the fruitfulness of marriages; and yet Mr Godwin, with a perverseness which was never equalled, asserts, and builds all his arguments on the assertion, that there must be eight births to a marriage, or the population cannot double itself. And in his attempt, or rather his pretence of ascertaining whether this has been the case, instead of calculating the prolificness of marriages, he looks merely at the proportion of births to marriages in the registers, and if he finds this proportion to be but as 4 to 1, he assures us that the population must be at a stand.

If the Hingham register could be considered as presenting the true proportion of births to marriages for the whole country, the only consequence would be, that every thing which Mr Godwin has written respecting the unhealthiness of the United States must be considered incorrect, even if from other sources we did not know it to be so. For in that case we should have to account for the known rate of our increase, by the supposition that the proportion of the born which lives to marry is extraordinarily large; and the larger this proportion is, the more healthy must be the country. But as Mr Malthus ob-

* Essay on Pop. vol. ii. p. 21.

serves, 'to occasion so rapid an increase as that which has taken place in America, it will be necessary that all the causes of increase should be called into action.' And the proportion in the Hingham register is undoubtedly too small; although we are not to expect to find the true proportion (as Mr Godwin thinks it must be) any thing like 8 to 1. We attach but little importance to the registers of single parishes, but the following account of the marriages, births, and deaths in Billerica, in this state, is perhaps less liable to suspicion than such accounts generally are, because it is of a period when the law for recording the births and deaths must have been more regarded, and when likewise the increase was less likely to be affected by emigration, than is the case at present. From the year 1654 to the year 1704, in Billerica,* there were marriages 106, births 557, deaths 172. Giving a proportion of births to marriages of $5\frac{1}{4}$ to 1; and of births to deaths of more than 3 to 1. This proportion of the births to marriages is about as high as we ought to expect; for the more rapid is the rate of increase, the more will the proportion of births to marriages in the registers fall short of the real prolificness of marriages. We have seen accounts of two or three other villages, which give a proportion of births a little larger than the foregoing; but the accounts, though very probable from their results, are themselves of so unauthentic a character, that we do not think it worth while to introduce them.

Although Mr Godwin seems to think it is only by an augmented proportion of births that the population of a country can be increased, yet he takes upon himself to prove that 'a smaller portion are not prematurely cut off by disease or otherwise in the United States than in Europe.' And to this end he devotes a chapter to the subject of 'the diseases' of this country. We have not left ourselves time to follow him step by step through this chapter, which is almost as weak as those upon emigration. It contains such stuff as this:

'The lady from Pennsylvania, whom I mentioned above, stated to me, that the citizens of that state, male and female, were generally found to decline from their youth and strength at twenty-five or thirty years of age. She further expressed herself as having no doubt that the continuity of population from their own proper sources was less full there than in England: for which she assigned four reasons; first, that the mothers suckle their children

* Collections of Mass. Historical Soc. vol. ii.—2d series, p. 166.

longer ; secondly, that in Pennsylvania there are few old people ; thirdly, that more children die ; and lastly, as above observed, that a large family of children is a rare phenomenon there.' p. 433.

The same lady told Mr G. that the dysentery is such a fatal disorder in Pennsylvania, 'that a great proportion of the children in that state are carried off by it under three years of age, *and that upon her return to Great Britain it was matter of surprise to her to see, as no uncommon thing, families with seven or eight children.*' p. 432. And this account of the dysentery was confirmed by 'another lady, a native of Boston.' Besides all which, we have in the United States consumptions, yellow fever, and bad teeth. And Mr Godwin, gathering confidence as he advances, comes finally to this conclusion :

'In reality, it seems perfectly obvious that, at least in the middle and southern states, the population could not *have maintained its stand from one generation to another*, without a perpetual succession of supplies from abroad.' p. 435.

Little has been done in this country towards ascertaining the average rate of mortality for the whole country. Pretty correct bills have been kept in various parts of the country, which would probably enable us to form a satisfactory estimate ; but no one, that we know of, has yet undertaken to collect and compare them. Mr Barton, in the communication before referred to, has, from a very hasty view of his subject, undertaken to fix the rate at 1 out of 45. Most of Mr B's information was drawn from the cities, which can in no country serve for an average. If, however, he had looked at the rate of mortality in our cities, and then had considered the difference between the rate in cities and in rural situations, in countries where the subject has been more attended to, he would probably have suspected the correctness of his estimate. In the city of Philadelphia, if we compare the average annual mortality of seven years, (from 1807 to 1814 inclusive,) with the population of 1810, it seems that there was yearly 1 death for every 40.15 persons. In 1810, only 1 out of 43.40 died. In Boston the average for the five last years has been 1 out of 39.58.* According to Dr Price, at the time he made his calculations, the mortality in London, was 1 in $20\frac{3}{4}$; in Norwich, 1 in $24\frac{1}{2}$; in Northampton, 1 in $26\frac{1}{2}$; in Newbury, 1 in $27\frac{1}{2}$. Mr

* The deaths of the last year were uncommonly numerous in Boston. The total was 1420, exceeding by more than three hundred the deaths of any former year.

Malthus thinks the towns of England were more unhealthy at the time Dr Price made his calculations than they are at present; but still he is of opinion, that 1 in 31, the proportion of mortality for London, mentioned in *The observations on the result of the Population Act*, is smaller than the truth.* 'It may be stated in general,' says Dr Price,† 'that whereas in great towns the proportion of inhabitants dying annually is from 1 in 19 to 1 in 22 or 23; and in moderate towns, from 1 in 24 to 1 in 28; in country parishes and villages on the contrary, this proportion seldom exceeds 1 in 40 or 50.' He afterwards,‡ however, gives an account of several parishes taken from actual enumerations, according to which, in some villages, only a 45th, a 50th, a 60th, a 66th, and in one, a 75th part, dies annually. Mr Malthus, combining these and several other calculations, thinks that if we take 1 in 46 or 1 in 48, as the average mortality of the agricultural part of England, including sickly seasons, this will be the lowest that can be supposed with any degree of accuracy. And this proportion, he supposes, will be raised to 1 in 40, when we blend with it the mortality of towns and the manufacturing part of the community, in order to obtain an average for the whole kingdom.§ Thus in England, where the rate of mortality in the towns is so high, and where so large a proportion of the whole population live in towns, the rate for the whole kingdom is but 1 in 40. And when we find a rate of but 1 in 40 in our cities, even after making all allowances for omissions in the bills of the cities, we cannot believe the rate for the whole country to be so high as 1 in 45. In Russia, if their bills be correct, the rate of mortality is 1 in 58; and this we believe is thought the lowest of any country in Europe. In some large divisions of the United States, we are confident the rate is lower than in Russia; and although from the great variety of climate in different parts of our territory, it is extremely unsafe to reason from observations made in a single section, yet we think that the average for the whole country is about as low as the Russian. Our duty does not require of us to collect original facts on this subject;—for the purpose of refuting Mr Godwin, new facts are wholly unnecessary. But having before us bills of several country towns in various parts of New England, we present our readers with the following abstract of the same:

* Essay on Pop. vol. i. p. 465, 466.
† Observ. on Revers. Paym. First Add. Essay, p. 4. ‡ Ibid. p. 10
§ Essay on Pop. vol. i. p. 464.

	On an average of*	There died annually one out of	Population	By census of
Dorchester,	seven years	57	2,347	1800
1st parish in Middleborough.	six "	71†	1,400	by estimate.
1st do. in Sandwich	ten "	81½†	1,500	"
East do. Rutland, Vt.	thirteen "	68	1,394	1810
Freeport, Me.	five "	78	2,284	"
Lancaster, N. H.	seven "	68	717	"
Plymouth, N. H.	seven "	78	937	"
Kingston	seven "	74	1,137	"
Waltham	six "	78	1,014	"
Charlestown	seven "	59	4,936	"
Brookline	seven "	71 3/11	784	"
Amherst, N. H.	nine "	70 7/11	1,554	"
Amherst, Mass.	four "	79 7/19	1,489	"

The account of Rutland, in the state of Vermont, and of Amherst, in this state, are taken from the New England Medical Journal; the rest of the accounts are taken from the printed collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. They are not inserted in those collections as extraordinary cases; for the papers, from which they are taken, are for the most part written with other objects than merely to represent the rate of mortality. It is the endeavor of this society to collect and preserve the most minute and authentic details in the history of this part of the country; and to this end they have encouraged the communication of topographical and historical accounts of individual districts and towns, especially of such as have been the theatre of any of the more important events in our national or state history. These memoirs are all from respectable sources, most of them from the clergymen of the parishes to which they relate. Many of them contain bills of mortality, apparently drawn up with great care,‡ from which the above statement is compiled.

* It has been our object, where the accounts would permit, to choose a year in which a census is taken, and an equal number of years before and after the census; as there are no means of ascertaining the population in years at a distance from the time of taking a census. Thus the thirteen years, for Rutland, are from 1804 to 1816, inclusive; and the population is taken from the census of 1810.

† The population of the parishes in Sandwich and Middleborough is merely *estimated* at certain numbers, by the authors of the accounts from which we copy. The exact population of these parishes we have no means of ascertaining; the census, as printed, only giving us the population of the towns to which they belong.

‡ In confirmation of the opinion that the Americans 'decline from their

After his very satisfactory chapter on the diseases of the United States, Mr Godwin comes to what he says is 'the principal point in my whole subject.' It is this—wherever there is an increase of mankind from procreation, the number of the born must be proportional to that increase. To keep up the born, we must reckon upon four births to a marriage; to double it, we must reckon upon eight. Where there are four births to a marriage, the number of births must double the number of procreants; where there are eight, it must quadruple it. p. 440. Now 'the *authors* of the American census for 1800 and 1810, have fortunately classed the free white inhabitants according to their ages, and thus enabled us to ascertain the number of adults and the number of children.' According to these censuses the number of those under the age of sixteen, exceed but by a small number those above that age. And Mr Godwin affirms, that if the population of the United States doubled every twenty-five years, 'it is absolutely certain that in that country the children would outnumber the grown persons two or three times over.' p. 442. All this absolute certainty is founded on the assumption that the rate of increase is dependent only on the number of births; an assumption which we have already seen to be erroneous. It is impossible to define the proportion of children which is to be found in a country, from merely knowing the rate at which its population increases. Thus much we have a right to anticipate, and no more. When a country has doubled its population in the last twenty-five years, we have a right to expect to find in that country a number of inhabitants under the age of twenty-five years (for the age of sixteen has nothing to do with the case) sufficient, in the first place, to supply the places of all those who, during the period, have died out of the original stock, and then to furnish a surplus equal to the whole amount of the stock at the commencement of the period. And this

youth and strength at 25 or 30 years of age,' we cannot forbear transcribing a passage of a letter from Rev. Mr Hale of West Hampton, in this state.

'When I was ordained (in 1779) there were, including myself, 34 or 35 ministers in Hampshire county. Of these, *nine* are now living, and I am the youngest of the nine. Two are above 85, but do not preach; two others are above 75, and have colleagues. Four perform the ordinary ministerial duties, two of them are above 70. One was dismissed, and is about my age. In forty years, only one minister has died, within the present limits of Hampshire county, under the age of 70. Of those who have died within the limits of the old county, (as it was in 1779,) one was nearly 100, three about 90, one 87, eight about 80, and eight about 70.'

we do find in our censuses. Mr Godwin says that more than one half of the whole population are under the age of sixteen; and if he will count the numbers between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, he will find them equal to any fair calculations which can be made of the number, which has died from the population existing twenty-five years ago. Our census is taken at the end of every ten years. We ought, therefore, to find in each census, the number of inhabitants under the age of ten years exceeding the amount of the whole increase which has taken place during the preceding ten years. It should *exceed* the amount of the increase, because the places of those of the original stock who have died during the period must be supplied by those who have been born within it, before we can begin to count an increase. And accordingly, we find that in every census which has ever been taken in this country, the inhabitants under the age of ten years do exceed, by a considerable number, the amount of increase which had taken place since the preceding census. If any thing more were wanting in reference to this 'principal point of all,' Mr G. himself has kindly furnished it. In Sweden, the tables of which Mr G. has furnished us, it seems that the number of persons above the age of fifteen are double those under that age. And yet the population of Sweden, according to Mr G's own statement, is increasing. In the United States, those above the age of sixteen are not quite equal to those under the same age.

We have thus, though not without some trial of our patience, followed Mr Godwin through his statements and arguments which have any relation to this country. In doing this, we have been obliged incidentally to notice some of the principal errors in his general view of the subject of population. Something we had intended to add on his misrepresentations of Mr Malthus' views and arguments; and in consideration of what we should say on this subject, we have hitherto treated the book with more forbearance than it merited. But we have no room left for so endless a topic; and the able reviews of this work from Edinburgh and London, which are already in possession of our readers, render such remarks superfluous. Notwithstanding the disgust we feel at the flimsy, shallow, and uncandid manner in which Mr Godwin has acquitted himself, we are glad that he has written on the subject. After the lapse of more than twenty years, and when the charms of novelty must have ceased, the world has been called upon to recon-

sider and revise the judgment it originally pronounced on the truth of Mr Malthus' work. The consequence has been an entire and deliberate affirmance of that judgment; and henceforth, we presume, the subject of population will be considered as at rest.

ART. XIV.—*Memoires de l'abbe Morellet, de l'academie Française, sur le* 18*e siecle et sur la revolution, &c.* Paris, 2 vols. 1821.

LADY MORGAN, in her France, thus commemorates the subject of our present article: 'Morellet, the dear friend of Diderot who had nearly lost his reason in the *donjon* of Vincennes, of Rousseau banished for the novelty of his paradoxes, of Marmontel who had been thrown into the bastile for reciting a humorous satire, was naturally a friend to the revolution.' In this instance, the fair historian appears to have been more solicitous to establish the most natural theory on the probable conduct of Morellet, than to draw any inferences from the actual facts. He appears to have been throughout, firmly, though peacefully, *opposed* to the prevailing doctrines of the new philosophy and politics, as far as they affected the state. Indeed the sympathy, with the misfortunes of his friends, which is ascribed to him in the extract just made, would hardly operate sufficiently on his mind to counteract the adverse influence of his own personal losses, by the confiscation of the church property. We have been in fact annoyed by the frequency with which the Abbé, in the memoirs before us, reverts to events which, it cannot be denied, appear to have affected him quite as much from the consequences to himself, as from the dangers to more general interests, which were anticipated or realized in their progress. Thus he speaks in the following way of the suppression of the 'Société de Sorbonne,' a theological assembly, which he describes as improperly confounded with the theological faculty of the same name, and into which he was admitted.

'By the suppression of this establishment, without any indemnity to its members, is not an act of remarkable violence towards private property committed? To procure admission into this society, every one of its members had prolonged his studies, un-

dergone examinations, and incurred expense; these efforts and their reward were his personal property.—By what right and with what justice did the assemblies, styled national, deprive me of these advantages, without affording me the slightest indemnity? I had my portion, during life, of the usufructuary property of fifty thousand livres, the income of the association to which I belonged; I had my portion of the building, the use of a public library, common apartments, and provisions, which the house furnished at a low price, and under pretence that it was a public institution, I am deprived of all!'

It is a little surprising, therefore, that the literary veteran, of whose memoirs we propose to give some account at present, should ever have been described by any writer, however inaccurate, as a revolutionary partisan. But Lady Morgan has been abundantly dealt with, and we are all liable to error.

André Morellet died the 12th January 1819, at the great age of 92 years. This long life he passed in a succession of useful literary labors. He has left behind him a long list of translated and original works, and he enjoyed more or less the intercourse of the distinguished public and literary characters who flourished in France and England during his career. The book before us begins with his *éloge*, delivered before the academy. This is followed by his memoirs, written by himself, up to the year 1800; and the work concludes with extracts from his writings, illustrations of passages in his life, and notices of some of his contemporaries. At the age of fourteen he was sent to a seminary in Paris, from Lyons, his birthplace. After five years at this school, he passed through his concluding examination with some credit. During this period, he describes himself as having become a very acute disputant, and as producing objections in argument with great success. At the close of his stay, by the assistance of a distant relation, who gave him a thousand francs, he obtained the situation in the Société de Sorbonne, already mentioned. Here he passed the ensuing five or six years of his life with great tranquillity, 'never leaving his room or the library but for the lecture room or dining hall,' and having no acquaintance but the inmates of the institution. He was called 'good Morellet,' and in point of theory, was at this time a confirmed optimist. Though very violent in manner and gesture, especially in disputation, he was remarkably good tempered and friendly in disposition. 'I used to spit blood sometimes,' says he, 'from the violence

of a dispute, in the course of which I had not employed the slightest personality.' He gives, at this part of the book, some account of his companions at the Sorbonne; and among others, of Turgot. Of this distinguished person Morellet gives the following character: 'The prominent marks of his intellect were penetration, which seizes the most accurate relations of ideas, and extent which generalizes many to a system. Perspicuity of mind was not his merit. Although not actually obscure, he had not the details of his knowledge, with the precision necessary for instruction.' Our author complains that the future minister had at this time the rage of perfection, and was led to leave his enterprises unfinished, from his desire to render their success complete. He illustrates this fact by an anecdote of a mechanical project of Turgot, to perfect thermometers. When he discovered that with whatever precision the boiling point of water may be graduated in any given state of the atmosphere, the pressure of the external air on the bulb and tube, will still slightly affect the column of mercury, independently of the expansion and contraction of the fluid; he endeavored to overcome this obstacle, and in the mean time suspended the completion of his instruments. The same spirit was, according to our author, extended to his ministry. He had requested Morellet, and others, to furnish him with preambles for some acts regulating the corn trade. 'I remember,' says the Abbé, 'he sent me back three of these papers, and asked my opinion upon them.' In 'a few days I returned them to him without drafting another, as I was satisfied with them all. He insisted on knowing which I thought best, and I replied "the one you employ first." The edict had already been expected for two months, and he kept it two months longer.'

On quitting the Sorbonne in 1752, Morellet, after the failure of several projects to establish himself, obtained the situation of tutor to the son of M. de la Galaizière, chancellor of the king of Poland. The boy was at this time ten years old, and soon attached himself with great affection to his preceptor. It was at this period that Morellet formed his acquaintance with Diderot and D'Alembert. The occasion of first seeing the former, with whom he was afterwards intimately connected, is thus described:

'I became acquainted with both (Diderot and D'Alembert) at the time of the persecution excited against the Abbé de Prades,

for his famous thesis, now forgotten, but which occupied all Paris for two months, when the Sorbonne and theology had not fallen into the utter neglect they have since experienced.'

'The Abbé de Prades and Diderot were acquainted, and in going to see the heretical Abbé, I found there the philosopher, who was much worse than a heretic. The Abbé had not expected to excite such scandal. The two or three propositions in his thesis, which were the subject of the declamations of the clergy, were in fact, the reply to the objections of infidels against the authenticity of the books of Moses, the scripture chronology, and the authority of the church. At last the Abbé was forced to seek an asylum at the court of the king of Prussia, who received him at the solicitation of d'Alembert. After the departure of de Prades, I continued to go to see Diderot, but in private *propter metum Judæorum*. I employed for this good work the mornings of Sundays, when my pupil was amusing himself or engaged in the religious exercises of the college. The conversation of Diderot, an extraordinary man, whose talents, as well as whose faults, were undoubted, had great power and interest. His manner of arguing was animated, perfectly sincere, acute without obscurity, brilliant in illustrations, fertile, various, and adapted to excite the talents of others. One could accompany him for hours in succession, with the pleasure of floating down a clear and gentle stream through a fine country. I have enjoyed few intellectual pleasures superior to his conversation,' &c.

About this time D'Alembert and Diderot employed Morellet to labor in the Encyclopedia. He had just written a pamphlet, *as he says*, in the style of Swift, on the occasion of some severities exercised against the protestants of the south of France. His philosophical friends were delighted at this occurrence, as it was, according to him, their doctrine that toleration could not exist without religious indifference. The Abbé, on the contrary, maintained what he calls the difference between civil and religious toleration. By civil toleration, he understands, as we understand it in our country, the liberty which each religion enjoys, of teaching its doctrines and practising its rites in every point, in which they are not opposed to the public morality and the peace of the community. For this species of toleration Morellet was an advocate, but opposed to what he calls ecclesiastical toleration or religious indifference. By this he appears, when his theory is examined a little carefully, to mean merely the personal belief of the sovereign and the magistrates. It is not easy to see, however, how this affects the question. 'A sovereign and the other

magistrates may be perfectly convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion, and yet allow other sects to exercise their rites publicly. This is undoubtedly true, that the rulers for the time being, have the same liberty of conscience with other citizens, but there appears nothing more ecclesiastical in the one than the other, and no propriety in any distinction between them. It is not very fair, however, to be too strict with our author's distinctions, as he declares the object to have been 'to avoid a word which was attempted to be rendered odious.'

Great clamor was, as is well known, excited by the appearance of the volumes of the Encyclopedia, but it is not perhaps as well known that 'the philosophers' were extremely anxious to obtain the interference of government in their favor, and the prosecution of some of their antagonists. D'Alembert, in particular, was loud in his complaints to M. de Malesherbes, and employed our author to present them to the attention of that minister. 'I often discussed the great question of the liberty of the press, and its limits, with him,' says Morellet, 'but when I attempted to explain to my friend D'Alembert, the principles of M. de Malesherbes, I could not make him understand them, and the philosopher stormed and swore according to his bad habit.' These complaints produced two letters from M. de Malesherbes, to Morellet and D'Alembert, in which the American doctrine of the perfect liberty of the press is stated with great simplicity; and the somewhat petulant complaints of the 'philosophers' are alluded to with propriety and dignity. The following rather alarming opinion is, however, expressed, of the self love of that miserable profession of society, whose duty it is to cultivate an exquisite sensibility, for the sake of amusing the idle and luxurious with the suffering it produces: 'As to men of letters, experience has convinced me that whoever is engaged with the concerns of their self love, must renounce their friendship, or employ a partiality which would render him unworthy of it.'

Morellet soon after accompanied his pupil to Italy, on the occasion of the opening of a conclave, at the death of Benedict XIV. After the usual accidents on the road, one of which particularly is described very minutely, where their carriage passed over a precipice, but fortunately *without* the travellers, they arrived at Rome, a little too late for the opening of the conclave. They consoled themselves, however, with the reflection rather more philosophical than the two kinds of toleration,

that there were other things in Rome worth seeing. They went the rounds of the public buildings, pictures, &c. but Morellet declares himself to have received little pleasure from them. 'I must acknowledge to my shame,' says he, 'that the impression I received from these masterpieces of art, was weak, in comparison with that which I observed in real amateurs and in artists. In fact, I am *near sighted*, which is a very great disadvantage, but besides, I am strongly inclined to believe that the habit of thinking profoundly, of occupying internally all the mental faculties, of concentrating one's self, is, to a certain degree, opposed to the sensibility demanded by the arts of imitation.' At Rome, he made an extract from the 'Directorium Inquisitorum,' of Nicholas Eymeric, grand inquisitor in the fourteenth century. Under the title of 'Manual of Inquisitors,' Morellet collected the most revolting customs and inflictions from the information to the execution of the criminal. This summary of the severities of this barbarous institution, was undoubtedly very striking. The author was, however, surprised, and almost incredulous, when assured by M. de Malesherbes, that the criminal jurisprudence of France contained the very same cruelties with the Italian church. Indeed, at the time when these processes were most customary in the church, the administration of the state was also sullied with the most disgusting and obscene ignorance, and the most ferocious barbarity; and every baronial castle was, in proportion, provided with as ample means of torture and exaction, as the vaults of the Holy Office. The stain on the church, therefore, does not consist so much in its dungeons having been shut in the fourteenth century, as in their not having been opened till the nineteenth. By the late intelligence from Portugal, it appears that the cells built in the form of an inverted cone, where the prisoner could not even stand without pain, and the furnaces in which the victim was bricked up and quick-lime showered on him from above, *have continued in use to the present day.* With respect to the enormities in question, we find the following judgment in a letter of Voltaire, on reading the manual. 'Men do not deserve to live;' says he, 'for there is wood and fire, and yet they have not employed them *to burn these monsters in their infamous retreats.*' It seems that the philosopher's justice was of the same complexion as the inquisitors' charity.

Morellet, while on this visit to the south, had the opportunity of hearing the famous improvisatrice Corilla, and gives the following account of her performance:

'The Signora used to receive us very pleasantly, and after half an hour's conversation was always ready and disposed to improvisate for us.

'A subject was given her. She recollected herself a moment, and then began to utter, coldly enough, some stanzas, in the measure and rhyme of Tasso, and to a very simple air, with which she was accompanied by a person behind her on a harpsichord, or rather a little spinnet. As she advanced in the subject, she became animated, and the accompaniment more rapid. Her eyes grew sparkling, her color rose, and her personal appearance became very brilliant. In continuing for some time, when the subject was extensive enough to give her the opportunity, she composed and uttered the concluding stanzas with extreme rapidity; as fast as one could recite verses he knew perfectly by heart. The fire flashed from her eyes and her movements became impetuous and rapid. She was a true pythoness, and yet her physiognomy was not disfigured or extravagant.

'She declaimed a quarter of an hour or more in succession. It is natural to ask if this performance was elegant and correct. At the time of which I speak, though tolerably familiar with Italian, I was not sufficiently so to form an opinion. I can only say, I observed some very agreeable stanzas, some filled with brilliant points, and others grave and sustained, and that on the whole, it was a very agreeable exhibition to the eyes, and entertainment to the taste, to hear her improvisate.'

We have not room for the Abbé's critiques on St. Peter's and other works of art; but the following little anecdote is perhaps worth recording:

'Since I am upon the subject of the impression produced by the arts, I will remark the observation I made at Rome and Naples, of the effect of music on Italian ears. An effect which shows the total difference between such a people and ourselves, who pretend to relish music, deprived as we are generally of the peculiar sense to which sounds are addressed, and as Caraccioli, the Neapolitan ambassador says of us, *with our ears lined with morocco.*

'It was the custom for the ambassador of France, on the fête of St Louis, to give an illumination and concert to the people. The bishop of Laon, our ambassador, had built an orchestra for stringed instruments, in front of the palace of the French embassy, and another for wind instruments opposite; each composed of more than a hundred performers. The street, which is the *corso*, and the square were filled with people. The two orchestras played alternately or together. In these magnificent *tutti* the effect was admirable, and the silence of the people was so deep one might have applied to them with justice,

Densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.

'But one should hear at the end of each piece, the cries of sensibility and joy of this multitude and its transports, O benedetto! O che gusto! Piacer da morire! &c. I have seen some, who, unable to control their delight, embraced the horses of the carriages in the crowd; and it is well known that Italian horses are not so gentle as the English or even as our own. All the time of this phrenzy, the most of us Frenchmen heard nothing but the noise, and were far from paying any attention to the music.'

We cannot afford space for farther extracts from Morellet's journal, at this time. On returning to France in 1759, he recommenced the study of mercantile and political economy, which he had begun before his journey to Italy. He was presented to Madame Geoffrin at this time, whose house the philosophers frequented. After their literary dinners, an excellent thing when truly literary, D'Alembert, Raynal, Helvetius, Marmontel, &c. used to resort to the Tuilleries to meet their other friends, learn the news, and criticise the government. They took great interest in the various success of their royal brother Frederic, and were of course disposed to opposition to the French ministry. Madame Geoffrin, a great ministerialist, attempted to divide the forces of the philosophers on their march to the place of meeting. When Raynal, D'Alembert, or Marmontel were about leaving her together, she would detain one of them. This policy of the hostess was defeated by the philosophers waiting for each other at the foot of the staircase, and she was forced to acknowledge her opposition was vain. About this time they were violently attacked in a discourse at the academy by M. de Pompignan. Voltaire replied by several satires, and the other light armed troops of ridicule were manœuvred so effectually that de Pompignan was obliged to effect an immediate retreat to his own province, accompanied by this quotation, made by the dauphin:

'Et l'ami Pompignan pense être quelque chose.'

On the side of the assailants, Palissot wrote 'the philosophers' comedy,' in which they were brought forward to ridicule and hatred, in the style of the old comedy. Morellet procured by accident an account of the events of the private life of Palissot, which he worked up into a satire, that he acknowledges himself passed the bounds of legitimate warfare. Palissot, however, had friends in power, and Morellet had been imprudent enough to introduce a lady, who was among the most powerful, in his 'preface to the philosophers' comedy.' This little affair con-

cluded therefore by the Abbé's being committed to the bastile for a few weeks, and on his release, being requested to pass the autumn out of Paris. These two months of confinement were passed by Morellet in a round of study, conversation, and exercise, the two last, consisting of singing to himself and dancing round his chamber. Madame de Luxembourg at length obtained his liberation, in consequence of the solicitations of Malesherbes, D'Alembert, and J. J. Rousseau. The latter, in his confessions, complains of Morellet's coldness in his thanks to him on this occasion, and of his having supplanted him in the favor of Madame de Luxembourg. Accordingly, the chapter of these memoirs following the account of the confinement at the bastile, is employed in giving some account of the suspicious disposition of Rousseau. From this portion of the work we can make no extracts. It is incidentally mentioned, however, that the Baron d'Holbach, of whom we shall speak presently, used constantly to employ himself to *irritate Rousseau*, under the idea that his conversation was more spirited and brilliant, when he was incensed. After this avowal, we cannot see how d'Holbach can complain of Rousseau's ill-temper, as he does formally in the same breath, to Morellet. A sensibility less delicate than the Genevan's, might become suspicious when his intimate companions passed their time in endeavoring to excite him with contradiction and raillery, as the bear and bull baiters contrive elastic images to rise again whenever they are thrown over, to irritate the wretched animals, from whose fury and pain the public amusement is derived. It appears that Rousseau had been led to believe that Morellet had written 'a pastoral instruction,' in which he had been ill treated. The Abbé speaks with very great enthusiasm of Rousseau's eloquence, though with bitterness, of what he calls 'his deadly principles of equality.'

Morellet, though not himself an irreligious man, was greatly delighted with the society of the atheistical philosophers. The following account of their meetings at the house of the baron d'Holbach, may be amusing to some of our readers :

'His house at this time collected the most distinguished of the Frenchmen of letters : Diderot, J. J. Rousseau, Helvétius, Barthès, Venelle, Rouelle and his scholars, Rouse and Darcet, Duclos, Saurin, Raynal, Suard, Marmontel, St Lambert, La Condamine, the Chevalier Chasteleux, &c. The baron himself was one of the best educated men of his time, knowing many of the modern lan-

guages, and something of the ancient, having an excellent and large library, a rich collection of designs by the best artists, some fine pictures, of which he was a good judge, a cabinet of natural history, &c. To these advantages, he added great politeness, perfect simplicity, an easy access and striking goodness of heart. It is easy to imagine how eagerly such society would be sought. Accordingly, besides those I have named, all the strangers of Paris, of any talent or merit, were invited there, at the time when Paris was, as Galiani said, the coffee house of Europe.

'I should never finish were I to mention the strangers of distinction whom I have seen happy to be admitted there; Hume, Wilkes, Sterne, Galiani, Beccaria, Caraccioli, lord Shelburne, count Creutz, Veri, Frizi, Garrick, the prince royal of Brunswick, Franklin, Priestley, Col. Barré, &c. Baron d'Holbach had regularly two dinners a week, Sunday and Thursday. There assembled besides, other days, ten, twelve, or twenty men of letters, public characters or strangers, who esteemed and cultivated the arts. Plain but excellent cheer, good wine and coffee, much disputation, but no anger; the simplicity of manners, which belongs to men of talents and education, great gaiety and interest, completed really a very agreeable society, as is clear from our meeting at two, which was customary in those times, and often remaining together till seven or eight.

'There might be heard the most free, animated and instructive conversation possible, though there was no religious or philosophical *hardiesse*, which was not from time to time brought forward and discussed, acutely and profoundly. Sometimes an individual proposed his theory, and was allowed to state it peaceably and without interruption. On other occasions, a single combat in form, would take place, of which the rest of the society would remain quiet spectators, a method of listening which I have *seldom seen in any other place*. There I heard Roux and Darcet explain their theory of the earth, Marmontel the excellent principles of his elements of literature, Raynal lay down the pounds, shillings, and pence of the Spanish trade to the Phillipines and Vera Cruz, and the English to their colonies; the Neapolitan Ambassador and the Abbé Galiani, tell us long stories in the Italian style, a kind of drama *that we heard to the close*, and Diderot treat a question of the arts, literature, or philosophy, and captivate attention by his fluency and eloquence and by the inspiration of his manner. There, if I may name myself among so many great men, I produced sometimes my principles of public economy.

'There also, to tell the whole truth, Diderot, Roux, and even the good baron himself, established dogmatically their absolute atheism, which was that of "the system of nature," with an earnest sincerity, which was quite edifying even to those of us, who did

not believe the doctrine taught.' 'I cannot avoid relating an occurrence which illustrates what I have said.'

'The conversation had turned on this subject one whole afternoon, and Diderot and Roux had said things in their arguments to bring the thunder a thousand times upon the house, if ever it would fall for such a cause. The Abbé Galiani, secretary of the Neapolitan legation, heard their dissertations patiently, but at last replied: "Gentlemen philosophers, you go on at a fine rate. I begin by telling you if I were Pope, I would put you into the inquisition, and if I were king of France, into the bastile; but as I have the good fortune to be neither, I will come here to dine on Thursday, and you shall hear me as patiently as I have you." "Very well, my dear Abbé, cried every one," and the atheists, "very well, till next Thursday."

'Thursday arrives. After dinner and coffee, the Abbé seats himself on a sofa, his legs under him like a tailor, which was his manner, and as it was warm, *taking his wig in one hand*, and gesticulating with the other, he began: "I will suppose, gentlemen, the one of you who is convinced the most perfectly that the world is the effect of chance, playing with three dice, not at a gaming house, but in the best company at Paris, and that his antagonist throws once, twice, three times, always doublets of six."

'As little time as the game would last, my friend Diderot losing his money in this way, would say, "the dice are loaded and I am cheated." Ah, my philosopher, because ten or twelve throws of the dice have come from the box in a way to lose you six francs, you firmly believe that it is the consequence of an artful arrangement, but in observing combinations a thousand times more difficult, you will not believe that nature's dice are loaded, and that you are sadly cheated if you think they are not.'

In addition to the society at the German baron's, at M. Helvetius', Madame Geoffrin's, &c. Madame Necker at that time instituted similar meetings of the men of letters. Morellet enters at some length into a discussion of the character of Necker, but we have not space for any extracts. At this time our author published several pamphlets, and engaged more or less in the literary and political controversies of the day. Of more lasting interest is the work on 'crimes and punishments,' which he translated at the request of M. de Malesherbes. He took occasion to make several alterations in the arrangement of this treatise in the course of translation, but appears on the whole to have contented, and even pleased Beccaria by the execution. In sending him some copies of the translation of his work, Morellet thought proper to invite Beccaria to Paris, in the name of 'the philosophers,' hinting at the union which

should exist between the learned of every country, and recommending it to him to imitate the pilgrimage of the ancient sages to the islands and Egypt. Beccaria took the translator at his word, and repaired to Paris, where 'the philosophers' received him with great *empressement.* They were soon, however, convinced, as they said, of the weakness of human nature, and as we say they should have been, of their own inconsequence, in having formed the expectation of being as much delighted by the marquis' bon mots in conversation, as by his sound principles of legislation in writing. 'The philosophers' should have known better, if not from their penetration, from the examples of their own society. There was Buffon, who wrote with such elaborate polish and care as to delight and captivate Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse by his style. She obtained an introduction to him and promised herself the greatest pleasure in hearing his sweet conversation. After paying him a few delicate compliments to put him in good humor, she paused to taste the first drop of honey, that should distil from his lips, and was shocked to have the charming philosopher reply to her with an oath, a vile metaphor, and a vulgar proverb in one sentence. But

'Give him a pen,
'And pure as Helicon the fountain flowed.'

So it was, or rather worse, with the Marquis Beccaria. The fact was, that the author of the Delitti e Pene had left a mistress, of whom he was jealous, at Milan, when he set off for Paris to receive the philosphers' gratulations. His friend, Count Veri, who appears to have been a sprightly young man, not at all troubled with any unpleasant reserve, or in fact any prejudices of a national or sentimental kind, had great difficulty to drag the Marquis from Lyons to Paris, as his heart misgave him at the former place. Under these premises, it is the less surprising that the philosophers derived but moderate edification from the conversation of the illustrious legislator:

'But we had soon a sad experience of the weakness of human nature. Beccaria had torn himself from a young lady, of whom he was jealous, and this passion would have led him to retrace his steps from Lyons to Milan, if his friend had not forced him on. Arrived at last, he was sombre and reserved, and no one could get two words from him. On the other hand, his friend, of a handsome figure and gay and easy disposition, obtained the preference universally in society. This completed the distraction of poor Beccaria, who, after three weeks or a month at Paris, returned

alone, and left us his friend, Count Véri, to take his place. Towards the close of his stay, he became so altered in temper and disposition, as to remain constantly in his chamber at the tavern, where my brother and myself went to see him and tried to calm him, but unsuccessfully. He set off with a letter for my brother-in-law at Lyons, who entertained him a few days, and accompanied him part way on his return, convinced that he was growing insane.'

'After his return to Milan he did little, and the close of his career was not equal to the beginning; not an unusual phenomenon among the Italian men of letters, whose first essays are very brilliant, but who at twenty-five or thirty become disabused like Solomon, and acknowledge like him the folly of science, without having waited till they had his experience of it.'

All this time Morellet continued his literary labors of various kinds. In answer to a translation of two of Lucian's dialogues which he sent to Hume, the historian wrote him an obliging letter, in which he alludes to a plan that he had conceived himself, and on which Morellet was actually employed, of a commercial dictionary. He had made some interest to be appointed secretary of the bureau de commerce, partly in the expectation of finding in the archives, and the correspondence belonging to it, a large supply of documents for his work. After being promised this nomination, and issuing his prospectus for the dictionary, the situation was not given him. This was a considerable source of inconvenience, and he received no benefit from a large number of circulars requesting information, which he had distributed through Europe, by means of the French consulates and legations, *not one of his questions having received any answer.* He had, however, an annual pension of 4000 livres from the chest of commerce, and with this supply he procured the assistance of a 'man of letters,' and one or more secretaries. The dictionary, however, proceeded rather slowly, for the ministers occasionally employed Morellet to reduce memoirs and documents, of which they stood in need, to the delay of the greater work.

In 1772 Morellet passed over to England at the request of lord Shelburne, and at the expense of the French government, partly with the object of collecting materials for his dictionary. Lord Shelburne, though absent, had left orders for his reception, and the Abbé was accordingly carried out to Wycombe, twenty or thirty miles from London. Of the company there were Col. Barré, Dr Hawkesworth, Garrick, and Franklin.

The following account of the two latter we extract with pleasure:

'I understood very little English, but all the company spoke a little French, and displayed great indulgence towards me. They understood me with the more ease, as I had a distinct articulation, a strong voice, and a natural manner, which fixed the meaning of words and phrases. This, Garrick felt perfectly, and it helped him to understand me, as he has often told me.

'The time passed very pleasantly in the company of these men, whom it has always been a subject of congratulation with myself that I had known, and of whom I take this opportunity to say something, beginning naturally with the most celebrated Franklin, who already appeared in England as the politician and the statesman she was afterwards to dread, was then, however, much more known by his discovery of the identity of the electric fluid with lightning; but as public economy occupied me much more than physical, our conversation naturally turned on these subjects. We often discussed the general question of the freedom of commerce and the two great questions that arise thence, the freedom of the India and the corn trade. His ideas on population in general, and on that of America in particular, on the connexion of colonies with their mother countries, and on the advancement of America, then English, were also developed in our conversations. We conversed also of music, of which he was very fond, physics and morals, but in few words and at long intervals, for no one ever practised, better than he, La Fontaine's maxim: "Le sage est menager du tems et des paroles."

'I saw him try the experiment of flattening waves with oil, which had been regarded as a fable in Aristotle and Pliny.* It is true they were not the waves of the sea, but of a little stream that ran through the park at Wycombe It was agitated by a tolerably fresh breeze. He went about two hundred paces from where we were, and after some magic grimaces, shook three times over the water, a reed, which he held in his hand. A moment after, the little waves began to grow smaller, and the surface of the water soon became smooth as glass. * * * I shall have occasion to speak again of Franklin.

'Garrick had been in France with his wife, and I had met him at Madame Helvetius' and the baron d'Holbach's. He had taken a fancy to me, for the way in which I disputed, which he said he found remarkable from the vehemence of my gestures. At the baron d'Holbach's, when he saw Diderot or Marmontel and myself engaged, he sat down with folded arms, and looked at us, as a painter examines a figure he is studying.

* It is needless to observe that this experiment is now often tried on a much larger scale. We are assured by seamen, that the extent to which a small quantity of oil will smooth the sea is prodigious.

'Garrick was very friendly to me, and gave me many marks of kindness during my stay. He made me read Richard III. and Othello, which he promised to play when we returned to London. This was an apple of discord between us, for I would not admire every thing. He observed me, from the corner of his eye when I was reading Shakspeare, and caught the slightest traces of disapprobation on my countenance. Then he would fly at me like a madman, calling me "*French dog*," and overwhelming me with questions and explanations, to force me to approve what our taste does not relish.

'He placed me in the orchestra at Drury Lane, and forbade my reading while he was playing, declaring I should understand him without the book, so confident was he in the truth of his own acting, although I was as yet perfectly a stranger *to spoken English*. I neglected his orders from time to time and opened the book, which I had brought with me almost in spite of him. Then he cast terrible glances at me, and I made up my mind to look at nothing but him, and in fact I understood nearly "the whole of his acting, though I lost many of the words." About six months after this, on my return to Paris through London, he carried me to pass some days with him at his country seat near Hampton Court on the Thames, with his charming wife. She was from Germany, and had been a *danseuse*. She had perfect gracefulness and great goodness of heart, and the sight of their union was delightful. She survived him and enjoyed a considerable fortune.'

Our extracts have been so long, we can afford no room for any more at this period of the biography. At the peace of Paris in 1783, his friend lord Shelburne recommended him to the French ministry to be nominated to an Abbey, declaring in his letter on this occasion, that he had received great information from him. The minister took the recommendation in good part, and he received the brevet of a pension of 4000 livres. This, with the payment of some of his literary labors, placed him in a condition to establish himself with one of his sisters, a widow, and her daughter. His niece afterwards married Marmontel, who dedicated his works to her in a long and affectionate letter. In 1785 he was admitted to the academy, and translated at this time among other works, 'Smith's Wealth of Nations,' of which, however, another translation forestalled the French market. In 1786, he published a translation of Mr Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. He appears to have regretted the departure of Franklin, Mr Jefferson's predecessor at Versailles, which happened about this time, very deeply. Although we have already extracted his account of his acquain-

tance with him in England, we think our readers would be pleased to meet with still farther details, though of a light nature, of our great countryman :

'There took place at this time a great void in our society at Auteuil, by the departure of Franklin, who returned to America. He had lived at Passy, and the communication between Passy and Auteuil was direct. We, Madame Helvétius, Cabanis, the Abbé de la Roche, and myself, used to dine with him once a week. He also came to dine very frequently at Auteuil, and our meetings were very gay. For one of these dinners on some anniversary of his birth day, or of some fête for American liberty, I wrote the following song :

'Que l'histoire sur l'airain
Grave le nom de Franklin,
Pour moi, je veux à sa gloire
Faire une chanson à boire ;
Le verre en main
Chantons notre Benjamin.

En politique il est grand ;
A table joyeux et franc ;
Tout en fondant un empire
Vous le voyez boire et rire ;
Grave et badin
Tel est notre Benjamin.

Comme un aigle audacieux,
Il a volé jusqu' aux cieux ;
Et dérobé la tonnerre
Dont ils effrayaient la terre ;
Heureux larcin
De l'habile Benjamin.

L'Américain indompté
Recouvre sa liberté ;
Et ce genereux ouvrage
Autre exploit de notre sage,
Est mis à la fin
Par Louis et Benjamin.

On ne combattit jamais
Pour de plus grands intérêts ;
Ils veulent l'indépendence
Pour boire les vins des France
C'est là le fin
Du projet de Benjamin.

L'Anglais sans humanité,
Voulait les réduire au thé ;
Il leur vendait du vin trouble
Qu'il leur faisoit payer double,
Au grand chagrin
De leur père Benjamin.

Si vous voyez nos héros
Braver l'Anglais et les flots,
C'est pour faire à l'Amérique
Boire du vin catholique,
Vin clair et fin,
Comme l'aime Benjamin.

Ce n'est pas mon sentiment
Qu'on fasse un débarquement :
Que faire de l'Angleterre ?
On n'y boit que de la bière :
Facheux destin,
Au dire de Benjamin

Ces Anglais sont grands esprits
Profonds dans tous leurs écrits,
Ils savent ce que l'air pèse ;
Mais si leur cave est mauvaise,
Ils sont en vain
Savans comme Benjamin.

On les voit assez souvent
Se tuer de leur vivant ;
Qu'y feront les moralistes,
Si les pauvres gens sont tristes ;
Faute de vin,
Comme le croit Benjamin ?

Puissions-nous dompter sur mer
Ce peuple jaloux et fier !
Mais après notre victoire
Nous leur apprendrons á boire
A verre plein
La santé de Benjamin.

'Franklin was very fond of Scotch songs, and often remembered the powerful and gentle emotions he had received from them. He related to us, that in travelling in America he met, beyond the Alleghany mountains, with the habitation of a Scotsman, living far from society, on account of the loss of his fortune, with his wife, who had been handsome, and a daughter of 15 or 16 years old ; and that in a fine evening, seated in front of their door, the woman sung the Scotch air, "so merry as we have been," in so soft and touching a manner, that he melted into tears, and that this impression was still vivid in his mind after thirty years.'—'His manners were delightful; perfect good humor and simplicity, an uprightness of mind that appeared in the smallest occurrences, and above all, a gentle serenity, which was easily excited to gaiety. Such was the society of this great man, who has placed his country in the rank of independent nations, and made one of the most important discoveries of the age.

'He did not speak long in succession, excepting in relating anecdotes, a talent in which he excelled, and which he liked very

much in others. His stories had always a philosophical object. Many of them had the form of apologues, which he had himself imagined, or which when invented by others, he had applied with wonderful skill.'

In 1788, the Abbé Morellet succeeded to an excellent benefice, the priory of Thimer, of about fifteen thousand livres income. He soon established himself and family there. But at this time the revolution began to appear, and the assembly of the notables took place. Morellet wrote one or two tracts on the form to be given to the states general, and was, at this time, like Necker and many others, in favor of doubling the Tiers Etat, from the fear that the people would not obtain their rights against the joint influence of the nobility and clergy. His opinion was soon changed, and in the year following he speaks of the same class thus: 'I then knew that *the people* was about to become the tyrant of every one, who had any thing to lose, of all authority, of all discipline, of the troops, the assembly and the king, and that we were to expect the horrors that have always accompanied a similar domination. I confess that from that moment I was seized with fear at the sight of this immense power, till then disarmed, but which was beginning to feel its strength, and preparing to put it forth to the utmost.' In 1790 he lost his residence at Thimer, which was sold by the national assembly, with the other goods of the church. This was followed by the equally unpleasant occurrence of the rupture of his friendship with Madame Helvétius, which had lasted thirty years. The other inmates of her house were democrats; the Abbé had lost every thing by the revolution, and they could no longer live in harmony. He continued to publish from time to time short political works adapted to the occasions which presented themselves. The academy was soon after suppressed, and Morellet, who had just been chosen director, employed himself in secreting the portraits and removing the papers of the institution. He had been allowed a liquidation of his claims, by the national assembly. To obtain payment of this, it was however necessary to procure a certificate of *civisme*. These certificates were granted by the committee of public safety in each section, to be subject to examination for approval at the hotel de ville by the general council. He did not know at the time of his application to his section, that they were confirmed with some difficulty, and that their rejection was usually followed by an immediate ar-

rest. He attended several times without success at the hotel de ville. Descriptions of the proceedings in this body and the national convention are common. On one occasion when Morellet was there, the *proces-verbal* of the last meeting was read. One article was a resolution of the joy of the patriots at the arrest of Bailly, who was denominated an 'enemy of the people,' and whose execution was ordered in anticipation of his trial. Another article decreed that thereafter no pretty women should be allowed to present requests at the mayor's office to obtain the liberty of aristocrats. One of the clerks, interested perhaps in the abuse, undertook to represent the impracticability of executing the resolution, that the office was necessarily open to all women, old or young, ugly or pretty, for the payment of taxes, the sale of the domains, &c. But his representation had no effect, and it was concluded that no pretty woman was afterwards to present herself at the mayor's office, which would evidently operate as an universal prohibition. Then entered five sections, who came to present their contingent of young recruits from eighteen to twenty-five. These passed through the saloon always to the beat of drums, and sometimes with full martial music. After they had each sworn to exterminate tyrants and cement the edifice of liberty with their blood; the president in the bonnet rouge *gave out* the Marseilles hymn, with *ça ira*, which were both sung after each troop passed. This manner of performing the public business was in general very agreeable to the spectators, though occasionally it drew forth the remark, 'mais c'est dróle de passer comme ça tout le tems de leur assemblée à chanter; est-ce qu'ils sont là pour ça?' The form of obtaining the certificate, was for the president, on the name of the applicant's being called out, to inquire, 'is there any one who knows the citizen and answers for his *civisme*?' If no person answered, his request was passed over; if any of the members said, 'I know the citizen, and answer for him,' it was granted. On Morellet's coming forward, no one answered for him, and the president said, 'I hear it whispered to me, that the citizen is suspected of *incivisme*.' As soon as the president had uttered these words, a member arose and opposed granting the certificate to Morellet, on the ground that he had defended the cause of despotism fifteen or sixteen years before. This accusation being strenuously denied by our author, a committee was nominated to examine his works and decide on their *civisme*. On repairing at

the appointed day to the meeting of this committee, and waiting two or three hours, one of them appeared. He was the person himself who had accused Morellet. The Abbé had taken the pains to have all his works transported to the hotel de ville in a great bag. The commissary, however, who was to pronounce on his patriotism, still insisted on his having written an éloge of despotism :

'I replied to him that I had no doubt he had read a very infamous apology for despotism, but that the question was to know if I wrote it or not. I ventured to assure him that no book of the kind existed with my name, and that it was a calumny, if it was anonymous and attributed to me. I am fortunate enough, if not able to prove a negative, added I, still to show a long suite of my works for the last thirty years, in favor of the liberty of the subject. I then opened my bag and drew out successively my works, great and small, of which we made the inventory in the manner of the curate and barber of Don Quixote, a comparison which will appear still more just in the sequel.

"This," said I, "is a work written at the request of the late M. Trudaine, who, you will confess, was a tolerably good minister for his time. I here establish the principles put in execution since by the national assemblies, of abolishing all the custom houses on the frontiers and suppressing the *droits interieurs*." "Yes," says he, casting his eye on the paper, "that's well."

"This," added I, passing to another, "is a pamphlet in favor of the protestants, who were persecuted in the south in 1758. You see my manner of thinking on these questions is of old date, since it is thirty-five years since I wrote this paper." "That's not so bad," replied my friend the commissary.

"Here is a little work, in which I defend the liberty of writing and printing on matters of state. You see they would not permit it to be printed till five years after, when the ministry was changed by the accession of Turgot, who also loved liberty, and with whom I was connected from twenty years of age." "Turgot," said he, "was better than the the rest of them," and opening the pamphlet, he read two or three lines here and there.

"This book," putting into his hands a great volume, "is the refutation of the dialogues of the Abbé Galiani, and is also in favor of trade." "Oh," said he, "it won't do to cite that." "Is it not your opinion," said I, "that liberty of trade is the only means to prevent scarcity and high prices ? Is not liberty always good, and good for all things," added I, maliciously. I saw that my éloge of liberty embarrassed him, and that he did not like to contradict me. "But at present the uneasiness is too great for that kind of liberty." * *

'I produced then my different memoirs against the India company in favor of free trade, and begged him to observe the strength of my *civisme* in the zeal with which I combatted privileges hurtful to the people, by the increase of the price of articles of consumption, which they caused. I counted on my volume in quarto as a shield, and he himself, when he took it into his hands, seemed to feel some pleasure in having as a dependant before him the author of so large a book.'

The commissary at last grew tired, as all passive pleasures must cease, of the pride of examining great books, whose author was in his power; a most serious species of reviewing indeed, where the decision is enforced by the jail and guillotine. He informed him explicitly that he ought to prove his having been in favor of the proceedings on the 10th August and 31st May. The Abbé tried to soften him by the considerations of his age and loss of fortune. The last suggestion reminded his judge of his own losses, and he communicated to Morellet that he had been himself a ladies' hairdresser before the revolution, and had presented to the academy some *toupets* of his own invention and structure, in consequence of having had a taste for mechanics. After trying, as the concluding argument in his own favor, the effect of urging that he had been in the bastile, Morellet submitted his works to the mercy, justice, or caprice of the hairdresser, and departed. At his twelfth visit to the hotel de ville, it was decreed that certificates had been issued with too great facility, and ordered that even those, which had been granted by the sections, should be reinspected. He took advantage of this, to cease the dangerous suit to obtain one, and contented himself without his pension. He escaped further peril, all those who had been instrumental in refusing the certificate and thus acquainted with his *incivisme*, real or suspected, having been executed the year after. He published at this time two tracts on the confiscation of the goods of parents or children of emigrants, which appear to have produced considerable effect. In 1797, the political arena being closed, our author undertook to live by translating the English novels and romances of the day. In this way he obtained 2000 livres for 'the Italian,' 100 louis for 'the Children of the Abbey,' &c. In the three years after, Morellet, though more than seventy, published twenty volumes of translated works. The last was Vancouver's Voyages round the World.

Here the memoirs end. A short supplement brings down

the events of Morellet's life to 1819, the year of his death. He closed his long, reasonable, and peaceful life in tranquillity. We hope our readers may have been entertained with the anecdotes we could afford to insert of this excellent man. The comparative obscurity and perfect repose of his life contrast strongly with the frenzy of some of his great literary and military contemporaries.

ART. XV.—*A pedestrian tour of two thousand three hundred miles in North America, to the Lakes, the Canadas, and the New England States. Performed in the autumn of* 1821. *Embellished with views, by P. Stansbury.* New York, 1822.

OUR readers may possibly recollect the account given in one of the earlier numbers of our journal, by an ingenious correspondent, of a pedestrian tour of thirteen hundred miles, of which nine hundred and more were performed in the stage coach. In Mr Estwic Evans' tour, which however was only *pedestrious*, (by which we are probably to understand merely inclining to a foot journey,) that portion of it, which extended from New Orleans to the north, was performed in a vessel. Fairly to give his readers an understanding of what sort of a journey they were to expect, Mr Stansbury, in his highly glowing preface, informs us that it is one of the greatest privileges of the pedestrian, that he 'can embrace the opportunity of a passing stage coach, or continue his journey by water carriage.' If it is thus the peculiar privilege of a pedestrian to travel in a carriage or a steam boat, we presume it is the distinctive convenience of the stage coach, that the passengers, when it breaks down, may avail themselves of a balloon, if any happen to be passing; and if they are travelling in regions not covered by the patent for flying, which Mr Bennet has solicited of the senate of the United States.

Mr Stansbury, in the same animated introduction to his tour, informs us that having adopted this sort of pedestrian travelling, he has been enabled to make numerous excursions, and go through many interesting scenes, '*which he could not possibly have done by any other mode of travelling.*' We shall immediately give our readers the proof of this, and satisfy them that Mr Stansbury has so diligently employed his pedes-

trian advantages, as to see and hear various important things, which we are well convinced have escaped the eyes and ears of every other person, and which, till his mode of making discoveries is universally adopted, will, we fear, continue to remain unnoticed. As our readers will of course take the greatest interest in such of the scenes as are nearest home, we shall mention a few of Mr Stansbury's discoveries on the road from Canada to Boston. Before crossing the American boundary, he met with a sight, which we venture to say no other traveller, unless it be Mr Evans, has ever encountered besides himself. 'We progressed* forward, upon the road side, with as much care and almost as slow as those men, who walk slack rope or wire, when we met a drove of two hundred oxen for the market of Montreal, slowly advancing. *A gentleman in rich attire*, the owner of the drove, who had given his horse to one of his men, and was picking his course along the opposite side, exclaimed over to us in a very piteous tone, "*Gentlemen*, I am sorry for you."' The talent of discovery seems to have been mutual, if we may judge from this gentleman drovier's salutation. The next proof of pedestrian advantages is the observation made of the general appearance of the American frontier at Vermont, contrasted with the Canadian. In the latter, 'habitations, enclosures, the people themselves, and all their performances, low and humble; here mansions, walls, *gigantic* citizens, and mighty projects, rivalling the glory of the most enlightened ages and nations!'

After a pathetic description of 'the resounding sides of the Camel's Rump,' we are conducted by our adventurous tourist to Montpelier, the capital of Vermont. Here he had the good fortune to witness an extraordinary spectacle, viz: that 'of the shops all in commotion.' In what way the convulsion was produced, and what were its consequences to the persons who might have been in the shops at the moment, we are not informed. Nor was this the only remarkable phenomenon that fell within his notice, for he found four *superb hotels* in Montpelier, excessively crowded; and made a discovery in the legislature of Vermont, then in session, which we are persuaded is without a parallel in any other legislative body in America, not excepting the congress of the United States. The members, he avers to be men 'of large limbs, tall, *genteel*, and notwithstanding some little peculiari-

* We begin to regret having taken up the cudgels in a former number in favor of this ungainly word. Mr Stansbury here uses 'progressing forward,' in distinction from *progressing backward*.

ty of dialect, which must be ascribed to their secluded situation among the mountains, very well versed in the art of oratory.' That this art, however, is not closely connected with that of *prophecy*, is apparent from what our author adds, that he learned from a '*venerable* member, that the bill respecting the judicial regulations of the community was under consideration, and that he *guessed* it would be passed by a large majority.' Here the member's *gentility* stood him but little in stead, and the most rustic legislator could not have come wider of the mark.

The next discovery of our author is not positively novel, something like it being recorded, if we remember correctly, in the judicious miscellany of Mr Joseph Miller. We refer to the well known person, who had the good fortune to be able to exhibit a horse, with his tail where his head ought to be. Mr Stansbury encountered in his pedestrian journey in Vermont, a district where 'droves, not only of fine fat cattle, but of horses also, are continually *streaming down the hills*.' If this should prove on further enquiry to be accurate, it may safely be said of the pastures of Vermont, where the horses and oxen are streaming down hill, that the cattle are where the brooks ought to be. Our author mentions another circumstance highly peculiar to these regions, that he felt 'an evident change of temperature in mounting alternately to the tops of these ridges, and returning again to the level of the bottoms of the valleys.' He adds of the place he is describing, that 'the *plain* upon which it stands, is perfectly *level*,' forming in this, we doubt not, a striking contrast with the surrounding hills. Our author's general impressions of the Vermontese character are highly favorable. He says, 'we are under no small obligations for the respectability of the American character to the assistance of the Green Mountain boys;' and most of the tavern floors, in his way through the country, 'were occupied by *venerable citizens*, discussing, at these convenient meeting places, the affairs of governors, states, and nations :' a practice which must essentially aid these venerable *boys*, in their husbandry and households.

Our author makes brief mention of the college at Dartmouth, which he tells us occupies 'a perspicuous station.' If it were as easy for others to realize, as our pedestrian author to make, his discoveries, we doubt not our brethren at Hanover would imitate the English universities, and set up a number of *travel-*

ling fellowships at once. For he tells us that 'the *funds* of this institution are excellent, consisting in the *awards* of nearly two hundred students, and in the annual income of lands possessed in the northern part of this and the neighbouring state.' What these *awards* may be, we do not pretend to say; never having enjoyed the means of information furnished by travelling on foot. But if lands in the northern parts of New Hampshire and Vermont are 'excellent funds,' we desire to get a leaf out of the Dartmouth college book. We had imagined a property of this kind to be like the proposal which was made by one of the country parishes of New Hampshire, to raise their pastor's salary from $250 to $300 per annum. 'Spare me, my christian friends,' replied the worthy man; 'it is a weary burden to collect the $250: I should be worn to death by trying to scramble together the three hundred.' Unless *awards* are exceeding poor stock, we should prefer them to the 'northernmost' lands of New Hampshire or Vermont. Few single circumstances show the advantages of travelling on foot, more than our author's discoveries in the White Mountains. Dr Bigelow and Mr Francis Gray, having no modes of conveyance but horses and chaises, made them short of 7000 feet high. But Horace observes, with singular justice, to the disparagement of all but pedestrians that in vain navibus atque quadrigis petimus bene vivere; and Mr Stansbury on foot confirms the remark, by his experience on these hills. 'The white mountains, which *lay* in the north of New Hampshire, rise to the height of 10,000 feet *perpendicular*.' We almost wonder here that Mr S. should have failed in his grammar in the word *lay*. We scarce ever saw an instance where the correct reading would have been more appropriate.

Our author on his way to Boston, having been belated on the road, and unable to reach an inn, accepts the friendly offer of a person of whom he inquired his way, and entered 'a very large country mansion.'—'It was the abode of a plain hard-working farmer;' but by an effort of the same kind, which enabled a distinguished traveller in Spain to see wondrous things in the windmills and flocks of sheep, our author declares of the house of this plain hard working New Hampshire farmer, that 'wealth smiled on its exterior, while the apartments within gave tokens of superior magnificence.' Mr Stansbury, however, is only managing a pretty surprise for his readers; and this plain hard-working farmer is, in fact, a retired sea captain.

Captain or farmer, he got the blind side of our author, who declares with enthusiasm that the 'evening fled in the most interesting manner; the jests went round; *the mug of cider circulated*, and the rosy apple brightened each laughing lip.' This cider, however, had an effect on the worthy captain himself, at which our author only hints. 'Always jocular, the old gentleman became exceedingly so, and even *permitted* one of his men, who was standing, to sit down upon a wash basin instead of the chair, which he had silently removed.' The man was unquestionably highly pleased with the *permission*. The worthy captain seems to have taken the phrase of 'drowning care in the bowl' somewhat literally; or was perhaps living his youth over again, and thought he was letting a green hand into a tub, on crossing the equator; a mistake the less to be murmured at, as the mug of cider had circulated, and the ancient navigator appears to have been half seas over. Our author, who, to all appearance, is a bit of a wag himself, declares, 'that he left this house with regret.' His agreeable entertainment in it was but an unfaithful augury of his company in the stage coach to Boston. Among them were two persons, whom he pronounces to have been, 'in the mild signification of the term, Boston *sharpers*, and who commenced business by a boisterous colloquy about such *smart* men of their town, such and such *sharp* fellows of their neighborhood, and made many shrewd remarks concerning horse dealing, swapping, purchasing molasses, and vending clocks, wooden bowls, and pumpkin-pie dishes to the southward.' We think we see the wicked smile of these rogues in making our poor pedestrian swallow all they chose to put themselves off for; and a high treat they must have had to see worthy Mr Stansbury entering them in his note-book, first as horse jockies, then West India supercargoes, then travelling pedlars, or rather all at once, without the good man's dreaming of the hoax. The Boston folks are sharp indeed; rather too much so to blow themselves thus to Mr Stansbury. We have no doubt he expected every moment to see the dogs pull out a bag of wooden nutmegs.

Approaching nearer the ocean from Connecticut river, our author had the good fortune to find the land grow more fertile; whence it is plain that the luck of making discoveries, which attends him on foot, does not desert him in the coach. 'His vehicle rolled speedily, he tells us, through Bedford, *Nashford*, and *Tungsborough*, *each a splendid place, without one*

small or ill looking house about it. This is travelling with a witness; and a very valuable annotation informs us that the New England currency is 6s. 8d. to a dollar; from which we are sorry to argue, that we have lived all our days with a set of sharpers, who have put the odd eight pence in their pockets, for every dollar they have exchanged for us.

But the glorious things which it was reserved for our author to disclose, crowd fast upon us. 'We passed,' saith he, 'through 'Dunstable, Chelmsford, Billerica, Burlington, and Woburn, without stopping more than ten minutes in each place. *Burlington* has become famous for its extensive theological institutions, which are brick buildings of extraordinary elegance as well as simplicity.' This discovery of Mr Stansbury's at Burlington strikingly confirms a remark often made, that travellers will find out more of a place in a few moments, than inhabitants and neighbors in a long life. Struck with shame on reading this part of Mr Stansbury's valuable work, we immediately set off *on foot* to do penance with a fifteen miles walk, and make a *pedestrian* trip to Burlington. We did not allow the word pedestrian, however, nor our purpose of taking a walk, to betray us into a too literal accomplishment of that plan. Availing ourselves of one of those advantages, which Mr Stanbury declares to be peculiar to pedestrians, that of jumping into the first vehicle which we encountered, we craved a seat in the one horse chaise of our former academical associate and esteemed friend, the reverend Mr Sewall, of Burlington, not doubting that if there were a theological institution in his parish, he would certainly know the fact, and peradventure belong to the establishment. Our friend was not less surprised at the strain of our remarks, than we had been in reading the paragraph of Mr Stansbury's work. Too mild, however, to express a disparaging judgment, he half whispered with a significant smile, 'fuit haud ignobilis Argis,' and bid us good morning.

Mr Stansbury put up at the *Rising Sun* in Boston, the only sign we are sure at all appropriate to the happy day, when he entered our walls. With a peculiar talent at getting over the ground, which his habit of walking probably conferred, he contrives to bring his observations on Boston, Charlestown, and Cambridge, within the compas of one day, and starts off the next morning for Newport. His conscience having smitten him for his intemperate indulgence in a seat in the Concord stage, he determined once more to adopt what he learnedly

calls the *peripatetic* mode; which appears, however in the sequel, to mean getting on board 'a fast sailing packet at Providence.' But before leaving this part of the country, our author gives the following very judicious and impartial summary of the character of its various regions. 'Amongst ourselves, we call the former [New Englanders] *Yankies;* but foreigners have dubbed us all with that title. The latter [of the south] according to their respective states, are denominated Virginians, Kentuckians, Georgians. The New Englanders, considered as one body, represented in an individual, are a sanctimonious, sober, good-looking, and withal, an enterprising neighbor, full of excellent thoughts and new inventions. The southern people, considered in the same manner, are a hospitable, complaisant, as well as a profane, slave-driving, and swarthy looking personage, who however keeps a sharp eye to his own aggrandisement, and that of his country. The middle states, among which New York stands prominent, hold that just medium, which cannot fail to produce respect and *veneration.*'

With these reflections, our *venerable* traveller draws near to New York, and approaches the *Wallabout,* with throbbing exultation. Landing at Crane-wharf, he finds, as he observes, a new subject of congratulation, in perceiving the rising columns of a *new market,* and treads the hallowed spot with an imagination glowing, no doubt, at the sirloins and haunches, that are to be. The concluding remarks evince a naïveté so amiable, that we cannot forbear to quote them. 'Our remarks are now more than sufficiently protracted. With "a simple tale," [qu. the author of this striking quotation] we have made an effort for the honor of the nation, and not altogether as maliciousness might whisper, for the advantage of ourselves, to unfold some of the natural beauties, and artificial magnificence of North American scenery, and until that voice, which bids the lover to clamber down the precipice to pluck for his mistress a flower, or the patriot to behold unmoved the shafts of hatred and malice aimed at his heart, again speaks, we will throw down the pen.' It would indeed be a piece of most gratuitous malice, for any one to whisper that our author has written for his own advantage. We profess not to understand the meaning of the last sentence, but we suspect Messrs Myers and Smith hope by this time, that the said voice which is to lead Mr Stansbury to give them another book to print, will not very soon speak again.

The truth is, for it is time to speak seriously, this book is too bad. There is a great deal of stuff daily issuing from the press, and as most of it comes with its own corrective of dullness, it seems unkind for the critic to step in, to hurry it to its doom. One circumstance only has determined us to notice the work before us. Large numbers of the inhabitants of our cities resort annually to that scene of glory and beauty, presented to them in a part of the tour, which this book pretends to describe. All ought to do it, who can possibly spare time and money for the journey. *Niagaram vidi* ought almost to be the American's pass word. Now in the hurry of packing up for the lakes, and in that want of some sort of guide-book, which most feel on such an occasion, it may, by some evil chance, befall a traveller of weak nerves to see Mr Stansbury's tour to the lakes and the Canadas, in a shop window, to buy it, and reserving the perusal till he arrives at the spot, to put it unopened in his trunk. It is plain that no dependence could be placed on the continued sanity of a man, who, under these circumstances, should arrive at his destination, and opening Mr Stansbury's book for directions at the falls, chance on the following passage :

'Down drop the brimful oceans, crash upon crash, loud peal the hollow rattling thunders. As a thousand crags rifted at once by lightning from the top of a lofty mountain, dart headlong, crumbling to the distant valley, and reiterating with deafening loudness, stupify the dismayed (?) inhabitant, over whose head they rebounded, so flies Niagara over us desperately swift; and madly bellowing as it recoils high above the trembling earth, astounds the affrighted senses of the presumptuous mortals who thus dare to break into this worse than Tartarean dungeon. An awful plunge! Dreadful uproar echos round the deep abyss, whilst the never ceasing war of jarring elements break, quiver, burst, and roll around,

> As if the phrenzi'd demons of the air,
> Loosed from their chains of adamant, had met
> In fierce encounter.

'Mingling yells and groans of horror appear to unite with the class of sparkling armor, and the angry spirits of the torrent from their watery caverns seem to exclaim loud and threatening, begone! We obey the summons, and hurrying precipitately away, rejoin a more secure and comfortable station.'

ART. XVI.—*A translation of the first book of Ovid's Tristia, in heroic English verse, with the original text. By Francis Arden, Counsellor at Law.* New York, 1821.

WHATAVER may be thought of the merits of this author's poetry, the candor of his preface should certainly secure him from illnatured criticism. The following exposition of the object to which his efforts were principally directed, will materially assist the reader in forming an impartial and thorough judgment of his success.

'The present essay claims to be no more than an experimental effort, in which the translator has so markedly preferred the words and order of his text to less restrained attempts at imitative elegance, that in no instance has he dropped expressive terms of the original, or presumed to vary from its manner, unless the genius of our language, or some metrical obstacle, seemed to require the liberty. He is not conscious, however, of needing much indulgence either for what he has omitted, or may in any way have ventured to change.

'A course so straightened not only diminishes opportunities for ornamental display, but renders the display itself proportionably difficult; the reader is therefore cautioned against anticipations of high poetical beauties, and intreated to rest satisfied with a degree of smoothness in the composition, exceeding, perhaps, what its alleged closeness might have prepared him to expect.

'If it be asked, why this has not been executed in greater conformity to the prevailing style of verse translation? I answer, that an attempt to render a Latin Poem such as it would appear if originally composed in English, seems, to my apprehension, rather calculated to cover the freedoms of its translator, than susceptible of attainment; that my intent was not to exhibit Ovid in the folds of paraphrastic drapery, but to convey what he wrote; and that I was particularly desirous to learn how my manner of executing this intent would be received.

'I will not attempt to deprecate severity of criticism, by enumerating the disadvantages under which my little work was completed, and yet these were perhaps as great as have attended the presentation of any ancient classic in modern language; my best excuse is in the fidelity of the version; and I have only to request, that the critical reader will bear in mind the goal at which I purposed to arrive, and by comparing my lines with the original, ascertain how nearly I have approached it.'

Modest as these promises are, it is a high as well as just praise, to say that they are amply fulfilled. Of all the languages generally studied in this country or in England, the

most difficult to translate with ease and grace, is unquestionably the Latin. It abounds more in inversions and transpositions than the Greek, the French, or the Italian, and its idioms are often so utterly irreconcileable with the genius of our own tongue, that a poetical version of a Roman poet which is highly literal, without being intolerably harsh, is a proof of no inconsiderable command of language and of numbers. That we have not been guilty of extravagant praise, may be easily seen from comparing a few passages of our author's version with the original. As he has rendered this an easy task by printing them side by side, we shall quote only a single paragraph from the conclusion of the eleventh elegy. We do not know how the meaning of an ancient or foreign author can well be rendered more fully and faithfully than in the following lines:

> Savage the race to left, intent on prey,
> Whom gore, and war, and slaughter, always sway,
> And though with winter's billows ocean rolls,
> More boisterous than that ocean are their souls.
> These lines then more kind reader should you spare,
> If meaner than your hope, as sure they are,
> I write them not in gardens, as of old,
> Nor you, the customed couch, my person hold;
> On the wild deep I toss, in Brumal hours,
> And the blue water o'er my paper showers;
> Stern winter strives, incensed that while he throws
> His cruel terrors round, I dare compose.

> Barbara pars læva est, avidæ succincta rapinæ,
> Quam cruor, et cædes, bellaque semper habent.
> Cúmque sit hibernis agitatum fluctibus æquor;
> Pectora sunt ipso turbidiora mari.
> Quo magis his debes ignoscere, candide lector,
> Si spe sunt, ut sunt, inferiora tuâ.
> Non hæc in nostris, ut quandam, scribimus ortis:
> Nec consuete meum, lectule, corpus habes.
> Jactor in indomito brumali luce profundo:
> Ipsaque cæruleis charta feritur aquis.
> Improba pugnat hiems, indignaturque, quòd ausim
> Scribere, se rigidas incutiente minas.

The principal defect of this work, which is, in a word, a want of conciseness and vivacity, may be ascribed partly if not wholly to our author's strict adherence to the plan laid down in his preface. It is evident from the passage which we have cited, that, with him, literal exactness was an object

of primary and almost of exclusive attention ; that he resolved that every expression in the original, should be represented in his version, and that not only virtually but actually. His ideas on this subject differ widely from ours. We cannot but assent to the general opinion, that in translating an ancient classic, it should be our first object to express his meaning as he would have done had the English language been that of his age and country. Could this rule be completely obeyed, no other would be requisite. Since, however, much of the merit of the celebrated writers of Greece and Rome is necessarily lost in every modern version, a translator should be not only allowed but required, to repair as far as possible an injury, which he cannot prevent, by softening the faults or heightening the beauties of the original, to any extent not inconsistent with a general fidelity. To say that he shall expose all his author's defects, especially those which are accidental and not habitual and characteristic, is to require a degree of exactness like that of the Chinese manufacturers, who copy with the nicest care, not only the shape and colour, but even the rents and flaws, of every article of dress or furniture, which is given to them as a pattern.

The liberty of embellishment is now as universally conceded to translators as that of retrenchment, and though it may seem more questionable, rests on similar reasons. There is as much truth as point in the well known remark of DeLille, 'on doit être quelquefois superieur à son original, precisément parcequ' on lui est très inferieur.'—'Slaves we are and work on another man's soil,' says Dryden of the whole race of translators, and there is no reason why they should be prohibited entirely from making improvements, which redound to the benefit of their masters. Indeed the comparative advantage of servile and of liberal (we do not say licentious) poetical translation, is a question which we consider as fully settled, by the different fortunes of Pope's and of Cowper's Iliad. That Cowper has given us an exact image of the original, is indeed a popular maxim, but few would be willing to qualify themselves for judging of its truth, by reading through his version. That of Pope on the contrary, notwithstanding all that has been said of its unfaithfulness, by a long line of minute critics, from his day to ours, is the only medium, through which the beauties of the Grecian bard are known to the generality of English and American readers. Yet though we cannot approve of the

principles of translation, laid down by our author, we think any attempt to render our countrymen better acquainted with the sentiments of the ancient classical poets, highly honorable and useful. Still we should be far from recommending the Tristia of Ovid as worthy of particular attention, and think that Mr Arden has honored it much beyond its deserts, by naming it in the same sentence with the Fasti. Ovid carried little of his poetry into banishment, except the ease and melody of his versification. His five books of Tristia and four of Epistles from Pontus, are distinguished by a superabundant share of all the defects of his early writings, and by an almost total absence of his characteristic spirit and ingenuity. They are filled with childish exaggerations of the inclemency of the climate and the inhumanity of the people of Pontus, with servile intreaties to Augustus, and with petulant and unfounded complaints of the neglect of his former friends. We find a perpetual recurrence to the same ideas, a monotonous strain of doleful lamentation, which continually reminds us of the note of the whippoorwill. Not satisfied with the most simple and natural, and therefore most interesting expressions of his grief, he is perpetually striving to excite the sympathy of the reader, not by pathetic declamation, but by logical argument. He does not exclaim with the prophet, 'see if there be any sorrow like to mine,' but sets out to prove the point, by precedents drawn from history and poetry, by close parallels and nice distinctions, between his own adventures and those of some of the fabled heroes of antiquity. His petitions, his compliments, and his reproaches are all disfigured with the same intermixture of frigid reasoning. Let those who think these remarks too unqualified, turn more particularly to the second elegy of the first book of the Tristia. This purports to be a prayer to the sea gods, written by the poet in a violent storm, on his voyage to the place of his exile. Instead of a concise and impassioned petition, it is a collection of quibbling sophisms, which, if expressed in plain English prose, might be mistaken for the work of some of those sages of the law whose subtleties are detailed in Plowden's Commentaries. Defects like those which we have mentioned, can be concealed or repaired in no version whatever; and we cannot but think that our author, in attempting to render the Tristia interesting in an English dress, has undertaken a task, beyond not only his own power, but that of any poet.

Art. XVII.—*Switzerland; or a journal of a tour and residence in that country, in the years* 1817, 1818, *and* 1819; *followed by an historical sketch on the manners and customs of ancient and modern Helvetia, in which the events of our own time are fully detailed, together with the causes to which they may be referred. By L. Simond.* Two vols. London and Boston.*

Mr Simond is well known to our readers by a former work—his journal of a tour and residence in Great Britain—one of the best books of travels in the most difficult country to treat, which this age of travellers has produced. Rumor has long preceded the present work, and we think it will be found on perusal not to disappoint the expectation, of which it has been the object. It is throughout sensible, entertaining, manly. The observations are those of an original and profound thinker, clothed in vigorous, often in beautiful and eloquent language. Facts are detailed with great accuracy, not always perhaps with severe selection; with a little too much occasionally of the traveller's gossip. We know not, however, but it is the general dignity of Mr Simond's work, which leads us to this remark, and causes us to take exception to trifles in him, which in the mass of journalists, whose pages are filled with inanities as idle abroad as they are at home, would pass respectable muster. We have at all events read the work of Mr Simond with great avidity, and venture to promise the intelligent reader, that he will be entertained and instructed by it, in no ordinary degree.

Few persons possess greater advantages than Mr Simond for traversing this portion of the European continent. A Frenchman by birth, he is of course fully possessed of the language of the greater portion of the country surveyed by him, and of that aptitude to understand continental matters, which is a kind of instinct that no Englishman or American attains, short of a long domestication abroad. But this instinct and the possession of the European language are almost the only advantages which Frenchmen, as such, possess for travelling. They in fact travel little, and their accounts of their travels are generally worthless. Mr Simond, on the other hand, by having passed twenty years in America, to which he appears to have fled from the horrors of the French revolu-

* By Messrs Wells & Lilly.

tion, has formed his mind to the severer discipline of the English stock; cast off all *spectacle*, unlearned the national vanity, which the French more than any other nation display; and besides this, he appears to have made himself familiar with the most dignified and important studies. To those who look for science in a book of travels, who would have the margin a kind of *hortus siccus*, or a catalogue of fossils, his Switzerland will present few attractions. A little more geology, however, than all will understand, is introduced from time to time; though this is clothed in popular language and made still more intelligible, by means of a few simple and well imagined wood cuts.

The two volumes of the work are disconnected with each other, the former only containing the journal, the latter the historical sketch. It cannot be denied that this division has led Mr Simond to protract each part, beyond its necessary limits; while the plan of following his journal chronologically and setting down separate visits made to the same spot after a considerable interval, has occasioned the repetition of several remarks, some thrice and many twice. Mr Simond is a writer, who could afford to make a small book. His metal is too pure to make it necessary to catch the eye, by spreading it over a large surface; its value would have been apparent in dimensions however small. As we trust moreover our acquaintance with him is not here to rest; but that we shall, in due season, hear of him from the Ausonian bounds, we look forward with some concern to a proportionate number of volumes from Italy. With concern, not because we fear the volumes will be bad; we should then have a speedy remedy: but because we doubt not they will be good; and because in the region of the mind the reverse of Mr Malthus' doctrine seems to hold. In the physical world population increases geometrically and food arithmetically. In the mental, the quantity of intellectual aliment—the number of good books—increases so much faster than leisure or strength to consume them, that unless the Tartars take pity on us, and send us another Omar, there is danger of a general surfeit of the understanding. Since, however, the complaint against the multiplication of books comes with no very good grace from those, who, like ourselves, are favoring the public with one every three months, we shall without further ado proceed to share with our readers the gratification we have derived from perusing Mr Simond's Switzerland.

His notes begin with Fontainbleau, on the way to Switzerland, where he was shown 'the stairs, by which Napoleon came down to the great court, (to review for the last time the remnants of an army, with which he was going to part,) and the small table upon which he signed his abdication, as well as the mark of an angry kick which he gave to that table; an anti-chamber anecdote, adds Mr Simond, for the correctness of which I do not vouch. Another anecdote regards the pen, with which the emperor had signed his abdication. It became, as may be supposed, an object of great interest to curious or idle travellers visiting this place, that is to the English, who form the great majority of these travellers. One of them bought this valuable pen for much more than its weight in gold, to the great disappointment of those who followed. But the good nature of the domestic, who shews the apartment, suggested to him the expedient of supplying another pen, and it soon found an amateur, who would have it to himself. Matters could not stop there, and no English traveller has since been disappointed of the true pen of the abdication.' This expedient is in truth as old as relics themselves; and we have all heard of the standing miracle, which till late years was wrought at the tomb of Whitefield, in Newburyport, whose cassoc, constantly cut off in fragments by the devout, was never found to grow narrower or shorter. Mr Simond saw also at Fontainbleau, the apartment where the present pope was confined. 'Bonaparte,' says he, 'treated the Roman pontiff alternately with great respect and much insolence; oppressing him at one time with his visits, and at another time remaining months without seeing him. One day, after an angry conversation, which went the length of threats on his part, he tried what soothing would do, to obtain his purpose, "*tragedia*," observed the old man, calmly, "*poi commedia !*" '

Mr Simond, with a few touches of his powerful pen, has conveyed, we presume, a very just idea of the state, in which the revolution found the rural gentry of France. 'Long before the revolution,' he remarks, '*Chateaux* had been forsaken by their *seigneurs*, for the nearest country town, where *Monsieur le Comte* or *Monsieur le Marquis*, decorated with the cross of St Louis, made shift to live on his paltry seigniorial dues and rents, ill paid by a starving peasantry; spending his time in reminiscences of gallantry with the old dowagers of the place, who rouged and wore patches, dressed in hoops and

high heeled shoes of full four inches height, and long pointed elbow ruffles ballasted with lead. Not one individual of this good company knew any thing of what was passing in the world, or suspected any change had taken place, since the days of Louis XIV. No book found its way there, no one read even a newspaper. When the revolution burst upon this inferior nobility of the provinces, it appeared to them like Attila and the Huns to the people of the fifth century ; the scourge of God, coming nobody knew whence, for the mere purpose of destruction ; a savage enemy, speaking an unknown language, with whom no compromise could be made.'

Mr Simond took the road of Dijon, and his first halting place in Switzerland was Giez. Hence he made an excursion to 'Motiers-Travers, the retreat of Rousseau, and famous for his lapidation. His house is still shown, and his desk against the wall, where he wrote standing, and the two peeping holes, in a sort of wooden gallery up stairs, through which he could unperceived watch the people out of doors. Some old inhabitants remember the philosopher. It is now more than fifty years since he was here. They admit there were a few stones thrown at him or the house, by the boys of the village, but question whether it was on account of his writings, *(les lettres de la Montagne,)* and rather suppose they were instigated by his *gouvernante*, who was tired of the place, and wished to disgust him with it.'

At Yverdun, Mr Simond visited the famous school of Pestalozzi. 'The whole life of this well known veteran has been devoted to usefulness, but in endeavoring to promote the welfare of mankind, his own has been always out of the question. His apostolical poverty and simplicity, the homeliness of his appearance, and above all, his obscure and perplexed elocution, had never recommended his active and energetic virtues to the notice of the world, if public calamities had not called them forth into action on a conspicuous stage. The bloody 9th of September 1798, having left many children of Underwalden fatherless, Pestalozzi collected at Stantz about eighty of these destitute orphans, and undertook to provide for their wants of body and mind : but the house he occupied having been soon taken away from him for a military hospital, he had with his adopted family to seek shelter elsewhere. Berne provided him with another house, and made him liberal offers, but in the year 1804, he finally settled at Yverdun, where an

ancient castle was appropriated to the use of his school.' Of the value of Pestalozzi's methods, Mr Simond appears to have conceived no very exalted opinion. He examined several of the pupils as to the nature of their intercourse with their instructers, on the peculiar intimacy of which Pestalozzi rests the excellence of his system. The result of his inquiries was that 'the mode of teaching is in fact very little different from what it is in other schools. The masters teach arithmetic, geography, geometry, &c. from elementary books; that is, dictate to the pupil his mode of proceeding: and as to *love and confidence*, Mr Pestalozzi is himself now too old to have much conversation with his pupils, and the masters under him see them at the hours of instruction, and love them about as much as in other schools masters love their scholars, and no more. *Aux taloches près*, this was the expression one of the pupils used; excepting a box on the ear occasionally, there is nothing very paternal in their intercourse with their pupils; and once the master for religious instruction in an angry moment, as I am told, burst one of the desks, with a blow of his fist. *Ce'st beau cela pour un maître de religion*, observed my informant; an intelligent boy, who, however, had no dislike to the school, and no wish to leave it.'—'In 1814, when the allies were about establishing a military hospital at Yverdun, this venerable man having been deputed to Alexander, obtained for his town the exemption from this burthen, and was on the occasion decorated with a Russian order.

Under the head of Bâle, Mr Simond gives an interesting hint of a famous artist and his work. 'A multitude of eminent men were born or received their education in this *town*.* It is enough to name Erasmus, Euler, Bernouilli; and in the arts, Holbein, who, notwithstanding his defects, rose so much above the general standard of his time. A copy of the *Eloge de la Folie*, with marginal drawings by him, is, we understand, preserved in the public library, but it is very doubtful, whether he had any thing to do, with the celebrated *Danse des Morts*, bearing his name. This celebrated composition was originally painted on the walls of a church yard, which it was found necessary to pull down seventeen years ago.

* We cannot help making a remark here on the use of this word. Since the municipal incorporation of Boston, many of our fellow citizens seem to think they sin against the charter by even speaking of it under the name of *town*: which, however, is in fact the true English appellation of a city, and applied to the oldest cities in Europe.

The picture having suffered much from long exposure, and being almost obliterated, was retouched, and perhaps wholly painted anew four different times in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and yet always retained the name of Holbein. This tradition is the only proof of his having painted it the first time.'—'The library of Bâle,' says Mr Simond, 'possesses twelve thousand medals, mostly found in the ruins of a Roman city in the neighborhood. It is surely a matter of surprise,' continues our author, 'that so many medals and species of coin, should have been found among the ruins of antiquity, implying, as they do, a much greater number still hidden. We moderns do not scatter about our money and other valuables in this manner; and when, some thousand years hence, London and Paris come to be dug out of corn fields on the banks of the Thames and the Seine, the pieces of gold, and silver, and brass picked up among the ruins, will still be Greek and Roman, with very few French and English. The reason must be, that now a days misers do not bury their treasures, which is assuredly all in favor of the modern state of society and security of property.' Mr Simond might also have said, that since the establishment of banks and the invention of bills of exchange, burying gold and silver is one of the least eligible ways of concealing property in troublous times.

The assembly of travellers of all nations at the falls of Schaffhausen, gives Mr Simond an opportunity of making a comparison between them. No part of his work is more attractive than those general observations, which our author makes in the cosmopolitan spirit derived from being a native of one country, a citizen of another, and a traveller in many others. The jealous English reserve is extremely well described in the passage which follows. 'There were other admirers here besides ourselves, some English and more Germans, who furnished us with an opportunity of comparing the difference of national manners. The former divided into groups, carefully avoiding any communication with each other, never exchanged a word, and scarcely a look, with any but the legitimate interlocutors of their own set; women adhering more particularly to the rule, from native reserve and timidity, full as much as from pride or extreme good breeding. The German ladies, on the contrary, contrived to *lier conversation* in indifferent French. With genuine simplicity, wholly unconscious of forwardness, although it might undoubtedly have been so qualified

in England, they begged of my friend to let them hear a few words in English, just to know the sound, to which they were strangers. If we are to judge of the respective merits of these opposite manners, by the impression they leave, I think the question is already decided by the English against themselves. Yet at the same time that they blame and deride their own proud reserve, and would depart from it if they well knew how, a few only venture. I really believe they are the *best bred* who thus allow themselves to be good humoured and vulgar.'

Mr Simond saw at Constance the hall, where the famous council sat, and repeats the mournful history of Huss. His reflections on the escape of the French regicides to Constance, are singularly impressive. 'Our guide,' says he, 'smiled again, when I asked him whether many of the French regicides had not taken shelter at Constance. *Yes*, he answered, *twenty-four of them.* The old fellows are seen *strolling together in the sun: nobody minds them now.* What, so soon, the men who could pass sentence of death on the king of France, and send him and soon after send daily hundreds of their fellow citizens to the guillotine! Those men of the convention, that made all Europe tremble, and whose troops laid this very town of Constance under contribution, are already so completely out of date as to be deemed *old fellows of no consequence!* And a simple man can now smile in contempt at proceedings so serious twenty-five years ago! This assuredly is a great and happy change! Walking further, our guide said, "that fine house yonder," pointing to the other side of the Rhine, "belonged to queen Hortense," and he smiled at the name of *queen Hortense.* Another dream vanished, thought we, or fashion gone bye. "But," added he, "she was a good lady, very charitable to the poor," and saying this he did not smile. May it be then—we trust it is—that there is, after all, nothing serious in the world, but those eternal principles of morality and religion to which men cling in sober moments, and to which they return after many criminal deviations; that there is no real greatness even in this world, but in a firm adherence to those principles; no durable admiration among men without esteem, and that even the lower part of mankind come at last to set the right value on the advantages this world affords, and distinguish between truth and falsehood.'

Mr Simond conducts us by a very interesting route, illustrating his progress by geological and historical remarks, by

economical and political observations and anecdotes from the recent military history of the times, into the heart of Switzerland. His description of the catastrophe of Goldau is remarkably good. This calamitous event is well known to our readers, from the fine description of it by Mr Buckminster, contained in a letter written from the spot but three weeks after the occurrence of the fatal disaster, and since published in the volume of his sermons. 'The summer of 1806,' says Mr Simond, 'had been very rainy, and on the first and second of September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain, a sort of cracking noise was heard internally, stones started out of the ground, and detached fragments of rock rolled down the mountain. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the second of September, a large rock became loose, and in falling raised a cloud of black dust. Toward the lower part of the mountain, the ground seemed pressed down from above, and when a stick or spade was driven in, it moved of itself. A man, who had been digging in his garden, ran away from fright at these extraordinary appearances. Soon a fissure larger than all the others was observed; insensibly it increased; springs of water ceased all at once to flow; the pine trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming. A few minutes before five o'clock, the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe became still stronger. The whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly as to afford time to the inhabitants to escape. An old man, who had often predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe when told by a young man running by, that the mountain was in the act of falling. He rose and looked out, but came into his house again, saying he had time for another pipe. The young man continuing to fly, was thrown down several times, and escaped with difficulty. Looking back, he saw the house carried off all at once. Another inhabitant being alarmed took two of his children and ran away with them, calling to his wife to follow with the third. But she went in for another, who still remained—Marianne, aged five. Just then Francisca Ulrich, their servant, was crossing the room with this Marianne, whom she held by the hand, and saw her mistress. "At that instant," as Francisca afterwards said, "the house (which was of wood) appeared to be torn from its foundation, and spun round and round like a tetotum. I was sometimes on my head and sometimes on my feet, and

violently separated from the child." When the motion stopped, she found herself jammed in on all sides, with her head downwards, much bruised and in extreme pain. She supposed she was buried alive, at great depth. With much difficulty, she disengaged her right hand and wiped the blood from her eyes. Presently she heard the faint moans of Marianne, and called to her by her name. The child answered that she was on her back among stones and bushes, which held her fast, but that her hands were free, and that she saw the light and even something green. She asked whether people would not soon come and take them out. Francisca answered that it was the day of judgment, and that no one was left to help them, but that they would be released by death, and would be happy in heaven. They prayed together. At last Francisca's ear was struck by the sound of a bell, which she knew to be that of Steinenberg. Then seven o'clock struck in another village, and she began to hope there were still living beings, and endeavored to comfort the child. The poor little girl was at first clamorous for her supper; but her cries soon became fainter, and at last quite died away. Francisca, still with her head downward, and surrounded with damp earth, experienced a sense of cold in her feet almost insupportable. After prodigious efforts she succeeded in disengaging her legs, and thinks this saved her life. Many hours had passed in this situation, when she again heard the voice of Marianne, who had been asleep, and now renewed her lamentations. In the mean time, the unfortunate father, who with much difficulty had saved himself and two children, wandered about till day light, when he came among the ruins, to look for the rest of his family. He soon discovered his wife by a foot, which appeared above ground; she was dead, with a child in her arms. His cries, and the noise he made in digging, were heard by Marianne, who called out. She was extricated with a broken thigh, and saying that Francisca was not far off, a further search led to her release also, but in such a state that her life was despaired of. She was blind for some days, and remained subject to convulsive fits of terror. It appeared that the house, (or themselves at least,) had been carried down about one thousand five hundred feet from where it stood before.' Several other interesting anecdotes are related by Mr Simond of this catastrophe, but our limits will not permit us to quote them.

We are reluctantly compelled to join with Mr Simond, who follows the most approved modern authors, in questioning the authenticity of a portion of the story of Tell. A son of the famous Haller published a tract in 1760, in which he proved that the part of the story, which relates to the apple, was an imitation of a similar legend in Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish historian of the twelfth century. Haller's book was publicly burned by a decree of the exasperated people of the Waldstætten, and is now with difficulty to be found. It appears that a similar event is related to have happened in Switzerland itself a century earlier, and the whole account belongs rather to the region of mythology than that of history.

In the course of his work, Mr Simond carries us twice to Hofwyl and the famous establishment of Mr *Von* Fellenberg, (for being a German, we see no particular reason for always qualifying him with a *de.*)* Our author is abundantly able to do justice to this topic, having made it the subject of particular attention, and having written the ample account of it, contained in the sixty-fourth number of the Edinburgh Review. We must confess that, with regard to this school, there has been sin both within the Trojan walls and without. Mr Von Fellenberg, with the enthusiasm pardonable in a man who has devoted his time and fortune to a great object—whose heart is wedded to it—and whose reputation is pledged on the result—is disposed somewhat to magnify his calling. His establishment consists, we presume our readers know, of a school for the higher classes, a poor school, and an agricultural establishment or seminary of improved farming. In the high school, there were in 1818 eighty boys of the best families in Europe, and Mr Von Fellenberg avowed it to be his object not only to make them wise, but good; and by thus sending out a tide of virtuous young men into the higher classes of society, Mr Von Fellenberg thinks he shall regenerate Europe. But the very proposition, without a moment wasted in comparing the enormous disproportion of the means controlled and the result proposed, carries its own confutation. The Rhone, and the Rhine, and the Danube, and the other great rivers which spring out of the

* The French writers often call him M. Fellembourg. Having observed the uncertainty of Mr Simond's orthography in some proper names, (as writing Wehrli sometimes Vehrly and sometimes Vehrli, but never quite right) we were about to say that the French are remarkable for mutilating proper names. A very respectable English magazine, however, for June, is before us, where repeated mention is made of the American Poem '*Yamaden*,' and of Dr *Seybright's* Satistical Annals.

glaciers of the Alps, within sight of Mr Von Fellenberg's observatory, have been pouring a stream of snow water into the ocean, since the world began, and still it is salt. Certainly if all the schools in the world turned out good boys, the promise for humanity, on the most favorable doctrine, could be no better than it is by nature. Children without sin become corrupt; and seventh form boys and senior sophisters are not to be educated into a more permanent purity than that of new born babes. It is evidently trying to disadvantage an experiment, which, under the best auspices, has failed. But, on the other hand, Mr Von Fellenberg is not to be derided. His establishments, it is true will not regenerate Europe; nay, not even the smallest canton in his own Switzerland; and though his eighty rich young men and forty poor ones go out into society pure as rain drops, they will be lost like drops in the great ocean of the European population, which will continue to be actuated by passions and interests, beyond the control of his thirty instructers. But his operations, as far as they go, are most deserving of praise. Of an ancient family and good fortune, he has given all up to forming the characters of the young, bettering the condition of the poor, assuaging the hardships and directing the labors of the peasantry, and his money and influence are certainly better employed than in laying out pleasure grounds, shooting grouse, fighting duels, or fitting out huge pipes of wine to circumnavigate the world.

The lovers of sentiment will be shocked to hear Mr Simond say that 'Clarens is a dirty village, less prettily situated than any in the neighborhood, and chosen by Rousseau for no better reason, than a well sounding name; otherwise he would have chosen the beautiful village of Moutreux, hard by. Not a gentleman's house could we see, fit to lodge the Baron d'Etange, unless it were the chateau de Chatelard, a good deal above it.' Here, however, we are constrained to differ from Mr Simond, and think the village as good as its inhabitants, whom all the eloquence of Rousseau, himself vulgar in grain, has not written into gentlemen and ladies. We are not disposed to make uncharitable comparisons between the morals of his heroes and heroines, and those of the *haut ton* at Paris and London; but we cannot but think St Preux and his mistress exceeding sorry people, and wonder they have been admitted into good company. It would be arrogant in us to dispute the fidelity with which Rousseau drew from life.

We cannot help thinking in fact there is a little more fidelity than he or his admirers admit; and that he painted only from the pretty gross associations of his own experience.

In describing Gibbon's house at Lausanne, Mr Simond, if we mistake not, has omitted a circumstance that struck us as the most singular about it. We refer to small bits of tin, on which are painted, in black letters, certain striking phrases and remarkable quotations, and which are nailed up on the walls of the rooms, and of the passages and the posts of the piazza. 'Gibbon,' says our author, 'has not left here a pleasing remembrance of himself. Whimsically particular about his hours, very selfish, disgusting in his appearance, an English traveller published an account of him and his mode of life, absurd and rather offensive. Yet a gross mistake he had committed was so gratifying to Gibbon, that he forgave all the rest, he said that the historian rode on horseback every morning:' a thing rendered impossible by the personal infirmity under which he labored.

Mr Simond's remarks on Madame de Stäel are highly interesting; he appears to us to have done good justice to her character in some contested particulars.* He gives us among others, the following pretty anecdote. 'While at Coppet an anecdote told us by an intimate friend of the family (M. de Bonstetten) recurred to me. He was then twenty five or six years old; and walking about the grounds, as we were then doing, he was struck with a switch behind a tree. Turning round he observed the little rogue laughing; *mamma wants me*, cried she, *to learn to use my left hand, and I was making a beginning.*'

'She stood,' continues Mr Simond, 'in great awe of her mother, and was very familiar with her father, as well as dotingly fond of him. One day, after dinner, as the former rose first and left the room, the little girl, till then on her good behavior, all at once seizing her napkin, threw it across the table, in a fit of mad spirits, at her father's head; then ran round to him, and hanging about his neck allowed him no opportu-

* We have scarce thought it worth while, in making our extracts from Mr Simond's work, to quarrel with a few inaccuracies which we have noticed. The following may, however, be mentioned as an inconstancy of remark somewhat curious. Page 287, Mr S. remarks, 'it is a common aphorism, and a *wise* one *as all aphorisms are*,' &c. in a paragraph relating to Madame de Stäel. Page 341, speaking again of Madame de Stäel, we find the phrase, 'a living contradiction of the witty, but *false* aphorism,' &c. We might easily grant that a false aphorism, can be witty, but not wise, as all aphorisms, in the first extract are alleged to be.

nity for reproof.'—'Mr Necker was—no one would have guessed it from his writings—full of humor, and apt to see things in a ludicrous point of view. He did not hold forth as Madame de Stäel was wont to do. He was even rather silent, but made sly remarks and sharp repartees. He wrote several witty plays, as M. de Bonstetten, who saw them, assured me; but when appointed a minister of state, thinking it against the *bienséance* of the situation to publish any thing but a *compte rendu* or grave works of morality, and afraid of being drawn into temptation, he burned his plays.'

Mr Simond's visit to Chamouni is highly engaging, and in fact we know of nothing in the world more likely to be attractive, in the hands of an intelligent traveller, than the various phenomena that present themselves on the summits of the Alps. There are two appearances in those regions, to each of which Mr Simond alludes, but without favoring us, that we have observed, with an explanation. One of these is the *moving* of the glaciers in a mass. An accurate idea of this phenomenon can scarcely be had, except by ocular inspection: a satisfactory explanation of it we have never seen. The portion of the Alpine ridge, at the foot of which the vale of Chamouni is situated, consists of several lofty and pointed elevations of granite called *needles;* of which the highest, but the least pointed, is Mont Blanc. Between these several summits or needles, there are of course vast chasms, which would be called vallies, were there any vegetation on their sides. Instead of vegetation the summits of the needles, when not too pointed, and the sides of these clefts or chasms are covered with snow. In the summer season, the intense heat of the sun melts, in the day time, a portion of these snows, though the water thus formed, immediately settling into the mass of eternal snow beneath, is converted into ice. By this process, the snow in these chasms is gradually converted into ice, and the glacier is formed. Every summer, although a part of the volume of the glacier melts and flows down, and goes off in various rivers, an addition is made to the glacier, by the melting of new snows and by the congelation of the water thus formed, till the chasm between two adjacent needles is in part or wholly filled up by the mass. Now this mass of ice thus imbedded in its rocky matrice, frozen down to its rough basis by gradual congelation, often miles in length, and hundreds of feet in width and depth, and of course enormously heavy, is satisfactorily ascertained

to move or travel forward in a mass. Travellers and geologists briefly answer that it is detruded by its own weight. In some cases, however, as in the glacier of Montanvert, which is at once the largest and most apparently in motion, the declivity on which it moves is very inconsiderable; not great enough to give the body of ice motion, even were there no resistance. But when we consider the enormous resistance, which must arise from the manner in which this prodigious mass, some miles long and hundreds of feet deep and high, was gradually frozen into its bed, we shall be led to examine carefully this hypothesis, before we adopt it. The chief agent in producig this motion appears to be the new ice formed at the higher part of the glacier by the melting of the snows; which, instead of accumulating on the top, as we should be prepared to expect, forms at the bottom, dislodges, and heaves up the old ice. By the constant repetition of this process the mass of the glaciers becomes cleft with frightful transverse fissures; and by the time it reaches the outlet of the chasm, in which it has been formed, is broken into chaotic masses, and presents an aspect of primeval desolation. The other appearance, of which a satisfactory explanation is yet wanted, is that of the *moraines*, as they are called. This is a sort of shore or bank of rocks and fragments of rocks, which the glacier brings down from the mountain, and which are heaped up in a regular row on either side of the glacier, like the sea-wreck on the beach after a high tide. The glacier of Montanvert, just above Chamouni, which is justly called the sea of ice, presents this appearance in its most imposing form. There are, on one side of the glacier, two and even three parallel *moraines*, running each five or six miles (for this mighty glacier is so long) along the edge of the sea of ice, with an interval between them. This appearance may have been produced by the glacier having in a warm or rainy summer melted very much, and left its line of wreck high on the side of the valley. Less copious thaws, after a long lapse of years, may have formed a second and third range; giving the whole the appearance of rude and ruinous walls, dividing the glacier into parallel portions. It is easy to see, however, that there are considerable difficulties in this explanation, which, as we cannot remove them, we will not consume time in stating. Nothing can give a more lively idea of desolation, than these *moraines*. They are partly composed of enormous and shapeless blocks

of granite, such as no human enginery could heave, and partly of gravel formed by the grinding up of smaller rocks, in the descent of the glacier. And where in some narrower pass, the whole force of the travelling ice has been applied to the rocky side of the valley, it has ploughed it out and excavated it, in a fearful manner. The materials thus collected are thrown up and piled together, with no other order, than a general rectilinear direction; and in order to reach and traverse the sea of ice, on the way to the Jardin Vert, which travellers occasionally visit, it is necessary to climb over this wall of desolation. Mr Simond was prevented from ascending the Montanvert, which is a sight never to be forgotten by the traveller, who may chance to see it at midnight, by the full moon shedding its quiet beams on the cold and desolate summits of the surrounding needles and the wild and terrific waves and dreary ridges of the sea of ice, while nothing is heard but the tinkling of the cow bell from a few droves, that pass the summer on this almost inaccessible elevation, and the solemn roaring of the Arveiron that gushes from beneath, from the lower extremity of the glacier.

Mr Simond takes occasion of a visit made from Switzerland to Lyons to describe this latter city, of which he appears to be himself a native; as he informs us that his father perished on the ramparts, the day before the surrender of Lyons, and that a brother belonged to the devoted troop, that, under the Count de Precy, cut its way through the besieging army, the morning of the surrender. Returned to Geneva, a considerable portion of the volume is devoted by our author to an account of this city;—an account remarkably judicious and instructive in itself, but protracted perhaps beyond the limits due to a single city. One sentence in this part of the work conveys, in expressive words, an image of what it is almost worth a voyage to Geneva to behold.—'The Rhone, of a brighter blue than the heavens, and perfectly transparent, darts through the town with a swiftness, which the eye can scarcely dwell upon.' If instead of the ordinary bridge and the mills which disfigure this most enchanting spot, such a bridge as that of the Trinity at Florence were thrown across the outlet of the lake of Geneva, it would certainly be the most beautiful sight in Europe.

To illustrate the excellence of female education in Geneva, our author gives us the following striking anecdote. 'Mr de Candole, professor of botany, at Geneva, but whose reputation

is European, made use, in a course of lectures of a very valuable collection of drawings of American plants, entrusted to him by a celebrated Spanish botanist, Mr Mosino, who having occasion for this collection sooner than was expected, sent for it back again. Mr de C. having communicated the circumstance to his audience, with the expression of his regrets, some ladies who attended the lectures offered to copy, with the aid of their friends, the whole collection *in a week*, and the task was actually performed. The drawings, eight hundred and sixty in number, and filling thirteen folio volumes, were executed by one hundred and fourteen female artists. One indeed of the ladies alone did forty of them. In most cases the principal parts only of each plant are colored, the rest only traced with accuracy; the execution in general very good, and in some instances quite masterly. There is not perhaps another town of twenty-three thousand souls, where such a number of female artists, the greatest part of them of course amateurs, could be found. Notwithstanding the wide dispersion of the drawings, there were not any lost, and one of them having been accidentally dropped in the street, and picked up by a girl ten years old, was returned to Mr de Candole, copied by the child, and is no disparagement to the collection. On another occasion several drawings were carried to a wrong house, but there too they found artists able and willing to do their part. This taste for the arts and for knowledge in general, is universal. I noticed a very good drawing at a watch maker's: *that is my sister's*, said the man. Old Spon [Histoire de la ville de Geneve] lay on the table: *his wife was reading it.*'

Mr Simond gives a very interesting account of the inundation in the Val de Bagne, in the year 1818, occasioned by the bursting out of a lake formed by the accumulation of the Dranse, behind a barrier of ice. A still more detailed account, however, of the same catastrophe, translated from one of the numbers of the Alpen Rosen, was published last year in a newspaper in Boston, and we forbear to repeat it.

The following anecdote is much to the credit and good sense of the present emperor of Austria. 'Joseph,' says Mr Simond, 'when in Switzerland shewed much ill humor and an old grudge of five hundred years, against the unfranchised vassals of his family. But the present emperor, on a similar occasion, behaved very differently. "*Vraiment* (he observed at the sight of the

ruins of the castle at Hapsburg) *je vois que nous n'avons pas toujours été grands seigneurs.*" ' We do not know why Mr Simond should make the emperor of Austria speak French, nor why, on the same leaf, he should call the language at Berne a dialect of German, or say that the German literature is less cultivated or known to the Bernese than the French. This statement appears to us wholly gratuitous. Well educated men in this, as in other parts of Switzerland, may be something more likely than the Germans in general to understand French, but German is their language, their children are sent to German universities, and the prejudices against every thing French, particularly since the overthrow of Bonaparte, are bitter. Mr Simond moreover is inaccurate in calling Wyttenbach the contemporary of Haller, and saying that he is ranked in *Germany* among the greatest humanists of the eighteenth century. Wyttenbach was educated, it is true, in Germany, but acquired all his reputation in Holland, and as he died within two years, can scarcely be spoken of as a contemporary of Haller, who died in 1777.

Under the head of Geneva, Mr Simond describes a very curious feature of their society, which we shall give somewhat at length, in his own words. ' A stranger,' says he, ' when first admitted to some sort of familiar intercourse at Geneva, soon takes notice of certain endearing epithets, which women of all ages are in the habit of bestowing on each other, such as *mon cœur*, *mon choux*, *ma mignone*, *mon ange*. The objects of this interchange of endearment, I was told, are women of some *Sunday society*. This explanation only increasing my curiosity, I made further inquiries, of which the following was the result. Both boys and girls are from their birth associated to other children of the same age and sex. Treaties of marriage for their children are concluded finally between parents before the children are born, and negotiations have been known to take place in regard to those that never were born. The boys, under the designation of the same *volée*, and the girls of the same *Sunday society*, meet at some of the parents' houses every Sunday; but neither fathers nor mothers nor even brothers or sisters, unless of the same society, are present. A *goûter*, or sort of light supper, is given to them, composed of fruit, pastry, &c. of which, being left to their own control, they partake at discretion, and do and say what they please. A sort of natural subordination soon establishes itself among

them. The cleverest and most good natured, the strongest and the wisest, soon acquire an influence over the others, which increases gradually with age. Young men of the same *volée* remain as such united at college, and until their dispersion over the world; but even then they retain always a strong predilection in favor of their early companions. They feel no jealousy of a superiority insensibly established and acknowledged by themselves. It reflects credit on the whole *volée* or *société;* the merits of one member are the boast of all; and thus twelve individuals are led to take the best among them for their model. There have been examples of young female orphans extremely well educated by their *société;* others have there found means to counteract the bad education they received at home; but there is not one instance of a whole association being contaminated by the vicious propensities of an individual. Young women, left to their own guidance under the safeguard of their innocence and mutual protection, at the age of fifteen, as well as at five, go out where they please, unattended, without any questions being asked or any inconvenience found to result from the liberty given them. There are very few instances indeed, of women above the very lowest class, married or not, whose conduct is suspected. Women, generally doomed to live and die where they are born, and whose friendships are rarely interrupted by any long absence, being gentler, more affectionate, and caressing than men, retain habitually through life, in speaking to one another, those youthful expressions of fondness, which had attracted my notice: but men as well as women always make a great difference between friends of their *société* and those who are not. It has been said of Geneva, that however long a stranger may live there, or be of all the *soirées*, he never will get farther. This must be explained. Not being of any man's *volée*, he will not be treated with the familiarity of an object of intimate association, from the earliest infancy. These are the friendships described by Montaigne, which the stranger would not probably have met with in his own country, and may therefore dispense with at Geneva. Young women meet by themselves till one of them marries. The husband becomes *ipso facto* of the Sunday society of his wife; other men not married are from that moment admitted; each of the girls designates those which she wishes to invite, who are admitted, if none of the rest have any objections. This is a great change.

The young people of the two sexes now learn to know each other, and most marriages originate in this manner, being seldom the result of mere prudential arrangements made by the parents. Some matches occur unequal in point of fortune, but very few between persons of unequal and incompatible tempers. Husbands are, as we have seen, of the society of their wives, quitting those to which they had previously belonged ; the wife therefore determines the *caste* of the husband. It is not uncommon for men of the *haute société* of Geneva to be seen there no more, after they have married beneath them. This is not an exclusion, but a voluntary estrangement, of which the motive does them credit.'

Some very curious anecdotes are told of Voltaire and Rousseau toward the close of Mr Simond's volume, but we have not space to quote them, and we are compelled to draw our notice of the work to a conclusion, without having said any thing of the second volume, which contains the history of Switzerland, or having alluded to very many interesting topics in the first. Considering it the work of a native Frenchman, it is a miracle of good writing ; few English books of the day being better written. We venture to commend it accordingly, to the gentlemen on the other side of the Atlantic, who talk about the American language ; Mr Simond having learned his English, as much more nervous and genuine for instance than Eustace's as can be imagined, some where between Pearl street and St John's, in New York. We cannot but recommend it in the highest terms to the public, and assure them they will find it not at all unworthy Mr Simond's high reputation ; and a very reputable accession to the literature of America.

Art. XVIII.—*Message from the President of the United States, transmitting the information required by a resolution of the House of Representatives of the* 16*th of February last, in relation to Claims set up by Foreign Governments, to Territory of the United States upon the Pacific Ocean, north of the forty-second degree of latitude, &c.* April 17, 1822.

The measures lately adopted by the Russian government, in relation to the northwestern coast of the American continent, are of so extraordinary a character, that we cannot re-

frain from examining the subject, and offering such comments as it naturally demands. We are sensible that a discussion relative to a country so remote, having within its limits but few objects to excite the curiosity, and only connected with the civilized world by an extremely limited commerce, might not ordinarily, awaken much general interest. But it is also well known that particular causes have heretofore drawn to it the attention, both of statesmen and philosophers, and we are not sure that the attempts to discover a northwest passage, or the dispute respecting *Nootka sound*, involved more serious consequences than the efforts now making by Russia, in that quarter of the globe, to monopolize commerce and usurp territory.

A trade to the northwestern coast of America, and the free navigation of the waters that wash its shores, have been enjoyed as a common right by subjects of the United States, and of several European powers, without interruption, for nearly forty years. We are by no means prepared to believe, or admit, that all this has been on sufferance merely; and that the *rights* of commerce and navigation in that region, have been vested in Russia alone. If such be the fact, however—if Russia has always possessed the right to interdict this trade, we cannot but wonder at her forbearance in permitting it to be carried on for so long a time, manifestly to the injury of her own subjects. Had a monopoly of the fur trade, which Russia now aims at, been secured to the 'Russian American Company' thirty years ago, that company, with any prudent management, might have attained at the present time the second rank, for wealth and power, in the commercial world, and been worthy not only of imperial protection, but of imperial attributes.

A short account of this trade, and sketch of its present state, may assist our readers in forming some estimate of the importance of this subject to the United States, merely in a commercial view, and independent of any question of territorial rights which it may be thought to involve. The third voyage of Cook having made us acquainted with countries of which little was before known; several enterprising individuals, allured by the prospect of a profitable traffic with the natives, engaged in voyages to the northwest coast as early as 1784. The citizens of the United States, then just recovering from the entire prostration of their commerce by the revo-

lutionary war, and possessing more enterprise than capital, were not slow in perceiving the benefits likely to result from the participation in a branch of trade, where industry and perseverance could be substituted for capital. In 1787, two vessels were fitted out in the port of Boston, the Columbia of three hundred tons, and the Washington of one hundred tons burthen ; the former commanded by Mr John Kendrick, the latter by Mr Robert Grey, since known as the first navigator who entered the river Columbia. Other vessels followed shortly after, and those entrusted with the management of these voyages soon acquired the necessary local knowledge to insure a successful competition with the traders of other nations (mostly English) who had preceded them. The habits and ordinary pursuits of the New Englanders qualified them in a peculiar manner for carrying on this trade, and the embarrassed state of Europe, combined with other circumstances, gave them, in the course of a few years, almost a monopoly of the most lucrative part of it. In 1801, which was perhaps the most flourishing period of the trade, there were sixteen ships on the northwest coast, fifteen of which were Americans, and one English. Upwards of eighteen thousand sea otter skins, besides other furs, were collected for the China market in that year, by the American vessels alone. Since that time the trade has declined, the sea otter having become scarce, in consequence of the impolitic system pursued by the Russians, as well as by the natives, who destroy indiscriminately the old and the young of this animal, which will probably in a few years be as rarely met with on the coast of America, as it is now on that of Kamtchatka and among the Aleutian islands, where they abounded when first discovered by the Russians. There are at the present time absent from the United States fourteen vessels engaged in this trade, combined with that to the Sandwich islands, which for several years past has been carried on to a considerable extent in sandal wood. These vessels are from two to four hundred tons burthen, and carry from twenty-five to thirty men each, and they are usually about three years in completing a voyage. After exchanging with the natives of the coast for furs, such part of their cargoes as is adapted to the wants or suited to the fancy of these people, the ships return to the Sandwich islands, where a cargo of sandal wood is prepared, with which, and their furs, they pro-

ceed to Canton, and return to the United States with cargoes of teas, &c. The value at Canton of the furs, sandal wood, and other articles, carried thither the last season, by American vessels engaged in the trade, was little short of half a million of dollars. When it is considered that a comparatively small capital is originally embarked; that a great part of the value arises from the employment of so much tonnage, and so many men, for the long time necessary to perform a voyage; and that government finally derives a revenue from that portion of the proceeds which is brought home in teas, equal at least to the amount invested at Canton, we believe this trade will be thought too valuable to be quietly relinquished.

The publication, of which the title is perfixed to this article, contains certain documents, communicated by the president of the United States to congress at their last session. The most important of them is the ukase, issued by the emperor of Russia in September 1821, and made known to our government in February of the present year. We shall devote most of this article to some remarks on this Russian edict, and the correspondence in relation to it between Mr Adams, secretary of state, and the chevalier de Poletica, the Russian minister to the United States.

The prohibitions and regulations contained in this edict are very minute and particular, occupying nearly ten pages of a closely printed pamphlet, and divided into sixty-three sections; in the first and second of which, however, will be found the pith and marrow of the subject. These, together with the introduction, we transcribe. The others are of minor importance. They however authorize the forcible seizure, by Russian ships of war, by vessels belonging to the company, or by individuals in their service, of all foreign vessels which may be *suspected* of violating these regulations, and direct that they be sent to the port of St Peter and St Paul, in Kamtchatka, for trial; and if condemned, the crews are to be sent across Siberia, to some port on the Baltic, and permitted to return to their own country, if they can find the means!

'EDICT

'*Of His Imperial Majesty, Autocrat of all the Russias.*

'The Directing Senate maketh known unto all men: Whereas, in an Edict of His Imperial Majesty, issued to the Directing Senate on the 4th day of September, and signed by his Imperial Majesty's own hand, it is thus expressed: "Observing, from re-

ports submitted to us, that the trade of our subjects on the Aleutian Islands and on the northwest coast of America appertaining unto Russia, is subjected, because of secret and illicit traffic, to oppression and impediments; and finding that the principal cause of these difficulties is the want of rules establishing the boundaries for navigation along these coasts, and the order of naval communication, as well in these places as on the whole of the eastern coast of Siberia and the Kurile Islands, we have deemed it necessary to determine these communications by specific regulations, which are hereto attached.

"In forwarding these regulations to the Directing Senate, we command that the same be published for universal information, and that the proper measures be taken to carry them into execution."

Countersigned COUNT D. GURIEF,
Minister of Finances.

"It is therefore decreed by the Directing Senate, that His Imperial Majesty's Edict be published for the information of all men, and that the same be obeyed by all whom it may concern."

'The original is signed by the Directing Senate.

'On the original is written, in the hand writing of His Imperial Majesty, thus:

"Be it accordingly.
ALEXANDER."

'SEC. 1st. The pursuits of commerce, whaling, and fishery, and of all other industry, on all islands, ports, and gulfs, including the whole of the northwest coast of America, beginning from Behring's Straits, to the 51° of northern latitude, also from the Aleutian islands to the eastern coast of Siberia, as well as along the Kurile islands from Behring's Straits to the south cape of the island of Urup, viz: to the 45° 50′ northern latitude, is exclusively granted to Russian subjects.

'SEC. 2d. It is therefore prohibited to all foreign vessels, not only to land on the coasts and islands belonging to Russia, as stated above, *but also to approach them within less than a hundred Italian miles.* The transgressor's vessel is subject to confiscation, along with the whole cargo.'

We doubt if pretensions so extravagant and unfounded—so utterly repugnant to the established laws and usages of nations, have been set up by any government, claiming rank among civilized nations, since the dark ages of ignorance and superstition, when a bull of the holy see was supposed to convey the rights of sovereignty over whole continents, even in anticipation of their discovery. Russia claims the exclusive possession of the whole American continent, north of the 51st degree of latitude! We say the whole continent, for we search in vain

for limits except the latitude of 51° on the south, and 'Behring's Straits' on the north. It is just possible that his 'imperial majesty' may be content, *for the present*, to take the Rocky Mountains for his eastern boundary, though we are not sure but we do him injustice in ascribing to him such narrow views. Even the attempts of Spain, to usurp the exclusive navigation of the South sea in the vicinity of her American possessions, arbitrary as they were, and violating, as they did, the indisputable rights of other nations, must, when examined with reference to the different periods when they were made, yield in absurdity to the claims now before us. We cannot forbear expressing our surprise, that, in this enlightened age, when the general principles of national rights have been clearly defined, and are well understood, a government, possessing the highest influence in the political world, and constantly referred to as the arbiter of national disputes, should prefer claims which can only be supported by the extraordinary notion of considering the Pacific ocean a 'close sea,' where it is, at least, four thousand miles across.

Mr Adams, in answer to a note from M. de Poletica, accompanying a printed copy of the Russian edict, expresses the surprise of the American government at the extraordinary claims it sets forth, and after alluding to the friendly relations which have always existed between the two nations, says, 'it was expected before any act which should define the boundaries between the territories of the United States and Russia on this continent, that the same would have been arranged, by treaty, between the parties.' We think this expectation a very reasonable one, and the different course which Russia has chosen to pursue evinces either ignorance of her own rights, or a disregard to those of others. Mr Adams inquires if M. de Poletica is 'authorized to give explanations of the grounds of right, upon principles generally recognized by the laws and usages of nations, which can warrant the claims and regulations contained in the edict.' M. de Poletica, in reply, declares himself 'happy to fulfil this task.' But as this letter purports to be a complete vindication of the claims of Russia, we prefer giving it entire; and shall follow it with some comments on the 'historical facts' it contains, and the inferences which are drawn from them; and add some facts within our own knowledge, which may have a bearing on the subject.

['TRANSLATION.]

'*The Chevalier de Poletica to the Secretary of State.*

'SIR—I received two days since, the letter which you did me the honor to address to me on the same day, by order of the President of the United States, in answer to my note of the 11th current, by which I discharged the orders of my government, in communicating to you the new regulation adopted by the Russian American Company, and sanctioned by his majesty the emperor, my august sovereign, on the 4th (16th) of September, 1821, relative to foreign commerce in the waters which border upon the establishments of the said company, on the northwest coast of America.

'Readily yielding, sir, to the desire expressed by you in your letter, of knowing the rights and principles upon which are founded the determinate limits of the Russian possessions on the northwest coast of America, from Behring's Strait to the 51° of north latitude, I am happy to fulfil this task, by only calling your attention to the following historical facts, the authenticity of which cannot be contested.

'The first discoveries of the Russians on the northwest continent of America, go back to the time of the Emperor Peter I. They belong to the attempt, made towards the end of the reign of this great monarch, to find a passage from the Icy sea into the Pacific ocean.

'In 1728 the celebrated Captain Behring made his first voyage. The recital of his discoveries attracted the attention of the government, and the Empress Anne entrusted to captain Behring (1741) a new expedition in these same latitudes. She sent with him the academicians, *Gmelin, Delile de la Crayere, Muller, Steller, Fisher, Krasilnicoff, Krœcheninicoff*, and others, and the first chart of these countries which is known, was the result of their labors, published in 1758. Besides the strait, which bears the name of the chief of this expedition, he discovered a great part of the islands which are found between the two continents; cape or mount St Elias, which still bears this name upon all the charts, was so called by Captain Behring, who discovered it on the day of the feast of this saint; and his second, Captain Tchiricoff, pushed his discoveries as far as the 49th degree of north latitude.

'The first private expeditions undertaken upon the northwest coast of America, go back as far as the year 1743.

'In 1763, the Russian establishments had already extended as far as the island of Kodiak, (or Kichtak.) In 1778, Cook found them at Ounalashka, and some Russian inscriptions at Kodiac. Vancouver saw the Russian establishment in the bay of Kinai. In fine, Captains Mirs, Portlock, La Peyrouse, unanimously attest the existence of Russian establishments in these latitudes.

'If the imperial government had, at the time, published the dis-

coveries made by the Russian navigators after Behring and Tchiricoff, (viz. Chlodiloff; Screbreanicoff; Krassilnicoff; Paycoff; Poushcareff; Lazareff; Medwedeff; Solowieff; Lewasheff; Krenitsin; and others,) no one could refuse to Russia the right of first discovery, nor could even any one deny her that of first occupation.

'Moreover, when D. José Martinez was sent, in 1789, by the court of Madrid, to form an establishment in Vancouver's Island, and to remove foreigners from thence under the pretext that all that coast belonged to Spain, he gave not the least disturbance to the Russian colonies and navigators; yet the Spanish government was not ignorant of their existence, for this very Martinez had visited them the year before. The report which captain Malespina made of the results of his voyage, proves, that the Spaniards very well knew of the Russian colonies, and in this very report it is seen that the court of Madrid acknowledged that its possessions upon the coast of the Pacific ocean ought not to extend to the north of Cape Blanc, taken from the point of Trinity, situated under 42° 50′ of north latitude.

'When in 1799, the emperor Paul I. granted to the present American company its first charter, he gave it the exclusive possession of the northwest coast of America which belonged to Russia, from the 55th degree of north latitude to Behring's strait. He permitted them to extend their discoveries to the south, and there to form establishments, provided they did not encroach upon the territory occupied by other powers.

'This act, when made public, excited no claim on the part of other cabinets, not even on that of Madrid, which confirms that it did not extend its pretensions to the 60th degree.

'When the government of the United States treated with Spain for the cession of a part of the northwest coast, it was able to acquire by the treaty of Washington, the right to all that belonged to the Spaniards, north of the 42d degree of latitude; but, this treaty says nothing positive concerning the northern boundary of this cession; because, in fact, Spain well knew that she could not say, that the coast as far as the 60th degree belonged to her.

'From this faithful exposition of known facts, it is easy, sir, as appears to me, to draw the conclusion that the rights of Russia to the extent of the northwest coast, specified in the regulation of the Russian American Company, rest upon the three bases required by the general law of nations and immemorial usage among nations; that is, upon the title of first discovery; upon the title of first occupation; and, in the last place, upon that which results from a peaceable and uncontested possession of more than half a century; an epoch, consequently, several years anterior to that when the United States took their place among independent nations.

'It is moreover evident that if the right of the possession of a certain extent of the northwest coast of America, claimed by the United States, only devolves upon them in virtue of the treaty of Washington, of 22d of February, 1819, and I believe it would be difficult to make good any other title, this treaty could not confer upon the American government any right of claim against the limits assigned to the Russian possessions upon the same coast, because Spain herself had never pretended to similar right.

'The Imperial government, in assigning for limits to the Russian possessions on the northwest coast of America, on the one side Behring's strait, and, on the other, the 51st degree of north latitude, has only made a moderate use of an incontestible right; since the Russian navigators, who were the first to explore that part of the American continent, in 1741, pushed their discovery as far as the 49th degree of north latitude. The 51st degree, therefore, is no more than a mean point between the Russian establishment of New Archangel, situated under the 57th degree, and the American colony at the mouth of the Columbia, which is found under the 46th degree of the same latitude.

'All these considerations united have concurred in inspiring the Imperial government with an entire conviction that, in the last arrangements adopted in Russia, relative to her possessions on the northwest coast, the legitimate right of no foreign power has been infringed. In this conviction, the Emperor, my august sovereign, has judged that his good right, and the obligation imposed by Providence upon him to protect with all his power the interests of his subjects, sufficiently justified the measures last taken by his Imperial Majesty in favor of the Russian American Company, without its being necessary to clothe them with the sanction of treaties.

'I shall be more succinct, sir, in the exposition of the motives which determined the imperial government to prohibit foreign vessels from approaching the northwest coast of America belonging to Russia, within the distance of at least 100 Italian miles. This measure, however severe it may at first view appear, is after all but a measure of prevention. It is exclusively directed against the culpable enterprizes of foreign adventurers, who, not content with exercising upon the coasts above mentioned an illicit trade, very prejudicial to the rights reserved entirely to the Russian American Company, take upon them besides to furnish arms and ammunition to the natives in the Russian possessions in America, exciting them likewise in every manner to resistance and revolt against the authorities there established.

'The American government doubtless recollects, that the irregular conduct of these adventurers, the majority of whom was

composed of American citizens, has been the object of the most pressing remonstrances on the part of Russia to the Federal government from the time that diplomatic missions were organized between the two countries. These remonstrances, repeated at different times, remain constantly without effect, and the inconveniences to which they ought to bring a remedy continue to increase.

'The imperial government respecting the intentions of the American government, has always abstained from attributing the ill success of its remonstrances to any other motives than those which flow, if I may be allowed the expression, from the very nature of the institutions which govern the national affairs of the American federation. But the high opinion which the emperor has always entertained of the rectitude of the American government, cannot exempt him from the care which his sense of justice towards his own subjects imposes upon him. Pacific means not having brought any alleviation to the just grievances of the Russian American Company, against foreign navigators in the waters which environ their establishments on the northwest coast of America, the imperial government saw itself under the necessity of having recourse to the means of coercion, and of measuring the rigor according to the inveterate character of the evil to which it wished to put a stop. Yet it is easy to discover on examining closely the last regulation of the Russian American Company, that no spirit of hostility had any thing to do with its formation. The most minute precautions have been taken in it to prevent abuses of authority on the part of commanders of Russian cruizers appointed for the execution of said regulation. At the same time, it has not been neglected to give all the timely publicity necessary to put those on their guard, against whom the measure is aimed.

'Its action therefore can only reach the foreign vessels, which, in spite of the notification, will expose themselves to seizure, by infringing upon the line marked out in the regulation. The government flatters itself, that these cases will be very rare; if all remain as at present appears, not one.

'I ought, in the last place, to request you to consider, sir, that the Russian possessions in the Pacific ocean, extend on the northwest coast of America, from Behring's Strait to the 51st degree of north latitude, and on the opposite side of Asia, and the Islands adjacent, from the same Strait, to the 45th degree. The extent of sea of which these possessions form the limits, comprehends all the conditions which are ordinarily attached to *shut seas* (Mers fermées) and the Russian government might consequently judge itself authorized to exercise upon this sea the right of sovereignty, and especially that of entirely interdicting the entrance of foreigners. But it preferred only asserting its essential rights, without taking any advantage of localities.

'The Emperor, my august sovereign, sets a very high value upon the maintenance of the relations of amity and good understanding, which have till now subsisted between the two countries. The dispositions of his Imperial Majesty, in this regard, have never failed appearing at all times, when an occasion has presented itself in the political relations of the United States with the European powers, and surely in the midst of a general peace Russia does not think of aiming a blow at the maritime interests of the United States; she who has constantly respected them in those difficult circumstances in which Europe has been seen to be placed in the latter times, and the influence of which the United States have been unable to avert.

I have the honor to be, with high consideration, sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
PIERRE DE POLETICA.

Washington, 28th February, 1822.'

Before proceeding to remark on this letter, we must call the particular attention of our readers to the conformation of the west coast of America, within the disputed limits; by which the confusion, and apparent contradictions in which the subject has been involved, may be avoided. We further desire, that our conceptions of the question really at issue, may be distinctly understood. It is not, we apprehend, whether Russia has any settlements, that give her territorial claims on the continent of America. This we do not deny—but it is, *whether the location of those settlements, and the discoveries of her navigators are such as they are represented to be; whether they entitle her to the exclusive possession of the whole territory north of* 51°, *and to sovereignty over the Pacific ocean, beyond that parallel.* The extremity of the peninsula of *Alaska* is in about the latitude 55° and longitude 162° west from Greenwich. On the western side of the peninsula the land runs nearly north, to the straits of Behring; on the eastern side it tends northward and eastward, to the entrance of *Cook's River*, in latitude 59°, longitude 152°, and *Prince William's Sound*, in latitude 60° 30′, longitude 146°; thence east, southerly to the *Behring's Bay* of Cook and Vancouver; and more southerly, to Cross sound and Norfolk sound, the latter in latitude 57°, longitude 135°. Cape Scott in the latitude of 51°, to which the Russian claim now extends, is in the longitude of 128°; making a difference between that and the points of Alaska of 34 degrees, or more than 1200 miles. The coast between these two points forms an immense bay, which extends north beyond the 61st degree

of latitude, and is nearly twice as broad across its entrance as the Bay of Bengal. The Aleutian islands, lying southward of Alaska, are scattered between the continents of Asia and America, and extend to the latitude 51°. The large island of *Kodiac*, on which are the principal Russian settlements, lies near the eastern side of the peninsula Alaska, between the parallels of 57° and 58°. Having no disposition to question the claims of Russia, where they have a plausible foundation, we shall, in this discussion, fix the boundary at *Behring's Bay*, in latitude 59° 30′, and longitude 140° ; and leaving her in undisputed possession of that bay, and the whole country northwestward of it, shall confine our remarks to that part of the coast lying to the southward and eastward of it ; which we undertake to prove was first seen and explored by the navigators of other nations, and that a commerce was carried on by them with the native inhabitants, long before the Russians had any intercourse with them whatever.

According to M. de Poletica the ' rights of Russia' to this coast rest upon ' three bases,' viz : ' the title of first discovery,' ' the title of first occupation,' and ' upon that which results from a peaceable and uncontested possession of more than half a century.' We shall examine these ' titles,' in the order in which they are placed.

It is not pretended that Behring extended his excursions beyond the bay which bears his name, and his discoveries are therefore irrelevant to the discussion ; but the assertion that ' his second captain, Tchiricoff, (in 1741,) pushed his discoveries to the 49th degree of north latitude,' is deserving particular consideration, because, it will be found that the asserted Russian ' title of first discovery,' rests wholly on the voyage of this navigator. We have not met with any account of this voyage from which the slightest inference can be drawn that Tchiricoff saw the American coast in the parallel of 49° ; but, on the contrary, all the accounts which we have seen concur in fixing the southern limits of his *continental* researches, north of 55°. The earliest account we can find, is in a memoir of Philippe Buache, read to the French academy in 1752, and published at Paris, in 1753. This memoir is accompanied by a chart, prepared by M. De Lisle, formerly first professor of astronomy in the imperial academy of St Petersburg, and brother to Delile de la Croyere, one of the academicians who accompanied Tchiricoff. On this chart is

marked the route of that navigator from Kamtschatka to America, and of his return. It appears from this that they discovered the coast of America on the 15th July 1741, about the latitude of 55° 30′, and sent a boat, with the pilot, Dementiew, and ten men, with orders to land. This boat not returning, after several days a second one was sent, with four men, who shared the fate of the first, and nothing was heard of them till 1822, when they were fortunately discovered by M. de Poletica, in the latitude of 48° and 49°! After waiting in vain for the return of his boats, Tchiricoff left the coast of America, and on his return, discovered land in latitude 51°. This could be no other than the southernmost of the Aleutian islands; and the circumstance of the natives coming off to him in *skin* canoes confirms this supposition, as no canoes of that description have ever been found on the American coast in that parallel. The authenticity of this account of Tchiricoff's voyage can hardly be questioned. It was published a few years only after his return, and it is stated that M. De Lisle had received the manuscripts of his brother, who died at Kamtschatka shortly after the termination of the voyage. Possibly this chart and memoir may not have met the eye of M. de Poletica, or he would not have asserted that 'the first chart of these countries was published in 1758.' Müller, who was in the expedition, on board Behring's ship, gives nearly the same account as the above, of Tchiricoff's voyage, placing his land-fall in latitude of 56°. Cox, Burney, and all writers on this subject, whom we have met with, have adopted these accounts, and we cannot even conjecture on what authority M. de Poletica pushes Tchiricoff's discoveries to 49°.

The formidable host of navigators, cited by M. de Poletica, does not appal us. If our readers will look into 'Cox's account of the Russian discoveries,' and examine the relation there given of most of these voyages, they will find it difficult to believe that any discoveries, resulting from them, remain unpublished, or that they have any bearing on the question before us. There is not the slightest probability that any of those navigators penetrated so far eastward as Behring's Bay. In support of this opinion we have the authority of the learned M. Fleurieu, the most intelligent writer, on this subject, of the last century. In his 'historical introduction' to the voyage of Marchand, published in 1801, speaking of the Russian navigators alluded to by M. de Poletica, he says, 'the principal

object of all these voyages was the examination of that long archipelago, known under the collective name of the *Aleutian* or *Fox* islands, which the Russian charts divide into several archipelagoes, under different names; of all that part of the coast which extends east and west under the parallel of 60°, and comprehends a great number of islands situated to the south of the main land, some of which were visited, and others only perceived by Behring; lastly of the peninsula of *Alaska*, and of the lands situated to the *north* of this peninsula as far as the 70th degree. It is on these Aleutian islands, and on upwards of three hundred leagues of the coast, *which extends beyond the polar circle*, that the indefatigable Russians have formed those numerous settlements,' &c. From all these facts we feel fully warranted in the conclusion, that no Russian navigator, excepting Tchiricoff, had seen the coast, *eastward of Behring's Bay*, previous to the Spanish voyages of Perez, in 1774; Heceta, Ayala, and Quadra, in 1775; that of Cook in 1778; or even so late as 1788, when it was first visited by vessels from the United States. Thus much for the Russian 'title of first discovery:' that of 'first occupation' comes next.

We have no doubt but Russian fur-hunters formed establishments, at an early period, on the Aleutian islands and neighboring coast of the continent; but we are equally certain that it can be clearly demonstrated that no settlement was made eastward of Behring's Bay, till the one at Norfolk Sound in 1799. The statements of Cook, Vancouver, Mears, (Mirs,) Portlock, and La Perouse prove, what we readily admit, that previous to 1786 the Russians had settlements on the island of *Kodiac* and in *Cook's River;* but we shall take leave to use the same authorities to establish the fact that none of these settlements extended so far east as Behring's Bay. Vancouver, when speaking of *Port-Etches in Prince William's Sound* (June, 1794) says, (vol. 3, page 173,) 'from the result of Mr Johnstone's inquiries, it did not appear that the Russians had formed any establishments *eastward of this station*, but that their boats made excursions along the exterior coast as far as Cape Suckling, and their galiots much farther.' Again, page 199, 'we however clearly understood that the Russian government had little to do with these settlements; that they were solely under the direction and support of independent mercantile companies; and that *Port-Etches*, which had been established in course of the preceding summer, *was the most eastern settlement on the American coast.*'

In a subsequent letter to Mr Adams, M. de Poletica says, 'but what will dispel even the shadow of doubt in this regard (title by occupation) is the *authentic fact*, that, in 1789, the Spanish packet St Charles, commanded by captain Haro, found in the latitude FORTY-EIGHT and FORTY-NINE, Russian establishments to the number of *eight*, consisting in the whole of twenty families, and four hundred and sixty individuals. *These were the descendants of the companions of Tchiricoff, who was supposed till then to have perished.*' This, if true, is, we allow, conclusive evidence of the Russian 'title by occupation.' It is certainly the most important fact brought forward by M. de Poletica. In truth it is the only one that, in our opinion, has a direct bearing on the question, and on its correctness we are willing to rest the issue. Nootka Sound lies in latitude 49° 30′, Clayoquot or Port Cox, in 49°, and Classet, at the entrance of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, in 48°. Nootka was first visited by the Spanish navigator, Perez, in 1774, by Cook in 1778; from 1784 to 1789 it was frequented by English, Portuguese, and American vessels; in 1788 captain Mears built there a vessel, and made the settlement which, subsequently, came near causing a rupture between Great Britain and Spain; in 1789 a Spanish settlement was made by Martinez, and continued till 1794. During this period Nootka, Clayoquot, and Classet were the common rendezvous for the ships and fur-traders of all nations; vessels were built by citizens of the United States, both at Nootka and Clayoquot; in 1790 the settlements at Nootka became the subject of investigation in the British parliament, and volumes were written on it. Now we ask M. de Poletica, or any man of common intelligence, if it is within the bounds of probability—if it is even possible, that eight Russian establishments, containing four hundred and sixty-two individuals, should have existed in 1789, in the centre of these operations; on the very spot for which two powerful nations were contending; and no allusion be made to the circumstance during the whole discussion, no mention be made of them by any of the numerous writers on the subject, and no intimation of the fact in the journals of Cook, Mears, Dixon, and Vancouver, who speak of Russian establishments on other parts of the coast, and are altogether silent respecting these, which, had they existed, would have been of more importance than all the other Russian settlements, in that quarter of the globe!

We have recently conversed with a son of captain Kendrick, who was with his father, in the Columbia, in 1787, and remained a considerable time at Nootka, in the Spanish service, and with another individual, of great respectability, now residing near Boston, who, in 1792, built and equipped a small vessel at Nootka for commercial purposes. Both these individuals were personally intimate with captain Haro, at Nootka, but never heard an intimation of his having discovered Russian establishments in that vicinity; yet such a fact must have been highly interesting to the Spaniards, who intended their settlement to be permanent, and to the Americans, who were actively engaged in the fur-trade; and therefore very likely to become a subject of discussion.

In 1799, the writer of this article visited the northwest coast, on commercial pursuits. In the course of that year he entered the several ports situated in the 48th and 49th degrees of latitude; was personally acquainted with the chiefs, and many of the natives; acquired considerable knowledge of their language and customs, but saw no vestige of M. de Poletica's Russian establishments, nor perceived the slightest indication of Russians having ever set foot in the country or visited its shores. These facts might be deemed sufficient, but we shall offer one still more directly to the point. In the summer of 1799, the writer, then off Behring's Bay, in latitude 59° 30′, fell in with M. Baranoff, at that time, and for many years before and afterwards, commander in chief of all the Russian establishments in that part of the world. He visited the American ship, and passed a day on board. Through an Englishman in his service, who acted as interpreter, a full and free communication took place. M. Baranoff stated that he was from Onalaska, which he left in company with a galiot and a large fleet of skin-canoes, from whom he separated, in a fog, a few days before; and that they were all bound for *Norfolk sound*, for the purpose of forming a settlement, or hunting-post. Learning that the writer had been at that place a short time previous, he showed great solicitude to obtain information, particularly respecting the native inhabitants, of whom he appeared to be much in dread, declaring his apprehensions that they would destroy his hunters, and defeat his plans. He further stated, that a hunting party having a short time before extended their excursion to the neighborhood of Norfolk sound, had found the sea otters so abundant as to induce him to un-

dertake what he considered a most perilous enterprise, and *he expressly declared, that this was the first attempt ever made by the Russians to establish a post so far to the southward and eastward.* This, though not a 'historical fact,' is one, for the correctness of which we hold ourselves pledged. It would thus seem that M. Baranoff knew nothing of the extensive Russian establishments in 48° and 49°, and we may, without injustice, regard as wholly gratuitous on the part of M. de Poletica, the discovery of the long lost companions of Tchiricoff. We are tempted moreover to dwell a moment on the unparalleled increase ascribed to this party. Four hundred and sixty descendants from fifteen men in forty-seven years, would afford a duplication of numbers in a little more than nine years, a statement we should not dare to make in the hearing of Mr Godwin. But what has become of these 'eight establishments' at the present time? By the same ratio of increase they would now contain about four thousand souls; why are they left without the pale of imperial protection? If they do not exist, why, when, and to what place were they removed? The plain truth is, that in fixing the situation of the eight establishments, discovered by captain Haro, M. de Poletica has made the mistake (a trifling one it may seem on a Russian map) of *ten degrees* of latitude. They were actually found in latitude *fifty*-eight and *fifty*-nine, instead of 48° and 49°, and distant more than one thousand miles from the situation assigned them by the Russian minister. This fact appears, beyond a doubt, from the account of the voyage of captain Haro, given by M. Fleurieu, in the 'historical introduction' before referred to. It is there stated, on the authority of two original letters, the one from San Blass, dated the 30th October 1788, (a few days after the return of Haro,) the other from the city of Mexico, the 28th of August 1789, that Don Haro found, between the latitudes of *fifty*-eight and *fifty*-nine, eight Russian establishments, each composed of between sixteen and twenty families, forming a total of four hundred and sixty-two individuals. It is added, 'that the strangers had succeeded in habituating to their customs and manners, six hundred of the natives of the country, and received a tribute from them for the empress of Russia.' For this part of the account M. de Poletica has substituted his own speculations concerning the lost companions of Tchiricoff. In a note, M. Fleurieu remarks, that 'in the letter from St Blass it is mentioned that

the settlements are situated between the latitudes of 48° and 49°, but it is either the fault of the copy, or it is by design, that the latitudes have been improperly indicated.' M. de Humboldt, in his 'Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain,' vol. ii. page 320, mentions the voyage of Don Haro, in the St Carlos, and essentially confirms the account already given. As he had access to the manuscript account of the voyage, we presume his authority will not be questioned. Page 339, he says, 'no European nation has yet formed a solid establishment on the immense extent of coast from cape Mendocino, (latitude 42°) to the *fifty-ninth* degree of latitude: *beyond this limit the Russian factories commence*,' &c. We have been thus particular respecting the discoveries made by captain Haro, because M. de Poletica considers them as 'dispelling even the shadow of a doubt' in relation to the Russian 'title by occupation,' even farther south than 51°. As we fully agree with him that they do dispel all doubt on the subject, and as this is probably the only point in which we shall agree, we trust our readers will pardon us for dwelling on this coincidence of opinion.

The minute investigation we have bestowed on the Russian 'title by first occupation,' has sufficiently taxed the patience of our readers, and we spare them an examination of that which 'results from a peaceable possession of more than half a century,' for it is obvious in the present case, that unless the fact of occupation is clearly established, the claim to 'peaceable possession' must fall. We readily concede to Russia, priority of discovery, first occupation, and are by no means disposed to disturb her 'peaceable possession' of the Aleutian islands and adjacent coast, including Cook's River, Prince William's Sound, and Behring's Bay. We are not remarkably disinterested in making this concession, for to all practical purposes, we would as soon contend for one of the floating icebergs that are annually detached from the polar masses. The trade carried on by citizens of the United States with those places was never very valuable, and for many years has been altogether abandoned. In a territorial point of view, it is of little importance whether those distant regions are inhabited by the aboriginal savage or the Siberian convict. As to the fact, however, we give a short quotation from Vancouver, to show that in 1794 the Russians were very far from having 'peaceable possession,' even of Behring's Bay.* In relating

* Vol. iii. page 231, 232.

transactions at that place, when in company with a large hunting party of Russian Indians, he says, 'Portoff embraced this occasion to inform M. Puget, that on the evening of the 28th, while he and his whole party were on one of the small islands in Port Mulgrave,' (situated in Behring's Bay) 'they were surprised by a visit from about fifty of the natives; and notwithstanding the superior numbers of his party (about 900!) he had so little confidence in the courage of the Kodiac and Cook's Inlet Indians, that he was extremely anxious to be quit of such dangerous visitors, and *had determined on returning to Kodiac, as soon as the Chatham should leave the Bay.* The destruction of the settlement at Norfolk sound in 1802, is as little calculated to confirm the fact of peaceable possession at that period. In short, it is perfectly well known to every navigator, Russian as well as others, who has visited that part of the world, that no Russian settlement now exists, or *ever did exist*, between the latitudes of 58° and 42°, except the one so often mentioned at Norfolk sound. On what, then, rests the Russian claim to any part of the country between those parallels? Simply on the facts, that Tchiricoff, in 1741, saw land in 55° 36′, and that M. Baranoff, in 1799, made a settlement at Norfolk sound, which was destroyed in 1802, and re-established in 1804. Such, we conceive, is the plain result of an investigation of the very authorities, which M. de Poletica himself has adduced.

We are not among those who believe that a distant view of a cape or mountain—or dropping the first anchor in a bay or harbor—nay, we carry our incredulity so far as to doubt, if the magical ceremony of landing on a coast, hoisting a piece of bunting, cutting an inscription, or even that last great act of empire, burying a bottle, can invest the nation, whose flag the navigator happens to bear, with the rights of sovereignty over a country, inhabited by a brave and independent people, whose right to the soil which they possess, and the freedom they enjoy, is coeval with time itself. We therefore attach no importance to the circumstance of land being seen by Tchiricoff in 1741; but if M. de Poletica does, we are perfectly willing to try titles with him on the score of discovery. It is well known that Spain, by the third article of the treaty of 1819, ceded to the United States, all her rights to the western coast of America north of 42°. It follows that all the discoveries made by her navigators beyond that limit now belong to the

United States. It is a 'historical fact,' and one too well authenticated to admit of doubt, and it is stated by M. de Humbolt in the work before quoted, page 313, that '*Francisco Gali*, in his voyage from Macao to Acapulco, discovered in *fifteen hundred eighty-two*, the northwest coast of America, under the 57° 30′.'—'On correcting the old observations by the new, in places of which the identity is ascertained, we find that Gali coasted part of the archipelago of the Prince of Wales, or that of King George.' Here we find that the land was discovered and its shores examined one hundred and fifty-nine years before the voyage of Tchiricoff, and from two degrees farther north than the cape seen by that navigator; a fact that puts the Russian claim to discovery out of the question. As little do we believe in the validity of the claims resulting from the occupation of Norfolk sound, in 1799. This sound was first discovered, and examined by the Spanish expedition under Heceta, Ayala, and Quadra, in 1775, and received the name of 'Bay of Guadalupa.' A few years afterwards it was visited for commercial purposes, and abounding in valuable furs, soon became the general resort of all those engaged in that trade. It was frequented by the vessels of Great Britain, France, and the United States, several years before the Russians had extended their excursions so far eastward, and it is therefore clear, that at that time, they had no claim on the ground of occupation. If then prior to 1799, Russia possessed no rights on this part of the coast, but such as were common to, and enjoyed by other nations, we confess our selves unable to perceive why the establishing of a few hunters, and mounting some cannon, in the corner of Sitka Bay, should give her the right of restraining an intercourse, and interdicting a commerce, which had hitherto been free as air; and prohibiting the approach of vessels of other nations, to shores which the navigators of such nations first discovered and explored! The claim of Russia to sovereignty over the Pacific ocean, north of latitude 51°, on the pretence of its being a '*close sea*,' is, if possible, more unwarrantable than her territorial usurpations.

Mr Adams, in noticing it, merely states the fact, that 'the distance from shore to shore on this sea, in latitude 51°, is not less than 90 degrees of longitude, or four thousand miles!' A volume on the subject could not have placed the absurdity of these pretensions more glaringly before us. M. de Poletica in his third letter declines further discussion on this subject,

'as the imperial government,' he says, 'has not thought fit to take advantage of that right.' If interdicting the navigation of this sea, to the distance of one hundred miles from the shore, is not taking advantage of the right to consider it a 'close sea,' we ask M. de Poletica to point out to us the 'laws and usages of nations,' by which such a measure can be justified.

We have thus attempted to lay before our readers, the character of the Russian claims to the northwest coast of America. It is difficult to conjecture what are the ultimate views of the Russian government in relation to this coast. The ostensible object is, evidently, a monoply of the fur trade. It is well known to the Russian fur company, that nearly all the sea otter skins, and most of the other valuable furs, are procured north of the 51st degree, and if 'foreign adventurers' can be prevented from approaching that part of the coast, the company would soon be left in undisturbed possession of the whole trade, for south of 51° it is not of sufficient value to attract a single vessel in a season. This would not only secure to them a monopoly in the purchase, but give them the control of the Chinese market, for the most valuable furs, which would be still more important. But we suspect a deeper design than the monopoly of a few otter skins, for which the interests of the fur company are made a convenient cover. We have the authority of Humboldt for stating that in 1802, the Russian government limited their territorial claims to the north of 55°. They are now extended to 51°, and M. de Poletica informs us, that this is only 'a moderate use of an incontestable right,' intimating that the just claims of Russia extend still further south. If these usurpations are submitted to, is it improbable that a further use may be made of 'incontestable rights?' If the eight establishments existed in 1789, where the Russian minister places them, no one would deny their right of possession, at that time, as far as 48°. The nearest European settlement was then the Spanish one of *St Francisco*, in 38°. The point, equi-distant from these two, is the 43d degree, which, according to the principle asserted by M. de Poletica, would have been the Russian boundary in 1789. With the ingenuity which that gentleman has displayed, it would not be difficult to extend the Russian claims quite to the borders of California, and establish them there as satisfactorily as he has done to the 51st degree. The Russians have

already made a considerable settlement on Spanish territory at Port Bodega, in latitude 40° ; and it is *possible*, that guided by the same spirit of philanthropy, which prompted the dismemberment of Poland, the august Emperor may choose to occupy the fertile but defenceless province of California, and annex it to his already extensive dominions. Notwithstanding the friendly relations that exist between the United States and Russia, we should deem it a serious evil to have, on our western frontiers, a formidable population, subjects of an ambitious and despotic government; and all the veneration we feel for the great leader of the 'Holy alliance,' awakens no desire to witness a nearer display of his greatness and power.

Great Britain, we apprehend, will not be more desirous of such neighbours than the United States; and she may think fit to advance claims that will be found to conflict with those of Russia. The subject has recently been noticed in the British Parliament, and appears to have created considerable excitement. In justice to the memory of her celebrated navigators, Cook and Vancouver, we must declare, that the world is more indebted to their indefatigable labors for a correct knowledge of this coast, than to those of all other navigators who have ever visited it. Her subjects were the first Europeans, who engaged in the fur trade, and a free access to the *interdicted shores* is, at the present time, quite as important to them as to those of any other power. Since the commencement of the present century, the British 'Northwest company,' following the steps of the enterprising Mc Kenzie, have extended their trading posts westward of the Rocky mountains, and established them, from the Columbia River, to the latitude of 55°, on the borders of several lakes and rivers, that empty into the Pacific ocean. At first the supplies for these posts were carried from Canada, by way of the lakes, and the *Unjagah*, or 'Great Peace River,' that has its source near the Pacific, and runs eastward, through the Rocky mountains. This mode of transportation was found hazardous and expensive, and arrangements were made, about 1814, by the company, with the proprietors of a settlement made by American citizens, at the mouth of the Columbia, by which the company became possessed of that settlement. Since that time the posts westward of the Rocky mountains receive their supplies through that channel. Hitherto most of these supplies have been shipped from London to Boston, and sent to the mouth

of the Columbia in American vessels. From an intimation, in the fifty second number of the Quarterly Review, we are prepared to learn that the united Northwest and Hudson bay companies have extended their settlements still further, and already fixed themselves on the borders of the Pacific. They will soon discover that the most direct and easy route, for conveying supplies to all their northern establishments, west of the Rocky mountains, and even to some of those on the eastern side of that range, will be by means of the river, called by Mr Harmon the 'Nate-ote-tain,' which empties into the Pacific a little south of 54°; and by 'Nass River,' which disembogues in a large bay, on the eastern side of 'Observatory Inlet,' about the lat. of 55°. The Indians of the coast describe both these rivers as communicating with *eūwon teēdor hūntles*, (great inland waters) and represent the navigation of them as safe and easy for loaded canoes, with the exception of some short portages, at the rapids and falls. They make frequent journies to trade with the Teēdor Hardī, (inland people) who are said to reside in numerous villages on the banks of these rivers and the adjoining lakes. The free navigation of these streams will be highly important to the united fur company; and the British administration of the present day must be actuated by a very different spirit from that which, thirty years ago, prompted the expenditure of millions, in preparing to resent the outrage committed at Nootka, if they do not resist the usurpations of Russia; usurpations which would compel the British company to abandon the settlements already made, and forego the advantages resulting from free access to the shores of the continent, north of 51°.

France has likewise an interest in resisting the pretensions of Russia. She has made several efforts to carry on a trade to this coast since it was visited by her distinguished navigator, the unfortunate La Perouse. The voyage of Marchand, in the Solide, was made between 1790 and 1793; and a French vessel was cut off, by the tribe of Coyer, near the south part of Queen Charlotte's islands, about the same time. In 1819 the attempt was renewed. A vessel from France, in course of that season, collected a cargo of furs on the coast, and carried them to Canton. These, however, are all the attempts of that nation which have come to our knowledge. One section of the Ukase appears to us little short of an actual declaration of hostilities against every nation carrying on a trade to the northwest coast. It is as follows:

'Sec. 26. The commander of a Russian vessel, *suspecting* a foreign one to be liable to confiscation, must inquire and *search* the same, and finding her guilty, take possession of her. Should the foreign vessel resist, he is to employ, first, *persuasion*, then *threats*, and at last *force;* endeavoring, however, at all events, to do this with as much reserve as possible. If the foreign vessel employ force against force, then he shall consider the same as an evident enemy, and force her to surrender according to the naval laws!'

It might have been expected that no attempt would be made to enforce regulations, so deeply affecting the interest and supposed rights of other nations, pending the discussions they had given rise to; but the closing part of the correspondence precludes the hope of even this *appearance* of justice. Mr Adams, in concluding his last letter, says, 'The president is persuaded that the citizens of this union will remain unmolested in the prosecution of their lawful commerce, and that no effect will be given to an interdiction manifestly incompatible with their rights.' To this M. de Poletica answers, 'I cannot dissemble, sir, that this same trade, beyond the 51st degree will meet with difficulties and inconveniences, for which the American owners will only have to accuse their own imprudence,' &c. If we undertstand this threat, it is meant to prepare us for the immediate execution of the Imperial Ukase. We thank M. de Poletica for this candid avowal of the hostile intentions of his government, and, with equal frankness, assure him, that those engaged in the trade, to the N. W. coast, have always considered it a lawful commerce; and having been confirmed in that opinion by the official declaration of the executive of the United States, that 'from the period of the existence of the United States as an independent nation, their vessels have freely navigated those seas, and *the right to navigate them is a part of that independence*,' and that 'the right of the citizens of the United States to hold commerce with the aboriginal natives of the northwest coast of America, without the territorial jurisdiction of other nations, even in arms and ammunitions of war, is as clear and indisputable as that of navigating the seas,' they are not disposed to surrender these rights without a struggle. The American vessels, employed on the N. W. coast, are well armed, and amply furnished with the munitions of war. Separated from the civilized world, and cut off, for a long time, from all communication with it, they have been accus-

tomed to rely on their own resources for protection and defence; and to consider, and *treat* as enemies, all who attempt to interrupt them in the prosecution of their lawful pursuits. To induce them to relinquish this commerce, 'persuasion' will be unavailing, 'threats' will be disregarded, and any attempts at coercion will be promptly resisted, unless made by a force so superior as to render resistance hopeless, in which event they will look with confidence, to their government for redress and support.

We have already devoted to this article more of our pages than so dry a subject may be thought to merit; but we cannot close without noticing the remarks, made by M. de Poletica, upon what he is pleased to call 'the culpable enterprizes of foreign adventurers,' whom he accuses of carrying on an 'illicit trade' of 'furnishing arms and ammunition to the natives in the Russian possessions in America,' and of 'exciting them in every manner to resistance and revolt against the authorities there established.'

In answer to the first charge, we would observe, that the trade carried on by citizens of the United States with the Russian settlements on the northwest coast, has the sanction of their own government, and till now has never been prohibited by that of Russia. It is done openly, and with the consent of the 'established authorities' at the several places, who are themselves, in most instances, parties to all commercial transactions. But for the supplies which this trade has furnished, some of the Russian settlements must have been abandoned; and from Langsdorff's account of the situation of 'New Archangel,' it appears that in 1805 the people would have perished from famine, had they not been relieved by American traders. At this moment American vessels are engaged, by contract with the servants of the Russian fur company, in supplying their settlements with the necessaries and comforts of life. It is a perversion of language to call such a trade 'illicit.'

On no better foundation rests the charge of 'furnishing arms and ammunition to the natives in the *Russian possessions*.' The natives who have been subjected to the Russian power are too wretchedly poor to purchase arms, or indeed any thing else. That supplies of this nature are furnished in large quantities, to the independent aboriginal inhabitants, is certainly true. No arguments are necessary to prove our unquestionable right

to continue such supplies, and Russia might with equal justice complain of our furnishing the Chinese with furs, as 'prejudicial to rights,' which the 'Russian American company' seem disposed to 'reserve entirely,' to themselves.

The *general* charge of 'exciting the natives to *revolt* against the established authorities' may be sufficiently answered by as broad a denial. The only specification we have met with is the following relation, given by the Russian navigator, Lisiansky, of the destruction of the settlement at Norfolk sound, in 1802, by the Sitka Indians.

'With so fair a face of friendship, no enmity could be suspected, and the fort was occasionally left in a sort of unprotected state; the Aleutians and Russians being engaged in hunting the sea-otter, or in the still more necessary business of procuring a supply of provisions for the winter. It was an opportunity of this nature which the Sitcans embraced for the execution of their nefarious plan; and so secret were they in its management, that, while some stole through the woods, others passed in canoes by different creeks to the place of rendezvous; they were about six hundred in number, and all were provided with fire-arms. Though the attack was wholly unexpected, the few Russians in the fort courageously defended it. But vain was defence against such numbers: it was quickly taken by storm. The assault commenced at noon, and in a few hours the place was levelled to the ground. Among the assailants were three seamen belonging to the United States, who, having deserted from their ship, had entered into the service of the Russians, and then took part against them. These double traitors were among the most active in the plot. They contrived combustible wads, which they lighted, and threw upon the buildings where they knew the gunpowder was kept, which took fire and were blown up. Every person who was found in the fort was put to death.'

M. Lisiansky does not favor us with his authority for implicating the Americans in this transaction, of which we have received a very different account from a source which leaves not a doubt, in our minds, of its authenticity; and which we subjoin to shew that 'foreign adventurers' have, contrary to the dictates of sound policy, and their own interest, taken part with the Russians against the aboriginal natives.

The intolerable tyranny, exercised by the Russians, over the Sitka Indians, in seizing their chiefs, and loading them with irons, on the most frivolous pretences; in taking posses-

sion of their hunting-grounds, and attempting, by every means in their power, to subject them to the most abject slavery, roused the indignation of that tribe, and they resolved to destroy their oppressors, or perish in the attempt. Having by an appearance of submission lulled the suspicions of the Russians, they determined in the summer of 1802 to make the attack. At that time there resided at the Russian settlement, six American seamen, who had deserted from the ship Jenny, of Boston, and *been secreted by the Russians till after her departure.* These seamen were invited by the Indians to visit the village of Sitka, and, on arriving there, were informed of the meditated attack and their assistance solicited. This was *positively refused.* They were then assured that no injury should be done to them, whatever might be the event, but that they must remain at the village, under guard, till the event was known. The Indians, succeeded in surprising and destroying the fort, and under the excitement of the moment, put to death every Russian whom they found. The Aleutian women, and some children, who were living with the Russians, were made prisoners. A few days afterwards, two American vessels and one English, entered Norfolk sound. The Indians immediately brought the six Americans on board in safety, but refused to comply with a demand, made by the commanders of these vessels, for the Aleutian women and other captives, taken in the fort; and coercive measures were finally resorted to, and hostilities commenced, by these 'foreign adventurers,' to obtain the release of Russian subjects! This was accomplished, and upwards of thirty individuals were received on board, and carried in one of the vessels, to the Russian settlement at Kodiac. The writer was at that time, in the vicinity of Norfolk sound and received this account from the Sitka Indians, and from the officers of the American vessels; some of whom are now living in Boston. But had the conduct of the Americans been otherwise, we cannot admit that *any* transactions in Norfolk sound would support the charge of 'exciting revolt' in the '*Russian possessions*;' for the whole of her possessions there are limited to the range of the cannon-shot of her fort. The whole extent of coast, from latitude 58° to the straits of Juan De Fuca, in 48°, is inhabited by numerous powerful and warlike tribes, perfectly free and independent of Russian authority. Possessing in a high degree, the nobler traits of savage character, and devotedly attached to

liberty; they prize personal freedom more highly than life itself.

The courage and constancy of the Sitka Indians, when attacked by the Russians in 1804, is a striking instance of their intrepidity, and deep rooted love of independence; and warrants the conclusion, that to secure the 'peaceable possession' of that country to Russia, something more will be requisite than the '*be it accordingly*' of her Emperor, or the arguments of her envoy. The following is from the account of that transaction, by Lisiansky, who commanded the Neva, a Russian ship of war, engaged in the expedition.

'In the afternoon of the 26th, a canoe, with three young men in it, came alongside the American ship.* Being informed that one of these youths was the son of our greatest enemy, I could not resist the desire I felt to have him in my power; and the moment the canoe left the O'Cain, I despatched a jolly boat in pursuit of it; but the natives rowed so lustily, that they outstripped the boat; and when our party fired upon them, they intrepidly returned the fire, shewing us thereby, with what sort of persons we should have to deal.' Again, 'he (the ambassador) was then sent back with the same answer as before, that we required, as a necessary preliminary to pacification, that the chiefs themselves should come to us. At noon we saw thirty men approaching, all having fire-arms. They stopped when at the distance of musket-shot from the fort, and commenced their parley; which, however, was quickly terminated, *as they would not agree to a proposal made by M. Baranoff, that we should be permitted to keep perpetual possession of the place at present occupied by us, and that two respectable persons should be given as hostages!* On the conclusion of this interview, the savages, who were sitting, rose up, and after singing out three several times *Oo, Oo, Oo!* meaning end, end, end! retired in military order. However, they were given to understand by our interpreters, that we should instantly move our ships close to their fort, (for their settlement was fortified by a wooden fence,) and they would have no one but themselves to reproach for any consequences that might ensue.'

'On the 1st of October we carried this menace into execution, by forming a line with four of our ships before the settlement. I then ordered a white flag to be hoisted on board the Neva, and presently we saw a similar one on the

* The American ship O'Cain, of Boston, was then lying in Norfolk sound.

fort of the enemy. From this circumstance, I was not without hope that something might yet occur to prevent bloodshed; but finding no advances on their part, I ordered the several ships to fire into the fort. A launch and a jolly-boat, armed with a four pounder, under the command of lieutenant Arboosoff, were then sent to destroy the canoes on the beach, some of which were of sufficient burthen to carry sixty men each, and to set fire to a large barn, not far from the shore, which I supposed to contain stores. Lieutenant Arboosoff finding he could do but little execution from the boats, landed, and taking with him the four pounder, advanced towards the fort. M. Baranoff, who was then on board the Nerva, seeing this, ordered some field pieces to be landed, and with about one hundred and fifty men, went himself on shore to aid the lieutenant. The savages kept perfectly quiet till dark, except that now and then a musket was fired off. This stillness was mistaken by M. Baranoff; and encouraged by it, he ordered the fort to be stormed; a proceeding, however, that had nearly proved fatal to the expedition, for as soon as the enemy perceived our people close to their walls, they collected in a body, and fired upon them with an order and execution that surprised us. The Aleutians, who with the aid of some of the company's servants, were drawing the guns along, terrified at so unexpected a reception, took to their heels; while the commanders, left with a mere handful of men belonging to my ship, judged it prudent to retire, and endeavor to save the guns. The natives seeing this, rushed out in pursuit of them, but our sailors behaved so gallantly, that though almost all wounded, they brought off the field-pieces in safety. In this affair, out of my own ship alone, a lieutenant, a master's mate, a surgeon's mate, a quarter master, and ten sailors of the sixteen who accompanied them, were wounded, and two killed; and if I had not covered this unfortunate retreat with my cannon, not a man would probably would have been saved.' The Russians finally prevailed, by the superiority of their artillery, and this was the closing scene.

'When morning came, I observed a great number of crows hovering about the settlement. I sent on shore to ascertain the cause of this, and the messenger returned with news that the natives had quitted the fort during the night, leaving in it alive, only two old women and a little boy. It appears that judging of us by themselves, they imagined that we were capable of the

same perfidiousness and cruelty; and that if they had come out openly in their boats, as had been proposed, we should have fallen on them in revenge for their past behavior. They had therefore preferred running into the woods, leaving many things behind, which from their haste, they had been unable to take away.'

'It was on the 8th that the fate of Sitka fort was decided. After every thing that could be of use was removed out of it, it was burned to the ground. Upon my entering it before it was set on fire, what anguish did I feel, when I saw, like a second massacre of innocents, numbers of young children lying together murdered, lest their cries, if they had been borne away with their cruel parents, should have led to a discovery of the retreat to which they were flying! O man, man! of what cruelties is not thy nature, civilized or uncivilized, capable?'

Whether M. Lisiansky means this exclamation for the invaders or their victims does not appear.

Lisiansky adds 'we have reason to believe, from information we obtained, that the chief cause of their flight was the want of powder and ball; and that if these had not failed them, they would have defended themselves to the last extremity.' Such we know to have been the fact, and but for this, they would with a heroism worthy a better fate, have perished in defending their invaded rights.

The writer was, at that time, near the scene of these transactions, and received from the Indians, daily accounts of passing events. They were in substance much the same as those given by Lisiansky, with this addition, that having so often experienced the perfidy and cruelty of the Russians, they placed no confidence in any promises made by them, and well knew that *slavery* must follow submission. Finding themselves without means of defence, they determined to abandon their country; retreat into the interior, and thus preserve their independence by the sacrifice of their possessions! Those who were too old, or too young to support the fatigues and sufferings of the contemplated journey, were despatched on the spot; 'and,' added the chief, who gave this account, '*their innocent blood be on the heads of those who caused the deed.*' We shall offer no apology for introducing the following anecdote as a further illustration of the character of these people.

In the summer of 1804, several tribes collected at 'Nass,'

where a sort of fair is annually held. At this time an affray took place, between individuals of the *Cockalane* tribe, who reside on the Main, near the entrance of Observatory inlet, and of the *Skettageets* tribe, who inhabit the opposite shores of Queen Charlotte's islands; in which Cockalane, the great chief of his nation, was unfortunately killed. In the course of the following winter, when the inclemency of the season prevented all intercourse between the Indians of the main and those of the islands, the writer visited Skettageets. Inquiry being made by the chiefs respecting the intentions of the Cockalane tribe, they were told, that early in the spring the friends of the deceased chief were determined to attack them with an irresistible force, and destroy the whole Skettageets nation. *Elsworsh*, a distinguished young chief, heard this account with great calmness, and expressed doubts of the ability of their enemies to execute these threats. Being assured that they were highly exasperated, and resolved on vengeance, he replied with a countenance and manner that expressed his feelings more forcibly than language; 'it is well, let them come—let them attack—let them destroy us—it is well—we are but passing clouds,' and added, pointing to the sun, 'where is the man, like yonder sun, who never dies?'*

Let us not be suspected of representing these people in too favorable a light. They share of course the passions and vices that usually prevail in the savage state. Implacable hatred and thirst for revenge, engendered by real or supposed injuries, too often excite them to deeds, at which humanity shudders. We have known in their intercourse with foreigners, instances of unprovoked outrage and violence. But we have more frequently met with ex-parte accounts of their treachery and ferocity, where circumstances have been known to us that gave a very different coloring to their conduct. They are a people more 'sinned against' than 'sinning.' We should rejoice if the dark shades of their character could be dispelled by the mild influence of christianity, without endangering that independence which is the ground work of every virtue they possess; but our knowledge of their habits and feelings give us little hope of its accomplishment; and our fears that any change, encouraging white people to settle among them, would lead to their destruction, leave us no wish that it should be attemped.

*Kēētlānnu Kēēset, tsué cootcanōng, come howēēne cardie.

The march of civilization seems the signal for their disappearance; and there is something mournful in the reflection, that at no distant period this race of men, which physiologists reckon as one of the distinct varieties of mankind, will exist only in the pages of history.

We have already extended this article beyond reasonable bounds, or we should have offered some remarks on the letter of Mr Prevost to the secretary of state, respecting the Columbia river. We do not subscribe to all the opinions of that gentleman, and doubt the accuracy of the information he received in relation to some facts he has stated. But as we cannot go into the subject at large, we shall only notice an unimportant error in relation to the language, which he says 'bears a strong analogy with that of Nootka.' This mistake (if it be one) may be easily accounted for, when it is known that the natives of Columbia river have frequent intercourse with the Indians of Classett, who speak the Nootka language, and that the first 'foreign adventurers,' who visited the river, had previously acquired a knowledge of that language. It was natural that their intercourse should be carried on in a language of which both had some knowledge, and this has been the case, to a certain extent ever since. A comparison of the following numerals, in the Nootka language, and in that spoken at the mouth of the Columbia, will shew an essential difference.

English.	*Nootka.*	*Cheenook.**
One	Sawac	Ect
Two	Athlar	Mōxt
Three	Cutsar	Clūne
Four	Moo	Luct
Five	Suchar	Quānim
Six	Nōōpoo	Tūckum
Seven	Athlarpoo	Sīnamixt
Eight	Athlacquelth	Stōōtkēēn
Nine	Tsawacquelth	Quiēēto
Ten	Hēioo	Taītlelum

* Mouth of the Columbia.

ART. XIX. *Dissertation on Musical Taste, or General Principles of Taste, applied to the Art of Music. By Thomas Hastings.* Albany, Websters & Skinners, 1822. p. 228.

TRUE reformation is rarely the work of a moment. When the tenacious grasp with which mankind cling to long established customs and opinions is once broken, they generally rush to the opposite extreme, and in their eagerness for reform adopt without examination whatever seems to be contrary to their former notions. 'Tear away, brother Martin, never mind, so you do but tear away,' is the maxim on which they often proceed; and the consequence is, that when the excitement is diminished and they begin to review their labor, they find that they tore the old coat in pieces before they had made another—that they have still much to do before they can appear in a decent dress. Something like this has been the case in the change which, within a few years, has taken place in the character of our music.

When the discerning part of the community had at last become sensible of the absolute worthlessness of the music generally heard in our congregations, and awake to the necessity of a reform, it was quite natural that the first determination should be to throw aside the whole mass of insipid compositions, to which they had so long listened, and to substitute the works of foreign masters in their stead. The attempt was a laudable one; at the same time it must be allowed that the knowledge and good judgment of those who were active in the measure, were outstripped by their zeal. The community needed more preparation for so great a change, and to the no small astonishment of the reformers, the anticipated result was not realized. There were two causes of this disappointment. One was a general deficiency in musical science, which prevented any just discrimination in selecting from the works of European composers. The good and the bad were equally liable to be taken, and the quantity of the latter greatly exceeded that of the former; so that in reality the exchange was in many instances very little for the better. But there was another cause far more operative. Bad habits of execution, which in a considerable degree had their origin in the peculiar qualities of the wretched compositions that had been so long in vogue, still remained. The tune was changed, but the man-

ner of singing was unaltered, and of course the effect was much the same. The delicate airs of Madan were mangled and crushed by the harsh vociferations of ignorant vocalists, and the sublime harmonies of Giardini were smothered under their meagre tones and unemphatic pronunciation. Many indeed praised the music, because it was said to be good, and they dared not to contradict; but the simple, unsophisticated auditor, who was uninfluenced in his decision by a reverence for the authority of fashion and judged only by the feelings actually excited in his breast, hesitated not to declare his dislike to it, and heartily wished that of the old school to be restored to favor. We shall have occasion in the course of the succeeding remarks to notice a peculiar charm which that possessed, especially for minds of a moderate degree of refinement. That charm was gone, and the power of the music now in use was unfelt for the simple reason that it was not exerted.

The evils which sprung from these causes have been for some time past diminishing. Much however remains to be done before the legitimate effects of music can be generally experienced. We have long wished that some effort might be made to diffuse more extensively, just notions of the principal ends of music, and the means by which they may be attained. It was gratifying to learn that a person so eminently qualified for the task as Mr Hastings, was making the desired attempt, and the result of his labors more than answers our highest anticipations.

The work may be divided into two parts; the first treats the subject of taste in the execution of music; the second of taste in its composition.

The qualities of good singing are thus enumerated: '*Tone*, *Intonation*, *Time*, *Articulation*, *Accent*, *Emphasis*, *Expression*, and the *Graces*.' These are treated in their order.

The prevailing notion, that nature only can make a fine tone, is doubtless true, if by a fine tone is meant one of superlative excellence; but unquestionably a regard to this notion has been productive of mischief, by causing a remissness in cultivating the voice so far as it is capable of improvement. No efforts could make every tone equal to that of a Farinelli, yet a very limited observation will show that there is no tone which is not susceptible of considerable modification. In a choir of singers, however diverse their tones may have been when they began to sing together, the whole become before long very much assimilated to those of a few leading ones, and perhaps more

often to that of the chorister alone. If he sings harshly, they all do the same; if his tone is full and clear, or slender and imperfectly made, the tones of the whole will be so in a greater or less degree. This change may take place without the singers being sensible of it; but if they imitate without being aware of so doing, it is plain that suitable efforts would produce far greater alterations. *Softness*, *clearness*, and *volume* are essential qualities of a good tone. In the natural voice they are rarely found however, especially through its whole compass. A few notes indeed about the medium one, may possess these qualities, but above and below they are usually more or less wanting, though almost always attainable. But instead of careful attention to these requisites and constant effort to produce and perfect them, the majority of singers never bestow a thought on them, and more especially on the two last. They seem to proceed on the principle laid down by the humorous Scotch peasant, when ridiculed for his bad singing. 'Its a far gate atween here and heaven. A' music sounds well i' the distance.' Indeed if we look for the causes of the superior effect of distant music, we find a motive for the cultivation of tone in singing. Whatever other circumstances contribute to produce this effect, *one* cause at least of this fact is, that the sounds are in themselves of a *better quality*. Their roughnesses are *filed* off, as it were, before they reach the ear, and many slightly discordant and irrelevant sounds, arising from the imperfection of instruments, and of the human organs, are lost in passing over so great a space. If a stone be thrown into a smooth lake, a total irregularity in the motion of the water will appear at the spot; but as the undulations extend themselves, the smaller ones become invisible, and those only can be seen which are regular and beautiful. Similar to this must be the case in irregular pulsations of the atmosphere. Care then should be taken that no breath is emitted but what is put in motion, that there be no jarring of the organs and mixture of nasal sounds. These and other defects of tone may be detected by close attention, and with proper exertions they may be greatly remedied.

But if excellence of tone is necessary to produce the *best* effect, a true *intonation*, 'the art of singing or playing in tune,' is indispensable for the production of *any at all*, save that of disgust. Great faults in intonation cannot exist, where there is the slightest ability to distinguish musical sounds, but those of smaller magnitude are often to be noticed. Mr Hastings observes,

'But though the ear, that is misled by culture, learns to make its decisions with tolerable *uniformity;* it yet instinctively revolts at the *result* of those decisions, while it continues to persevere in them. An illustration of this remark is often furnished among musicians of very considerable attainments. Let one accuse them of an habitual error in intonation, and they will deny and even retort the charge; but let him demonstrate to them the truth of the interval in question, by *variously combining* it in harmony, (which is the only practical method of demonstration) and they will at once be surprised and delighted at the discovery. A note in melody which they had imagined to be perfectly tuned, and which had yet, always, in all its harmonic combinations, produced a disagreeable result to them, was now, by a slight change in its pitch, found capable of producing the most agreeable and harmonious effect.' p. 28. It would naturally be supposed that the imperfect chords are those most liable to be mistuned, since the perfect ones cannot be altered without producing an obvious dissonance. Such is the opinion of our author. We should think, however, that the major seventh is oftener tuned too *low* than too high, thus producing a minor instead of a major third with the dominant as it ought.*

There is no need of a long argument to prove the necessity of *distinct articulation* in vocal music; for of what use is it that words are sung, if we cannot understand them? How often is the effect of music wholly lost upon us from having our whole attention given to an endeavor, and that often a vain one, to pick out from the obscure or uncouth language of singers the meaning of what they pretend to say! Most suppose it impossible to speak plainly in singing, and not a few that the pronunciation of many words should be intentionally changed, because they are composed of disagreeable sounds. The first notion is altogether incorrect. The articulation of the sounds of the letters is entirely independent of tone, and with proper care may be as distinct in singing as in speaking. It is true that the simple sounds composing a word cannot al-

* There should have been a table of errata annexed to the book. In general it is well printed; but there are several errors in the paragraph which we refer to (p. 29,) calculated to mislead the reader, who is not well acquainted with musical notation. Thus 'second *sixth* and eighth' should be second *fifth* and eighth, &c. It would have been well too, if the index to the book had referred to the *pages*, where the topics are treated. As it is, the index is little better than none.

ways, nor indeed but rarely, occupy in their pronunciation the same relative time which they do in speaking; but the bare *prolongation* of some more then others will affect distinctness only in a small degree.

The principal faults in articulation are considered by Mr Hastings to be *four*, 'the omission of consonants, their substitution, such as *v* for *f*, *z* for *s*, their improper situation in syllables,' or in other words, an improper syllabication, and 'the want of separation between words.' To these he adds 'feebleness in articulating the consonant sounds, and the improper disconnection of syllables, occasioned by taking breath in the midst of a word.' His illustrations of these defects are very plain and precise. We could add to this list of faults one or two others, analogous to these, often to be noticed in singing slurred notes. These are so prominent and common that we wonder at their omission by Mr H., for they must have been noticed by him, and the more especially, because his own singing is entirely free from them. One is the introduction of an aspirate, or the sound of *w*, and sometimes both, before the vowel sound, when passing from one note to another. The other is the *change* of the vowel sound, and the not *dividing* of it, if it be diphthongal, (as for instance in the long *i*) and giving one sound to one note and the other to the next. This is perfectly easy in practice and adds greatly to the smoothness of the execution. The introduction of aspirates and the change of vowel sounds may be shown by a reference to one instance. The word *joy* ending the first line in the tune Portsmouth (Bridgewater collection) if written as often pronounced would be thus; *jo, he, ho, he, hoy*, or thus; *jo, we, wo, we, whoy*, it being noticed that in this illustration the *o* is to be sounded as in *joy*. This may at first seem incredible; but who has not heard this and similar outrages in pronunciation, from many who think themselves good singers, and would be offended, were they to be accused of pronouncing viciously?

Alterations in the sounds of words, because they are disagreeable, must be made with great caution. The consonant sounds, which are peculiarly offensive in singing, such as *s*, *ch* soft, and their combinations with others, should be no more than plainly pronounced, while others of a smoother character, as *l* and *r* will bear considerable prolongation. Of the vowel sounds, the slender *a* and *e* are the only unpleasant ones. A slight change of these, producing, instead of the former, one

approaching to the Italian sound of the same letter, and instead of the latter, one very nearly allied to the sound of *i* in *pin*, may be admissible, if executed with great precision, for then the change will be unnoticed unless by a very nice ear. Any *obvious* alteration, however, cannot be made without offending every lover of accurate pronunciation. We must take the language as it is; if it contains bad sounds, that may be our misfortune, but we cannot help it any more in singing than in speaking; and even to make the slight changes mentioned above requires so discriminating an ear, and such flexible organs, that it may be better to *authorize* no alteration whatever, leaving those who are competent, to do it at their own risk.

The principles of music require that different parts of the same measure should receive a different stress of voice. Poetry also demands that certain syllables be accented, while others are not; but the degree of accent is not invariable. So far from this, the beauty and energy of poetry are instantly lost, when the stress of voice is made equal on each accented syllable. The accent of the music and that of the words to which it is set, are adapted to each other, and of course there is no difficulty in preserving that of both, and at the same time paying a due regard to the spirit of the words. It is rare that an unaccented syllable or unemphatic word occurs on the strong part of the measure, and *vice versa;* but if a case occurs, the singer may in general avoid any very palpable violation of either, by *arbitrating*, as it were, between the contending parties; observing in all cases however to preserve the entire meaning of the words.'

Excellence of tone, intonation, time, articulation, accent, and emphasis, necessary as they are to good singing, do not of themselves produce it. 'The body may be well formed, perfect and beautiful in its organization, and yet be destitute of life and animation.' *Expression* is the soul of music. All other good qualities form, as it were, the material habitation which is to contain this etherial substance, and exhibit its powers. On this subject Mr Hastings remarks as follows;

'If it be here demanded of us to give an adequate description of the nature of expression, we frankly acknowledge ourselves unequal to the task. Were we to mention boldness of tone in *spirited narration*, mildness of tone in *invitation*, were we to indicate the pathetic accent by a gradual *swell* and *diminish*, that of *pride*, *boasting*, or *irony*, by the sudden swell

and abrupt termination of a tone—were we to allude to the loudness or softness, slowness or rapidity, vigor or delicacy of a movement; or could we tell in what cases the sounds of any movement should be *sustained*, according to their nominal value, or when they should be uttered in the style of Staccato, we should thus furnish the singer of sensibility, perhaps with some facilities for *acquiring* expression; but we should do no more towards describing the thing itself, than if we had said nothing respecting it. Nor can any written instructions be relied on as infallible guides to the artist; for every one will readily perceive that such qualities as we have above enumerated, must be perpetually varying, according to circumstances, and like the emotions they are required to excite, they may exist in degrees that are infinitely various and indescribable.' p. 46.

To these just remarks we will barely add, that the foundation of expression in singing, as well as in reading or speaking, must be laid in a vivid apprehension of the sentiments to be expressed. Every shade of thought must be appreciated, as if it were the production of his own mind—every feeling adopted as his own. If he wishes his music to warm the hearts of his auditors, it must acquire its heat in his own.

The remarks of Mr H. on the graces, a proper selection of pieces with reference to the occasion and the union of vocal and instrumental music, are equally pertinent with those on expression. He then examines the various arguments for having the singing in religious worship conducted by the congregation at large, by a select choir alone, or by both united. The object of music, as a part of religious worship, is to excite a *peculiarity* and *uniformity* of feeling among the audience—to bring their minds into a fit tone for the ready apprehension and reception of the ideas presented in the discourse or psalm—to abstract the mind of the hearer from the thousand fantasies that sometimes intrude themselves and call off the attention—to bring home from its wanderings, the mind unsettled and disturbed, and to prepare it, by its calming influence, to unite in the address to the throne of mercy. But of these important ends a large part of our assemblies seem to have not the least notion. They consider the singing rather as a sort of *drop-scene* between the *acts* of worship, which has nothing to do with the general subject; but is presented barely for their amusement and relaxation till the other exercises can be re-

sumed. The only way to correct these erroneous notions is to have music produce its legitimate effects, and to do this, we unhesitatingly say with Mr H. it must be confined *principally* at least to a choir. Granting that purity of tone, accuracy of intonation and pronunciation can prevail, where those who sing are scattered through a whole congregation—which, however, so long as the unlearned and self-conceited can unite their voices with the rest, secure in a great measure from detection, we believe impossible—there can be no *expression*. This requires a unity of feeling and action, which in such circumstances, is wholly unattainable. A band of singers require discipline as well as an army, or their efforts will not be united, and of course ineffectual.

But the importance of the topics treated in the first part of Mr H's. book, has led us to dwell on them much longer than we intended, and it is quite time to say something on the latter part, which treats of *taste in the composition*.

Some introductory remarks on the nature and origin of musical ideas, the course of study to be pursued by the young composer in respect to them, and the laws of association, which must ever have great influence on the style of composition, are succeeded by a more particular notice of some peculiar artifices in harmony, such as chords, fugue, and imitation. The relations between melody and harmony are then briefly noticed. The rest of the work, except the last chapter, which contains some critical remarks on a few popular pieces, is devoted to *design*. This subject is treated more in detail than any other in the book, and occupies nearly one half of it. This may seem disproportionate, and it is so in some degree; though in treating this topic, the author has necessarily introduced many remarks pertaining to the foregoing ones, which naturally find a place here, and will be better apprehended from seeing their application, than if made under their respective heads.

There are two constituents of music, the powers of which are entirely independent of each other, though they are usually united, and ever must be, to produce the greatest effects. These are *sounds*, considered solely in reference to their *quality*; and *system*, or the disposition of sounds, in respect to *time*. Whether a single tone can produce any thing but simple pleasure or disgust in the mind or not, no one can deny that certain *chords* naturally induce feelings of a peculiar

character, which will not be excited by chords of a different kind. These feelings are of a very general character, however, nor are they produced instantaneously. The harmony of the Æolian harp, or a chord of an organ, must be prolonged for some time before it causes any *emotion*. For a while it is simply agreeable, but as it continues, a serenity like that produced by viewing a beautiful landscape by moon light, begins to steal over the soul, succeeded on the one hand by emotions slightly shaded, and becoming still deeper hid in gloom, and on the other by those of a lighter hue, till they become decidedly of a cheerful cast. The effects produced by sound alone seem to be confined within these limits, but to exhilarate the mind and bring its higher powers into action, the aid of rhythm is demanded. This must enter largely into the composition of festive and martial music, nor do we believe that without it those kinds of music can exist in any degree. Nor is rhythm dependent on sound for its power—it may produce its highest effects when the accompanying sound shall have no effect at all, or if any, that of disgust. It is not the guttural monotone of the war-song, but its movement, which breaks up the ice of apathy naturally existing in the breast of the Indian, and arouses his slumbering energies. It is not the obtuse *sound* of the 'spirit-stirring drum,' but its strongly marked *rhythm*, which gives elasticity to the step of the soldier, and produces that recklessness of danger with which he rushes upon the bayonets of his adversaries. Even where the powers of sounds and rhythm are united, it often happens that the latter predominates. It is the measure far more than the qualities of the sounds, which in festive music gives lightness to the heel of the dancer. Here lies the secret of the fascinating power of the music, that for so long a period prevailed in our country. The ear was ever titillated with the rippling of its movement, which, though of inferior quality, was readily felt and understood; while the feeble harmony which accompanied it, produced no other effect than to soften down in a small degree that of the rhythm, and thus partially to entitle the whole to the name of sacred music, when otherwise it would have been obviously festive or martial. The power of its rhythm was also heightened by its being employed in almost an equal degree in every part of the score. When then foreign compositions, whose merit lay more especially in their chords, were sung in such a defective manner that the power of these

was unfelt, there was little left to interest any one, and particularly those whose taste was less refined. If the composer would produce the highest effect, he must not only know the power of the chords he is to use, and the proper kind of rhythm demanded by his theme; but be must so adjust them as that both may operate together, and neither attract the attention tion of the auditor to the exclusion of the other. The necessity of a constant regard to this, not only in reference to chords and rhythm but to figure and imitation, is pointed out by our author in a manner equally discriminating and beautiful.

The progress of music must ever be slow. Such is the delicate and intangible nature of its elements, so evanescent its effects, that a nation must have reached a very advanced stage in refinement, before they can be appreciated and defined. The power of rhythm or movement is easily felt, and this is ever the first step in the art. The accompanying of this with a succession of musical intervals is the next, nor is the transition from the former station to the latter a very difficult one; but this is yet far removed from what can properly be called *melody*. There must be a relation between the successive intervals; the ideas must all tend to produce some one feeling, or the composition is not worthy of that appellation. Without this relation, though the ideas may produce pleasant sensations, they excite no *emotion*. Like the gay colors and fantastic forms sometimes exhibited by the clouds as the sun is setting, they are beautiful, but they mean nothing. They must be properly combined like the colors, and the light and shade of a historical painting, before they can awaken the imagination and produce any definite emotion in the soul. A great deficiency in this respect is to be found in countries where music has not been highly cultivated. In the music of the Chinese, so far as we can judge from the specimens of their compositions which we have seen, and the accounts of travellers, we find a remarkable instance of this. Here and there will be found two or three ideas somewhat related; but generally a complete confusion prevails, which is well characterized by the term *wildness*—an epithet often applied to these irregular airs. It is not uncommon to hear persons express a high admiration of such productions; but it is indicative of a taste for music much like that, which would prefer the broken and half-formed sentences of a child to those of a Goldsmith, or the incoherent ravings of a maniac to the eloquence of a Demosthenes.

Imitation properly means the employment of similar musical ideas in different parts of the same composition. It is sometimes used to denote the representation of particular notions or actions to the hearer ; but for distinction's sake Mr H. uses for the latter signification the term *imitative.* On this topic two questions present themselves—how far this quality belongs to music, and in what kind of composition it is expedient to use it.

There is a great proneness in enthusiastic artists to magnify the powers of their art, and scarcely any class of them have run into greater extravagances than musicians. Forgetting that the chief business of music is with general emotions, they have sometimes supposed that there are as many shades of musical painting as there are passions in the human breast—that any notion may be produced in the mind by a proper arrangement of chords and rhythm ; and even that different sounds naturally excite the idea of particular *colors*, and of course, that whatever may be exhibited on canvass may also be represented from the orchestra. Yet that music which is made up of sound and movement, can present an idea of that which has nothing to do with either, is a supposition which, we own, appears to us absurd, and we must remain skeptics on this point, till we actually experience such effects. That certain notions having no reference to sound or movement, may be associated with certain artifices of the composer, is doubtless true; yet these associations are wholly factitious, and the effects produced by them cannot with propriety be attributed to the imitative nature of the composition. A remark of our author on another topic applies with equal justice to this.

'The composer may produce a long succession of scientific discords that are pleasing to his own ear, and call it, if he chooses, an earthquake, a whirlwind, or the representation of chaos; but after a gaping auditory have submitted to listen with blind approbation for a few successive performances, their feelings, in spite of all their veneration for a celebrated author, will revolt at that, which has to them all the appearance of unmeaning jargon. While the composer, the theorist, and the amateur are receiving their several degrees of enjoyment, the ordinary listener almost feels tempted to prefer the real convulsions of nature to the sounds that are designed to imitate them.' A real representation, however, would be as easily appreciated by an 'ordinary listener,' as by one, who had been

a frequenter of the opera all his days. A composer might, by involved harmony and abrupt modulation, pretend to imitate the intricate reasoning and unexpected relations of a mathematical argument; by a full cadence he might signify the general theorem to which the argument leads, and call this if he pleased Euclid 47. I. and we might be amused by it and say that it was very well done; but what would there be *imitative* in it? And were it not for its name, who would be led by it to think of that proposition or any other? Yet the representations of battles, hurricanes, shipwrecks, and the like, which have been so frequently attempted, are very little better, if indeed any at all. Many things can doubtless be easily and precisely imitated in music; but to imitate is not its aim, and whenever this is attempted, the effect can rarely be otherwise than ridiculous. It is easy to see then where this quality may be exhibited. But we will give Mr H's words on this point: 'Since then the imitative is so liable to degenerate into burlesque, it seems proper to assign the *most palpable of its mimetic traits* to a department, where alone they can find their natural element. Such traits have always appeared to us to have their true place in the comic-opera, the catch, and the facetious glee.' p. 179. Violations of good taste in this respect are to be found in the works of the most distinguished composers. Even the genius of Handel would sometimes check its sublime flight to play around a feather, which came in its way. An instance is to be found in that passage of the Messiah, beginning, 'Thus saith the Lord, the Lord of Hosts,' 'yet once a little while and I will shake the heavens and the earth.' The sublimity of this terrific declaration is wholly destroyed by a ridiculous *pun* upon the word *shake*, which is repeated several times on a chain of musical shakes, as if the quavering of the voice could represent the commotions of a world! Madan was guilty of a like error in the last strain of his Denmark, a tune, the general merit of which we readily acknowledge. Regardless of the *sentiment* of the last line, 'when rolling years shall cease to move,' he attempted the imitative on the word *rolling*, and what is the effect? Instead of expanding the soul, and bringing before the imagination the mighty spheres of heaven—'orb above orb ascending without end'—and darting the glance of thought onward to the time when their majestic motion shall cease, and their order be changed to confusion, we are reminded of the trundling of a hoop or the insignificant revolutions of a football!

In composing music for particular words there is a kind of *adaptation*, which is often within the composer's reach, and which in the most grave compositions often adds greatly to the effect. It is well known that in speaking, the tone of voice is often varied according to the emphasis and various relations of the different parts of the sentence. From the rapidity of utterance in common discourse, the intervals so produced are rarely noticed; yet they are in reality, as easy to be appreciated as those made in singing. In setting music to words which need to be sung with tolerable rapidity, the musician, by employing those intervals, which would be used in speaking the same words, can increase the effect to an astonishing degree; and this will be still more heightened, if the pauses between the words and their relative quantity be regarded. A remarkable example of this may be found in the Messiah. If the chorus '*He trusted in God*' be sung with rapidity and then the same words be read with a proper regard to the sense of the passage, the coincidence of the intervals and pauses employed by the singer and reader, will surprise one who never noticed it before. This passage is mentioned by Mr H. as an instance of the *imitative;* but so long as the ideas are not imitated, but only the intervals used in pronouncing them, it seems hardly proper to bring this instance into that class; for the same music would be equally appropriate to a sentence of analogous structure, though the sentiment of the two might possess not the least resemblance.

If the ground of the composer is narrowed by passing from the lighter kinds of secular music to those of a graver cast and to the anthem, it is much more so when he composes the plain psalm-tune. Here he is not allowed to use the imitative at all, while fugue and imitation, repetition, and other artifices which can be resorted to in set composition, are very rarely admissible. His sole aim must be to produce a succession of ideas so related as to tend to the production of some general emotion. The execution of such music is far more difficult than that of the kinds above mentioned. We do not mean by execution barely singing in tune; but singing so as to produce the best effect. In set music, most is done by the composer—here almost all is left for the singer. In the former kind, a a good degree of expression is unavoidable if the music is well composed; but in this, it is principally left to the taste and abilities of the performer. It might seem desirable at first view to have set music generally prevalent, instead of leaving

the selection of tunes and their adaptation to whatever psalm may be proposed, to the judgment of the chorister, who cannot be supposed always well qualified for this task. Yet, though we acknowledge that in general the highest effects are produced by music composed specially for the words, there are many of our psalm tunes which we should be sorry to have sink into oblivion. A large proportion of them are doubtless more or less inaccurate, but it must be owned that some of them are compositions of the first stamp, and we are ready to say with the poet of Ayrshire, 'compared with these, Italian trills are tame.' Independent too of their intrinsic worth, many of them are associated with the names of the great and good of former years, and of every christian land. They have swelled the hearts and borne to heaven the souls of our pious forefathers, and we cannot but hope and believe that some of them will remain and their power be felt and acknowledged till the end of time.

We had intended to add a few remarks on the subjects of the last chapter of the work before us; but this article has already grown beyond what we anticipated, when we began it, and we must take our leave of Mr H. with wishing that his book may produce all the good effects on society, at which it aims. We have been gratified with its perusal, and while we have found much to praise, we have seen little that is exceptionable. We wish that the first part of his work had been treated more copiously. Its topics are of more consequence to the community than those of the last, in the same degree that the number of those who direct in the execution of music exceeds that of those who compose it. The first part may be considered as a text book, with which every instructer should be perfectly familiar and every sentence of which should be illustrated and enforced before his pupils. It will be readily seen too from a perusal of what treats of composition, that Mr H. considers it no easy task to write good music, and that the composer must be a person of no ordinary attainments. The manner in which Mr H. has treated the subject deserves special commendation. There are many obvious difficulties in writing a work of this sort, which may be fitted for general circulation; but Mr H. has surmounted these obstacles with singular felicity; and the theoretic musician, the uninstructed singer, and the man of taste, who cannot sing at all, may read and understand almost the whole of it, and receive both pleasure and benefit from its perusal.

ART. XX.—*Sketches of the Life and Correspondence of Nathaniel Greene, Major General of the Armies of the United States in the War of the Revolution, compiled chiefly from original materials. By William Johnson, of Charleston, South Carolina, in two volumes 4to.* Charleston. E. A. Miller, 1822.

WE have taken occasion in a previous number of this journal to express our admiration of the talents and character of general Greene. He may justly be regarded as the most extraordinary man in the army of the revolution. We would not be understood to assert that he was the greatest man, or that he rendered more important services than any other individual; but when the circumstances of his early life and education are taken into view, as well as the disadvantages under which he entered the service, we know of none, whose subsequent reputation and advancement can with more justice be attributed exclusively to personal merit. It is not necessary to recapitulate the particulars of his military career. They are familiar to all, who are in the least degree conversant with the history of the revolution. Unhappily, his private circumstances by no means corresponded with his eminent services and high reputation. Like most of his fellows in arms, he discovered at the close of the contest, that national liberty had been purchased at the price of personal independence. We have the satisfaction, however, in the case of general Greene, to know, that this reflection was not aggravated by a sense of the ingratitude of his country. The states of South Carolina and Georgia, to express their obligation to their deliverer, each invested him with a valuable estate. This munificence was, however, inadequate to relieve Greene from the embarrassments, in which the unavoidable neglect of his affairs and the treachery of false friends had involved him; and which clouded the close of his life. He died on the 19th of June, 1786, at the premature age of forty-four, at the plantation bestowed on him by the state of Georgia. For many years after his death, although his merit was universally acknowledged, his name did not attract the degree of notice to which it was entitled. Of late, however, the attention of the nation has been excited by several publications, which profess to do justice to his character, but, as if an unrelenting fate were never to cease from pursuing this unfortunate man, he has been brought for-

ward, to contend with a more dangerous enemy than he had before had to encounter, in the indiscreet and officious zeal of his biographers. We have heretofore noticed a crude production, bearing the title of a Life of general Greene, and have only to add at present, that its extreme inaccuracy and want of minuteness would alone be sufficient to condemn it. These are faults which we have not to charge upon the work before us. Two volumes, containing one thousand quarto pages, are certainly sufficient, without comment, to shield the author from the imputation of want of diligence and research. The writer, from his personal acquaintance with the family of general Greene, his vicinity to the scenes of his most interesting campaigns, and his high personal consideration in the community, had at command great advantages for the undertaking. The zeal and assiduity with which he has pursued his task cannot be too highly praised, and had his skill and taste in the arrangement of his materials equalled his industry in collecting them, we should have had one of the most entertaining and useful works our country has produced. Reserving our remarks on this point to the close of the article, we shall follow the author in his course, and point out such portions of the work as particularly deserve to be considered. We should observe here, that most of the objectionable passages are to be attributed to an extreme anxiety to do honor to his hero. This is particularly the case in the first instance we shall quote, which occurs in the introductory chapter. General Greene was descended from one of the individuals who accompanied Gorton in making the settlement of a part of the state of Rhode Island. This expedition is thus described by our author.

'The state of Rhode Island was originally settled by religious sectarians, who sought in the wilderness that freedom of conscience or of speculation, which was denied them in the parent colony of Massachusetts. Although the settlers of the latter colony had fled from the persecutions which disgraced England in the commencement of the seventeenth century, yet scarcely had they effected a settlement in their place of refuge, before they exhibited an additional proof that fanaticism, whether in a city or a wilderness, is still cruel, selfish, and tyrannical, or that the corrupting influence of power may taint even the purity of the christian religion. Roger Williams was the first who fled, and led off with him a colony to found the city of Providence. Next Mrs Hutchinson and her followers acquired and settled the island of Aquetnet, or Rhode Island proper, and built the town of Newport.

And lastly, Samuel Gorton, and his eleven followers, descending the Narragansett Bay on the west side, settled on Warwick Neck. This flourishing abode of heresy and toleration soon inflamed the religious or official zeal of governor Winthrop, and a captain Cook, with an armed party of treble Gorton's number, was despatched with strict orders "to bring the heretics to Boston dead or alive." At the head of this crusade in miniature, marched a holy man with strict injunctions to keep his soldiers regularly to their prayers, and to explain to Gorton and his deluded followers the whole enormity of their errors before they put them to death. What these errors were, it is immaterial to relate. Suffice it to say, they had reference to the most abstruse and speculative doctrines, and were wholly immaterial to christian piety and a good life.

'Gorton persisted sturdily in the argument against the nuncio of Winthrop, and thinking he had the best of it, refused to acknowledge himself convinced. Cook accordingly gave the word for the onset, and that Greene, the protosire of our hero, was not then a quaker, is proved by their having made a brave resistance against the Massachusetts men, until resistance was hopeless. They were made prisoners and conveyed to Boston. The women and children were dispersed in the woods, and as it was at a time when the ground was covered with snow, several of them actually perished. The rest of these helpless fugitives, after sustaining incredible hardships, were protected, clothed, and hospitably entertained—*by savages.*'

We are not disposed to censure the laudable desire of the author to record whatever is praiseworthy in the ancestry of general Greene, and we shall not be suspected of a wish to deprive them of any portion of the honor which is justly their due. It is matter of regret, however, that the writer should, in his zeal, have been unmindful of the characters of others. It is not our intention to deny that our ancestors in New England are chargeable with bigotry and fanaticism. These were the passions of the age. We even admit that their pursuit of Gorton beyond the boundaries of their own province was unjustifiable, and the punishment inflicted on him unreasonably severe. But it by no means follows because they were intolerant, that Gorton was a saint. A very little research into the historians of that period would have shown to the biographer, that this moving tale of persecuted innocence was one of good Sir Roger's cases, in which 'much may be said on both sides.' The writers on the history of New England are unanimous in their execration of Gorton. We cite Hutchinson, because he is

more mild in his expressions than any other historian. His account of this person and his principles is as follows.

'A new sect springing up from the ashes of the Antinomians made great disturbance about this time. Samuel Gorton, who came from Boston in 1636, was at the head of it. Mr Cotton says, his principles were the very dregs of familism. It is certain that he was artful enough to explain them in such a manner, that his judges in the Massachusetts were divided in the opinion, whether they were heretical or no. He staid not long in the Massachusetts, but went to Plimouth, and disturbing the church there he was *whipped* and required to find sureties for his good behaviour; which not being able to do, he removed, Mr Winslow says, was driven, to *Rhode Island*. There he treated the court with contempt, and by order of the governor, Mr Coddington, was first imprisoned, and afterwards *whipped*. From Rhode Island he went to Providence, where Roger Williams, with his usual humanity, although he disliked his principles and behaviour, gave him shelter. Here he found several of his own disposition fond of novelties in religion, and they first set down at Patuxet, near Providence; *but some of the inhabitants there applied to the Massachusetts* that they and their lands might be received into protection, and complained that Gorton and his company, under pretence of purchase from the Indians, were going about to deprive them of their estates, of which for several years they had been in the lawful possession. The governor and three of the assistants signed what was called a warrant or notification to all the people of Providence, requiring them to submit to the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts. This was dated in October 1642. Gorton sent a very contemptuous answer, and told them they had no authority over the people of Providence. But either for the sake of being more out of the reach of the Massachusetts or from discord among themselves, Gorton and eleven more purchased of Miantinomo, the Narragansett sachem, a tract of land called Shawamet, and removed thither. The price they paid was one hundred and forty-four fathom of Wampum. Shawamet was then claimed by Plimouth government as within their jurisdiction. Two of the chief of the Indians, who dwelt there and at Patuxet, and who were called Sachems, Pomham and Sachonoco, came to Boston with their interpreter *to complain of Gorton and his company*, for taking their lands from them, and offered to subject themselves and their country to the Massachusetts, which by an instrument under their hands was accordingly done.'

Of all the sufferers in the cause of toleration who have come within our knowledge, we are free to confess that this Mr Samuel Gorton seems to have been the most unfortunate; for he

was not only driven out from every place of refuge, but publicly *whipped* by order of the magistrates in three different provinces. We should not have brought forward this subject thus formally, had not the biographer afterwards alluded to it in a still more offensive manner. We refer to the following passage ;

'Indeed when posterity shall distribute justice with impartial hand among the states, Rhode Island, diminutive as it is in territory, will stand pre-eminent for the spirit and vigor, with which she supported the revolutionary war. It was not with her the cause of Massachusetts ; there was nothing to be ascribed to contiguity or consanguinity ; jealousies and ill will had prevailed between these two states. Rhode Island viewed Massachusetts as the oppressor and persecutor of her forefathers ; and Massachusetts, in addition to the feelings which accompany the consciousness of having done an injury, never cordially forgave the Rhode Islanders, for having eluded her claims of dominion. These early causes have left their traces so deeply engraven, that to this day there is a want of cordial feeling plainly to be discovered, at least among the less enlightened classes in these two states. But every disagreeable recollection was magnanimously sacrificed by Rhode Island,' &c.

We acknowledge we were at first somewhat at a loss to interpret the meaning of this paragraph. If it is intended merely to convey a compliment to our neighbors of Rhode Island, we shall not be ill natured enough to dispute it with them, equivocal as it is. We know not, however, what authority the author has for the assertion he confidently makes, of a want of cordiality between the people of the two states. For ourselves, we were not a little surprised at the intimation, and still more, that it should have reached us for the first time through an inhabitant of a very remote part of the nation. We were induced to set about an inquiry into the grounds of this allegation, which we have prosecuted with all the diligence in our power, and have the satisfaction to declare, that so far as our own state is concerned, we have been utterly unable to discover any foundation for it. We cannot undertake to answer with equal confidence for the good citizens of Rhode Island, but until some evidence is brought forward of the existence of such feelings as are imputed to them, we believe they will heartily concur with us, in pronouncing the whole to be a misconception on the part of Mr Justice Johnson.

General Greene accompanied the commander in chief to New York, and shared with him the arduous and distressing

campaign in the Jersies. With the exception of the expedition to Rhode Island, he continued until his appointment to the command of the southern army, under the immediate command of Washington, by whose influence he obtained the very difficult and vexatious appointment of quarter master general. The trials, to which Greene was exposed in the exercise of the duties of this office, are detailed at great length, and many pages are unnecessarily perhaps occupied in refuting charges against him, which however serious and afflicting at the time, are long since forgotten with the circumstances in which they originated. The high stations he afterwards obtained, at the recommendation of those best acquainted with his character, have precluded the necessity of reverting to calumnies, from which no public servant is exempted. In the absence of Washington, Greene was in the command of the American army at the time Arnold's treachery was detected. This leads our author to a recital of the circumstances of that disgraceful affair. Several particulars are mentioned which are new to us. With respect to André, we should be glad if less had been said, for he seems to have been introduced merely for the purpose of removing the veil, which the tenderness of friendship or charity has endeavored to draw over his fate. The apology offered for this course is, that André has been too long the object of undeserved eulogium. We are not about to enter into a discussion of the merits and faults of this truly unfortunate man. We shall only add, that whatever may have been his offences, an execution on a gibbet in pursuance of a sentence, the propriety of which is not called in question, is surely an expiation which ought to satisfy the most scrupulous.

The appointment of general Greene to the command of the southern army, after the defeat of Gates, gave him an opportunity to display the resources of his mind, and to render services which his country can never forget. This event is introduced by a recapitulation of the leading occurrences in the history of the province of South Carolina, which occupies one chapter. Another very interesting one is devoted to the progress of the war in the southern department, up to the time of general Greene's taking command. For many of the facts in this period, the author has recourse to the narrative of general Otho Holland Williams, which is printed at length in the appendix, and forms, with the letters of general Greene, a most valuable portion of the work. If these volumes had contained

nothing but the former, the public would have been highly indebted to the author for making them acquainted with this spirited little memoir.

It cannot be necessary, if our limits would permit us, to enter into a detail of the events of the war in the southern department. We shall, however, present our readers with general Greene's energetic description of the condition of the troops when he assumed the command. To the Marquis de la Fayette he writes,

'It is now within a few days of the time you mentioned of being with me. Were you to arrive, you would find a few ragged, half starved troops in the wilderness, destitute of every thing necessary for either the comfort or convenience of soldiers. Indeed, my dear sir, the department is in a most deplorable condition, nor have I a prospect of its mending. The country is almost laid waste, and the inhabitants plunder one another with little less than savage fury. We live from hand to mouth, and have nothing to subsist on but what we collect with armed parties. In this situation I believe you will agree with me there is nothing inviting this way, especially when I assure you that our whole force fit for duty that are properly clothed and properly equipped does not amount to eight hundred men.'

To colonel Coxe he writes :

'The condition of this army for want of clothing would move your compassion were you here to observe their nakedness. This country is very extensive and thinly inhabited, which renders it exceedingly difficult getting supplies, if every thing were managed in the best manner with the most perfect arrangement. But the loss of the army in Charleston and the defeat of general Gates alarmed North Carolina to such a degree, that they have kept on foot such hosts of militia as have ravaged the country from one end to the other; and to pay the expense of subsisting them, this state has been obliged to strike such quantities of money as have almost rendered it worthless.

'Thus with an army without clothing or provisions in a country exhausted, its currency ruined, the inhabitants divided, and our force less than one third of the enemy's, I believe you will agree with me the situation is disagreeable and the prospect dismal. The whigs and tories too pursue each other with little less than savage fury, and such a spirit of plundering prevails as threatens the depopulation of the whole country. The whigs and tories are continually out in small parties, and all the middle country is so disaffected that you cannot lay in the most trifling magazine, or send a wagon through the country with the least article of stores without a guard. I am subsisting the army by

small daily collections made by the credit and influence of individuals who have charitably engaged in the business. Nor have I the least aid of government in the business of transportation, and not a shilling to help myself. Our situation is still more wretched than I have described it, and must soon terminate in the ruin and loss of this country, unless some more perfect arrangements can take place for support of the army.'

Such arrangements never did take place, and Greene was left to struggle to the close of the war with want, sickness, and disaffection, opposed to an army superior in numbers, well clothed, well fed, and commanded by two of the most skilful officers in the British service. His conduct in this arduous situation is very minutely and faithfully related by the author, and speaks more for his military character than the most splendid victories. In the course of the work, the statements and opinions of earlier writers are frequently called in question. As the author, to use his own expression, is 'entrenched behind a mass of four thousand original letters,' besides other documents, we should not undertake, if we were disposed, to dispute his positions. We remark, however, that he is very apt to take the alarm at any expressions which may be supposed to extenuate the conduct of the enemy. This is particularly observable in the strictures on the narrative of general Lee. To confess the truth, a degree of implacability pervades the work, which we were very sorry to discover. We do not intend to attack the standing theme of the cruelties of Cornwallis, and the bloody Tarleton. But it is to be lamented that the author should have indulged a resentment against that class of our own countrymen who differed from us on the propriety of resistance, which we believed to have long since subsided. We are aware, that great allowance is to be made for the difference of circumstances at the two extremities of the union. The war in the south was conducted in a manner to give rise to feelings, of which the people of New England can form no conception. Fortunately for the cause of freedom, the struggle commenced in a quarter, where the voice of liberty may be said to have been unanimous. The very small number among us who, from motives of interest or affection, adhered to the royal cause, either retired, or maintained a prudent silence. One spirit pervaded the community; one object, the expulsion of the common enemy, gave vigor to every arm. This object accomplished,

the passions, which had been excited by the contest, subsided; the flame of resentment was extinguished, and the odious appellatives of whig and tory, were soon forgotten in the interesting events which succeeded. In the south, the case was far different. Whether it was owing to the nature of their connexion with the mother country, or to accidental circumstances, certain it is, that in the more southern colonies from the commencement of the dispute, parties were much more equally poised. In several provinces the loyalists nearly outnumbered the whigs, and in all, they formed a numerous and formidable body. Mutual recrimination soon led to more fatal consequences, and in some districts, before the British troops made their appearance, the contest had already assumed the frightful features of civil war. The enemy did not fail to foment these unhappy divisions, and the rage of the combatants was at length inflamed to the degree, that it seemed as if these miserable people were doomed to be exterminated by the hands of each other. Neighbor was armed against neighbor, and in some instances, members of the same family looked upon each other with suspicion and hatred. The return of peace could not bring with it immediate oblivion, to minds which had been agitated by such passions. The lurking poison still rankled in the bosoms of both parties, and excited jealousies which are hardly yet eradicated. We have noticed with pleasure, in some late publications in the south, from the pens of individuals who were attached to the army, a spirit of conciliation and impartiality. We had hoped, that our biographer would have thrown the weight of his name into the same scale. It is not surprising that in the heat of contention, both parties should have been hurried into excesses, which are revolting to their sober feelings. After a lapse of nearly fifty years, however, we may surely be allowed to look back with some degree of calmness upon that distressing period. Such a review will diminish our surprise at the large proportion of the population, who hesitated to adventure upon the hazardous measure of open resistance. When we consider that the question of the expediency of a resort to arms was one on which reflecting men might very fairly differ, and the attachment all men naturally feel to the authority they have long obeyed, we shall not be ready to impute an adherence to the mother country in every instance to a dastardly or mercenary spirit. Loyalty and patriotism are kindred sentiments;

and it is no great proof of discernment to imagine, that we recommend our own principles, by charging on another as a crime, a disinterested, though mistaken partiality to a government which he has been taught to respect. Having said thus much on this delicate topic, it will be expected that we should point out some of the passages in the work before us which have given rise to the foregoing remarks. We admit that the prejudice of the writer discovers itself more in a disposition to palliate on the one hand, than to exaggerate on the other. Whether we are right in our conclusion the reader will judge from the following extracts.

'From the first commencement of the revolutionary ferment a partisan warfare had occurred in the interior between the whigs and tories. The royal governors had, at a very early period, established a correspondence with several populous settlements in all the southern provinces. How much soever all parties must deplore the melancholy consequences which resulted from these internal dissensions, it cannot be denied that in both North and South Carolina the loyalists were the aggressors. As early as November 1775, a party of loyalists between Broad and Saluda rivers, under Patrick Cunningham, rose in arms and seized a quantity of gunpowder which the whigs were forwarding as a present to the Indians. The royal governor of the province apprehending that this peace offering would detach the savages from the royal interests, and defeat the plan which had already originated, of bringing them upon the backs of the whigs while the royal army attacked them in front, excited this settlement (the only one in the southern states in which the tories outnumbered the whigs) to commit this act of aggression. This was the first link in that chain of causes, which led to the depopulation of this beautiful tract of country.'

Let us set aside for a moment the question of right and wrong between these two parties, and take into view a fact which is not adverted to by the author; that the brother of this Patrick Cunningham was already a prisoner in the hands of his adversaries, and threatened with harsh treatment, and that both sides were exasperated by mutual injuries, and in constant dread of some act of violence. Under such circumstances, we can hardly imagine an incident more calculated to excite alarm and justify prompt measures, than a *peace offering in the shape of gunpowder* to a neighboring tribe of Indians. The author proceeds to relate the dispersion of a body of loyalists in Georgia, under a colonel Boyd. A number of the party were taken prisoners. After stating that seventy of

the prisoners were condemned to suffer death as traitors, and that five of them were actually executed—he adds,

'Colonel Brown, soon after this event, was placed in command at Augusta. History has preserved the memory of too many monsters in the human form; but this man has been surpassed by none. Yet his history conveys some useful lessons. It proves the danger of committing wanton outrage on the meanest of human beings, and the fatal consequences that ensue from indulging popular licentiousness, and the vindictive passions that predominate in times of civil commotion. In the hour of festivity, Brown had indulged himself in indiscreet censure of the revolutionary party. He had done worse,—he had committed a fault less easily forgiven; he had ridiculed them. Being apprised that their resentment was excited, he attempted to escape; but he was closely pursued, brought back to Augusta, tried before a committee of surveillance, and sentenced to be tarred and feathered and carted, unless he recanted and took the oath of allegiance prescribed by the administration of Georgia. Brown was a firm man, and resisted with a pertinacity that should have commanded the respect of his persecutors. But the motions of a mob are too precipitate to admit of the intrusion of generous feeling. After undergoing the painful and mortifying penance prescribed by the committee, without yielding, it is too true, that he was doomed to have his naked feet exposed to a large fire, to subdue his stubborn spirit. But in vain; and he was at length turned loose by a group of men, who never once dreamed that the simple Indian trader would soon reappear, an armed and implacable enemy. He first visited the loyalists of Ninety six, concerted his measures with them, then made his way to St Augustine, received a colonel's commission, placed himself at the head of a band of desperate refugees, and accompanied Provost in his irruption into Georgia. His thirst for revenge appeared afterward insatiable, and besides wantonly hanging many of his prisoners, he subjected the families of the whigs who were out in service, to accumulated sufferings and distress. It was not long after he was left in command at Augusta by the British general, that colonel Clarke, with a determined party of the militia, whose families he had persecuted, aimed a well directed blow at his post. But Brown proved himself a man of bravery and conduct; and he well knew that at all times he was fighting for his life. After a severe and partially successful contest, the approach of a party of Indians obliged Clark to retreat, and leave his wounded behind him, with a letter addressed to Brown, requesting that he would parole them to their plantations. But Brown's thirst for revenge knew no bounds. It had been irritated in this instance by a wound, which confined him to his bed. The unhappy prisoners, twenty-eight in number, were all

hung, thirteen of them were suspended to the railing of the staircase, that he might feast his eyes with their dying agonies. This he justified on the ground of the execution of the prisoners taken at the defeat of Boyd, and a sanguinary order of lord Cornwallis, which will hereafter be noticed.

'Among the prisoners thus executed, were many of high respectability, and one youth whose conduct merited a better fate. He was but fifteen years of age; his brother, but two years older, was wounded and fell beside him. He refused to leave him, and they perished together on the gallows. The outrage did not end here; the bodies were given up to the savages to be scalped, mangled, and thrown into the river.'

This narrative speaks for itself. The impartial reader will shudder to reflect on the dreadful consequences which result from the unrestrained indulgence of the malignant passions; but he will hardly undertake to decide which of these parties is most chargeable on the score of inhumanity. We have great pleasure in taking leave of this subject to remark, that from the time that general Greene assumed the command, it was his endeavor to suppress this barbarous warfare, and we never find, under any circumstances of irritation, that he was for a moment insensible to the dictates of benevolence. We have had occasion to notice the invidious comparisons between neighboring states at the north. Something of the same propensity is to be discovered in a subsequent part of the work. The troops of Virginia and Georgia are more than once placed in a disadvantageous light by the side of those of the Carolinas. Such distinctions are, to say the least, unnecessary, and especially to be avoided at this time, when the different sections of our country are but too prone to indulge in illiberal reflections.

The events which succeeded the battle of the Eutaws, are related with more distinctness and precision than by any other writer, and we think this portion of the work a very valuable accession to the history of the revolution. This praise does not extend to the account of the measures which followed the preliminaries of peace. Party feeling, if not personal pique, gives a tinge to this part of the work, which cannot be very agreeable to the great majority of readers. We can account in no other way, for the attempt to shift the authorship of the Newberg Letters, from the individual who has been content to stand under the imputation of it for forty years, to the late Mr Gouverneur Morris. To substantiate his claims to this discovery, the

author produces such extracts as suit his purpose, from two letters written by Mr Morris to general Greene; in which he dwells on the imbecility of the government; and urges the necessity that the army should join the other public creditors, and insist on some permanent provision for the payment of their arrears, before they were disbanded. The Newberg Letters, which may be found in Marshall's Life of Washington, were written, as is well known, for the purpose of inciting the officers of the army to enter into a combination for the same purpose. This coincidence, together with some hints thrown out by Gordon, that Mr Morris was employed as an agent in directing the arrangements between the public creditors and the army, our author considers as conclusive evidence that he was the writer of the Newberg Letters. With regard to the charge brought by Gordon, it is acknowledged to be mere conjecture, and the letters to general Greene only prove, that two individuals agreed in an opinion, which is known to have been prevalent in the army. That body, after having achieved the deliverance of their country, by the sacrifice of every personal consideration, found themselves ready to be cast upon the world, without employment or resources. Congress was unable, and as they supposed, unwilling to do justice to their demands. In such a moment, it is not wonderful that the thought should have been suggested, of making use of the means they still possessed, to extort by force, what had been denied to their remonstrances. To their eternal honor, the impulse, though stimulated by the specious reasoning of the letters in question, was transient and feeble. The officers, guided by their good principles, and the prudent advice of the commander in chief, came to an unanimous resolution, to throw themselves upon the justice of their country. That the gentleman, to whom these letters are imputed by our author, was of the number who were jealous of the intentions of congress, there is no doubt. How far such jealousy was justifiable, every individual may judge for himself. We think, however, notwithstanding the authority of our author, that we can discern a difference, in a moral point of view, between the disclosure of an opinion in a confidential letter to a friend, and an inflammatory *anonymous* publication, containing the grossest personal aspersions on the commander in chief. Mr Gouverneur Morris, may, for aught we know, have been the author of the Newberg Letters; but no one has a right to found such a charge on the evidence

which is here adduced. Mr Morris is not the only victim to our author's shrewdness ; the whole party, which governed during the first years of our national existence, is introduced, awkwardly enough, and disposed of, in a way not very consistent with the professions of impartiality which appear in the preface.

We have expressed our opinion that the style of this work is below the dignity of the subject, and detracts from the praise to which the indefatigable perseverance of the author is justly entitled. It is tumid and involved, and abounds in figures of speech which will hardly bear the test of criticism. The writer seems to be constantly on the stretch for expressions adequate to his ideas. He appears to have adopted a notion, but too prevalent among us, that great events must be related in corresponding language ; accordingly his artillery ' vomits death,' and his heroes are ' robed like Hercules.' We are told of ' reinforcements melting into visions,' of ' folding up events in the involutions of ambiguity,' of ' the residium of sophistry when separated from its *gazeous* constituents,' and of ' liquidating a balance of prisoners.' We occasionally meet with such phrases as ' embalmed tears,' ' winged adversaries,' and ' the watchful *eye consuming* the midnight *lamp*.' We have to complain, however, that he sometimes makes use of metaphorical terms of a more low and vulgar stamp. He says of lord Cornwallis, in one instance, that ' he was visited with his *yawning fit*.' Of the Pennsylvania troops, who were mutinous, he observes : ' La Fayette foresaw that the junction of these troops might prove to him the *shirt* of Nessus.' He afterwards says, ' all the world *was at a balk* to conjecture the motive of lord Cornwallis,' &c. We sometimes meet with a word which has not yet found its way into our vocabularies, as ' dampening,' ' retroact,' ' protosire,' ' aggressive,' and ' bread-stuffs ;' others of doubtful authority as ' proclivity,' ' sciolous,' &c. He says of general Greene, that ' he was born and "*raised*" in obscurity,' an expression sometimes applied to the brute creation, but never we believe to the human species. Had this work been the production of an obscure and inexperienced individual, we should not have been thus minute in pointing out faults of this description, but the name of the author carries with it an authority, which we are unwilling to see enlisted in the propagation of a vicious taste. Before we take leave of this publication we should apprise our readers that the blemishes we

have selected are scattered over a wide field which will richly repay the labour of research. An ardent patriotism and an enlightened liberality in religious opinions are conspicuous throughout. We shall be allowed in a more particular manner to acknowledge our obligations to the author for the decided language in which he expresses his detestation of the barbarous custom of duelling. The community is indebted to every man, whose opinions are entitled to respect, who will lift up his voice against a practice which not only violates the laws of religion and society, but has begun to set common decency at defiance, and seems likely to level the distinction which has hitherto existed between civilized man and the savage. The following extract will show that the opinion of general Greene upon this subject accorded with that of his biographers. It is from a letter written after the fall of a colonel Malmady, who commanded the North Carolina militia on the day of the Eutaws.

'The fate of colonel Malmady I suppose you will have heard of. He lost his life by that stupid custom which has in many instances disgraced the history of the American war, and deprived the public of the services of many valuable men.

'It is thus,' adds Judge Johnson, 'that all the respectable men who ever were involved in duels, yield to the usurpations of fools over the practices of the times. It is the same weakness that crimsons the car of Juggernaut, or precipitates the unfortunate widow upon the pile that is lighted under the body of a husband she despised. Can the folly be named which has not at one time or other, tyranized over man, under the auspices of impudent usurpation on the one hand, and the too slavish deference that governs our actions, on the other? How few dare to act from their own convictions of rectitude, and set at naught the obligations which have no foundation but in fashion or popular opinion!'

We have already said that we look upon the letters of general Greene as the best part of the book. We prize them highly not only for the views they afford of the true character and sentiments of the writer, but for the insight they give us into the private opinions of the leading men in the country, respecting the grounds of the controversy, the progress of the contest, and the ultimate views of both parties. Such information is invaluable, and we cannot suppress our regret that the author had not curtailed his descriptions of military operations, with which we are already satiated, to give place to more of these precious relics which he tells us lay in 'piles

before him.' We have enough of battles and sieges, skirmishes and countermarches, which once told are never lost. We now look deeper, we wish to be made acquainted with the soul which animated, and the mind which directed these movements. The importance of securing whatever is valuable in the history of that interesting epoch, cannot be too often urged. As the period recedes, the feelings and opinions which gave it a peculiar character, are fast fading from the view. We ought highly to appreciate the pious duty of sketching the lingering and evanescent traces which half a century has not been able to obliterate. Every day brings to light some fact, which another might have carried beyond our reach. Incidents which are trivial in themselves, and consequently unnoticed, while events are new, frequently become useful in settling a doubtful question, or clearing up an obscure point of history. We are very glad to observe that attention is already awakened to the subject in this part of the country, and that the spirit of inquiry is not confined to the military events of the revolution, but goes back to the measures which preceded them. We wish to see justice done to the patriots who fanned the rising flame of liberty, who resisted oppression, when resistance was truly honorable. They are the pioneers in the march of freedom whose services have been overlooked in the splendor of her subsequent progress. Military achievements will never want pens to do them justice, but we have reason to fear that the future historian may seek in vain to trace the slow and silent progress of liberty while yet struggling against the strong torrent of arbitrary power. This period of our history may be said to be still unexplored, and holds out allurements to the aspiring writers of our country of which we hope they will make haste to avail themselves.

ART. XXI.—*Remarks on the Consumption of the Public Wealth, by the Clergy of every Christian Nation, and particularly by the established Church in England and Wales, and in Ireland; with a plan for altering its Revenues, subject to existing interests; whereby the Episcopal body would be provided for, on a scale to make them the richest Episcopal body in the world; the working Clergy of the establishment would be much better provided for than at present; the*

working Clergy of all other denominations would be equally provided for with those of the establishment; and both on a scale to make them the richest working Clergy in the world; and upwards of £100,000,000 *obtained to extinguish so much of the national debt, and relieve the nation from four millions of annual taxes. The second edition with corrections.* London, 1822. p. 86.

We have quoted at large the somewhat *lengthy* title of this pamphlet, as it serves at the same time as a table of contents to the work. We understand that it excites considerable sensation in England, and is thought to have placed the disproportion between the revenues of the established church of that country and all others in the world, in a more striking light than it has before been seen. As a great mass of interesting statistical information on this important subject is condensed in the tables, which make up a great portion of the work, we shall copy them, with the omission of unessential matter, which can be spared without affecting their value.

The first table affords a view of the clergy of France of all denominations as follows:

EXPENDITURE ON CLERGY IN FRANCE

In the year 1821.

Hearers 30,000,000

Say about 29,000,000 Catholics,
1,000,000 Protestants,

The Pastors of all denominations are paid by the nation.

Places of worship 26,252

50 Cathedrals,
2885 Catholic Rectories, or Parish Churches,
22960 Ditto Auxiliary Chapels.

25,895 Catholic places of worship.
357 Protestant do. do.

{ Catholics require more places of worship than Protestants, because what they consider divine service, and which they are bound to attend, the mass, can be performed in the morning only, and by a minister fasting from the previous midnight. Evening devotions are not considered a service by them, nor much attended. Hence, in Catholic countries, from six o'clock in the morning until one in the afternoon on Sundays, the population is in movement to and from church;—from four in the evening to ten is generally spent in relaxation and amusement. }

One place of worship for every 1143 persons.

Number of Clergymen in France 35,643

35,286 Catholic,—357 Protestant.

Average number of Clergymen for each place of worship .... $1\frac{1}{2}$
Average number of Clergymen for every 1000 people ..... $1\frac{1}{6}$
Income ..... *f*25,148,096 at 24*f* to £1 ..... £1,047,837

Episcopal body and dignitaries	*f* 2,069,760 or	£ 86,240
Working Clergy	*f*22,593,336 —	£941,389
Protestants	*f* 485,000 —	£ 20,208
	*f*25,148,096	£1,047,837

The provision for the Clergy is voted in the annual supplies, the same as for the army and navy. There are

Average per Annum.

2,885 Catholic Rectors, at £48, each serving a church.
22,960 Catholic Curates, " £31, each serving a chapel.
357 Protestant Pastors, " £56, viz.
183 Calvinists,—174 Lutherans.

30,000,000 hearers, at £35,000 per million of hearers, £1,050,000

The next table presents us with the 'French Roman Catholic church' from the 'Almanach du Clerge, de France, 1822.'

EPISCOPAL BODY.	*(at 24 f to £1)*	*£ Brit.*
1 Archbishop of Paris	*f*100,000	4,160
8 Archbishops	*f* 25,000 or £1041 each	8,328
41 Bishops	*f* 15,000 or 625 each	25,625
1 Vicar-General of Paris	*f* 4,000 (or Archdeacon)	166
10 Do. of Metropolitan Churches,	*f* 3,000 or £125 each	1,250
98 Vicars-General or Archdeacons	*f* 2,000 or 83 "	3,134
159 persons—the Episcopal Body—receive		£47,663

OTHER DIGNITARIES.		
3 Cardinals	*f* 30,000 or £1250 each	£ 3,750
15 Canons, or Prebends of Paris	*f* 2,400 or 100 "	1,500
401 Canons or Prebends of the other Dioceses	*f* 1,500 or 62 "	24,862
Chapter of St Denis	*f*200,000	£ 8,339:38,451
578 persons—Episcopal and other Dignitaries—receive		£86,114

WORKING CLERGY.

2,885 Rectors, ...	at ..... *f*1160 or	£48	£138,480
22,960 Curates, ...	at ..... *f* 750 or	31	701,760
357 *Protestants,** ...	at ..... *f*1360 or	56	19,922
26,202 Working Clergymen—receive			£860,162
26,780 Clergymen of all ranks receive			£946,276

and are deemed to receive a complete annual stipend, and to be entirely engaged in the ministry.

* This is put in Italics as not belonging to the State Church; but being one line, it was not thought worth omitting, as thus, all the expense of *all the clergy is given.*

There are others who, occupied with other pursuits, render partial aid, and get partial stipends, viz.

4,000	for certain stated aid, ... receive	ƒ250 or £10 . . .	£40,000
3,500	for do. do. aid, ... do.	ƒ200 or 8 . . .	28,000
	for uncertain occasional aid, is granted, . . .	ƒ240,000	10,000
	Loss in these calculations by dropping the shillings sterling, to keep round numbers, for example, Protestant Clergymen should be £56 12s.	. . . . .	23,561
		ƒ25,148,096 . . .	£1,047,837

1,363 Clergymen who perform service gratuitously, without taking any stipend, but living on their own means, assist in the ministry from zeal.

There are also 491 Clergymen, who, receiving pay for other functions of the ministry which they perform, are Prebends or Canons, without receiving pay as such, but enjoying the honor of the title.

To these two tables succeeds a third of 'France before the revolution,' from Laborde's View of Spain, vol. v. p. 16—18, as follows:

STATE OF THE CLERGY.

136	Archbishops and Bishops	Seculars, . 241,989
11,853	Dignitaries, Canons & Prebends .	
13,000	Inferior Servants of the Choir . .	
27,000	Priors and Chaplains	
40,000	Parish Priests	
50,000	Vicars	
100,000	Ecclesiastics in orders, with or without benifices	

MONKS.

1,120	Chiefs of the orders	Monks, . . 78,015
6,740	Abbeys of Men	
23,655	Other established Societies	
46,500	Mendicants	

NUNS.

10,120	Abbeys of Women	Nuns, . . . 79,972
2,560	Priories of Women	
600	Canonesses	
64,000	Other established Societies	
2,692	Other Societies without foundation	

RECAPITULATION.

241,989	Secular Clergy
78,015	Monks
79,972	Nuns

60,302 Inferior Ministers of the Churches

460,078 Total.

Putting the population at 25,000,000, the Clergy were about $\frac{1}{52}$ part in France, and their revenue in 1787 was estimated at 178,000,000 livres, or £7,400,000 British per annum, at 25 years purchase, £185,000,000.

By comparing these tables we find that since the revolution, while the present establishment provides for a far more equal apportionment of clergy to those whom they are to serve, and secures to the lower orders of ministers a more ample compensation than was provided by the ancient establishment, there is nevertheless an annual saving to the nation of more than *thirty millions of dollars.*

CHURCH OR KIRK OF SCOTLAND.

The established religion in Scotland is the Presbyterian or Calvinistic Sect, and is denominated the Kirk of Scotland.

Hearers 1,500,000

According to Sir John Sinclair, in 1814, there were in Scotland,

Hearers of the Established Presbyterian Church . . .	1,407,524
Dissenting Presbyterians	256,000
Baptists, Bereans, Glassites	50,000
Scotch Episcopalians	28,000
Church of England	4,000
Roman Catholics	50,000
Methodists	9,000
Quakers	300
Total	1,804,824

The population having increased to 2,000,000, the hearers of the Established Church may be estimated at 1,500,000.

Places of Worship 1,000

There are

Parishes and Parish Churches	893
Collegiate Churches, Chapels of Ease in populous districts, and in extensive parishes two places of worship attended by one parish minister, make up	107

One Place of Worship for every 1,500 persons.

Clergymen 1,000

Average number of Clergymen for a Place of Worship 1

Average number of Clergymen for 1500 persons 1

Income £206,360

Being an average of £220 for 938 clergymen. Their stipend can in no case be under £150: it averages much more: and then they are provided with a manse, or dwelling-house, and a glebe of land.

1,500,000 hearers, at £135,000 per million hearers . . . £202,500.

The revenue of the Scotch clergy, according to this pamphlet, is derived from a charge on the rents of land, paid by the landlord throughout Scotland. It is a moderate charge, amounting to about nine pence sterling an acre on lands in cultivation, and although it is called teinds or tithe, does not amount nearly to the tithe in England. An estate in Scotland pays £30 on 800 statute English acres, while the same sum of £30 is in some cases paid by an estate of 80 acres in England.

Scarce any portion of the information contained in this pamphlet has interested us more than that on Spain. The following table presents a view of the present state of the

CHURCH OF SPAIN.

Hearers 11,000,000

In Spain, the whole population are Roman Catholics, and of all people they are the most zealously attached to that church, except, perhaps, the Irish.

Places of Worship 11,000

Estimated at one for every 1000 persons. Spain contains as many square miles as France ; but there are large districts without habitations.

Clergymen 16,552

Agreeably to the new law, there cannot be more than one clergyman for every 700 persons, which, for 11,000,000, gives 16,000 working clergy. The number of the dignitaries is not yet fixed ; it is not likely to exceed 552, viz. 52 archbishops and bishops, the old number, and 500 other dignitaries.

One Place of Worship for every 1000 persons.
One Clergyman for every..... 700 persons.
Three Clergymen for every two places of worship, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ to a place of worship.

Income £1,134,400

In the new law, the income of the working clergy only is fixed : the largest parish to consist of 6,800 persons, the second largest of not more than 4,500, the smallest 1,800. The stipends to be £200, £140, and £80. Curates' stipends to be £60 and £40. The Spanish newspapers mention, that £400 for an archbishop and £300 for a bishop will probably be the provision fixed upon : but as the Cortes are liberal, as well as wise, we may fairly estimate an archbishop £1000, and a bishop £600 per annum, and the whole expense as follows :

8 Archbishops, at £1,000	£8,000	
44 Bishops . . . at 600	26,400	
500 Dignitaries, Archdeacons, Deans, Prebends, and Canons, at 150 each . . .	75,000	
552 Dignitaries	£109,400	
		£109,400

500	Rectors of largest parishes, at	£200	£100,000	
1,000	Rectors of next largest	at 140	140,000	
2,000	Rectors of smallest do	at 80	160,000	
12,500	Curates average	at 50	625,000	
16,000	Working Clergy		£1,025,000	£1,025,000
				£1,134,400

11 millions of hearers at £100,000 per million.. .....£1,100,000

The Spanish church was organized by a decree of the Cortes of Oct. 24th, 1821, consisting of forty three articles, and characterized, says the author, by 'kindness, good feeling, and wisdom.' In the year 1820, it was determined by the Cortes that no ecclesiastic should be capable of holding a civil post, and that he must resign either his benefice or his civil employment. In the course of the same year all gifts and legacies to monasteries, churches, and hospitals were made unlawful; and all monasteries suppressed but ten or twelve, for the use of persons desirous of retiring from the world. A maintenance for life, however, is given to all persons thus dispossessed. In the course of the debates on these important measures, it was declared by a *bishop*, that the decline and fall of Spain was owing to the monasteries. In the sitting of the Cortes for April 4th, 1821, it was determined to pay the *present* pope, for his life, 9000 dollars a year, in lieu of all fees hitherto sent from Spain to the court of Rome; and all Spaniards are forbidden in future to send money out of Spain, as fees to the Roman see. Our author has given us extracts from a very interesting debate on this subject in the sitting of the Cortes for May 22, 1821, but we have no room to quote from it.

The state of the clergy of Spain before the revolution is thus given in the Diario de la Coruna for July 1, 1821.

From the Diario de la Corana, 1st July, 1821.

Archbishops and Bishops	62
Canons and Dignitaries	2,399
Prebends	1,869
Parish Rectors	16,481
Curates	4,927
Other beneficed Clergy	16,400
Religious Men of the greater orders	17,411
Religious Men of the minor orders	9,088
Hermitands	1,416
Servants	3,987
Sacristans, church clerks	15,000

Monks	5,500
Friars with shoes	13,500
Friars without shoes	30,000
Regular Congregationists	2,000
Servants of Regulars	6,400
Youths in their houses	1,800
Total	148,242
Nuns and religious Women	32,000
Living in more than 3,000 Convents	180,242

Property belonging to the Clergy.

	Value.
Pious Foundations, for the use of both sexes, consisting in lands and buildings	£62,500,000
Estates of the Secular Clergy	62,000,000
Estates of the regular Clergy	62,000,000
Real property, land and buildings	£186,500,000

Exclusive of *tithes,* and *various other taxes* and *dues* for the Clergy.

'The above property,' adds our author, 'is now on sale, and the proceeds are appropriated to pay off the national debt, which was stated, on the 21st Sept. 1821, to amount to £140,000,000.' It will appear from comparing the two tables relative to Spain, that the new establishment effects an annual saving of forty-four and a half millions of dollars to the nation, reckoning the annual expense of the church before the revolution, at six per cent on the church property; which considering, that in the above statement no account is taken of tithes, &c., must be within bounds.

The Portuguese church is next in order.

PORTUGUESE CHURCH.

Hearers, (all Catholics)	3,000,000
Places of Worship	3,000
Clergymen	4,465
Estimated at one working clergyman for every 700 people, as in Spain, and 165 dignitaries.	
Average number of Persons to one Place of Worship	1,000
Average number of Persons to a Clergyman	700
Income	£287,300

See the decree of the Portuguese Cortes, dated, Lisbon, 15th May, 1821, (copied into the Diario de la Coruna, No. 458,) regulating the stipends of the working clergy throughout Portugal, &c. The stipends of the bishops and dignitaries are not mentioned, and an estimate of them is therefore given. The preamble to the decree says, the Cortes are desirous to give all the parochial clergy an ample provision, to relieve them from the casualties of an uncertain maintenance, and to put a stop to the demanding dues from the flock, which was vexatious to both parties. It is then fixed, that the parochial clergy shall receive 500 million reis, £125, in large towns; 400 million reis, £100, in smaller ones; 200 million reis, £50, in the country. This, in Portugal, is an ample provision for clergymen who are single men.

2	Archbishops...at £1000	£2,000
13	Bishops.....at £600	£7,800
150	Dignitaries.....at £100	£15,000
165	Episcopal and other Dignitaries	£24,800
	WORKING CLERGY.	
300	largest parishes at £125	£37,500
500	next largest.....at £100	£50,000
3500	smallest.,.....at £ 50	£175,000
4300	Working Clergy	£262,500
165	Dignitaries	£ 24,800
4465		£287,300

3,000,000 of hearers, at £100,000 per million £300,000

It appears from our author's statement, that before the late revolutions, there was in Portugal a patriarch, or head of the church under the pope, with very large revenues. This dignity has been abolished. The plan hitherto followed in Portugal in secularizing the ecclesiastical property has been not to make a sale thereof, as in Spain, but to order the revenues to be paid into the public coffers, in the ratio of from forty to seventy per cent. 'The Spanish plan,' says our author, 'is much more beneficial to the nation at large,' a sentiment to which we are not prepared to accede; since an enormous sacrifice must unquestionably be made in such immense sales of church property. 'There is always a difficulty,' says Sismondi,* 'in selling a large quantity of landed property.' That this difficulty should indefinitely increase in times of revolution, and in sales of confiscated and secularized estates, is equally clear; and it depends upon the state of things, in different countries respectively what class of men will profit in the prodigious sacrifices made: the state, as a corporation, is sure to lose.

The condition of the Hungarian clergy is given as follows;

* Nouveaux principes d'Economie politique, Tom. II. p. 14.

The Sects of Hungary are as follow :

Catholics, Latin and Greek	4,750,000
Greek Church	1,150,000
Calvinists	1,050,000
Lutherans	650,000
Unitarian Christians	46,000
Various small Christian sects, and persons of the Jewish Faith	200,000
Total	7,846,000

LATIN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN HUNGARY.

Hearers 4,000,000
Places of Worship 3,230
Average number of Persons to a Place of Worship 1,240
Clergymen 5,469

{ 3 Archbishops,—18 Bishops,—16 Titular Bishops,—274 Prebendaries and Canons,—5158 Working Clergy. }

Average number of Clergymen to a Place of Worship . . . . $1\frac{2}{3}$
or 5 Clergymen to 3 Places of Worship.
Average number of Clergymen to 1000 persons . . . . . $1\frac{1}{2}$

{ One Clergyman to 1000 persons seems a proper number amongst Roman Catholics in a closely inhabited country; if widely spread, more may be required; here they appear rather too numerous, viz. 1 to 730 persons. }

Income £314,214

37 Archbishops and Bishops	£96,000
274 Prebends and Canons	58,000
	£154,000
5158 Working Clergy, averaging £33 each	170,214

4,000,000 of hearers at £80,000 per million of hearers, £320,000

{ This is perhaps the greatest instance on the continent of Europe of the abuse of church property : 311 comparatively idle churchmen possess themselves of nearly as much income as 5158 working clergymen, who, with scanty means of existence, labour in the ministry, and are the real spiritual pastors of the people. The richest benefices are considered a provision for members of the great families of Hungary : any benefice producing more than £3,400 a year, pays the surplus to the fund for the working clergy. }

CALVINISTIC CHURCH OF HUNGARY.

Hearers 1,050,000
Places of Worship 1,351
Clergymen 1,384
One place of worship for every 750 people.
One Clergyman for every place of Worship.
Income—1383 Clergymen average £44 each £60,896
1,050,000 hearers, at £60,000 per million of hearers . . . £63,000

{ It appears extraordinary that the Calvinists should not prefer to have half the number of churches and of ministers, and pay the ministers double what they now get, and save the expense of keeping so many churches in repair. This very scanty provision, for a set of clergymen who have wives and families, must give pain to the general friend of Christianity and Christian ministers. }

LUTHERAN CHURCH OF HUNGARY.

Hearers	650,000
Places of Worship	448
Clergymen	456

One place of Worship for every 1,500 persons.
One Clergyman for every place of Worship.

Income	£25,080

Highest stipend £80—average £55, for 456 persons.

650,000 hearers, at £40,000 per million of hearers £26,000

The Lutherans appear to manage their affairs in this instance better than the Calvinists: by having half the number of places of worship and ministers in proportion to their hearers, they are enabled with much smaller funds, to give much better stipends. In both cases, however, the provisions for the clergy are lamentably small.

By a law of the Emperor Joseph, no man is obliged to pay tithe or tax to a religion to which he does not himself belong.

All that we know of the finances of the other sects in Hungary is, that the Greek Catholic clergy are very poor, but still not near so poor as the clergy of the Greek Church, who are many degrees poorer than any other Christian pastors in the world, and whose wretched poverty is almost a disgrace to Christianity.

From the tables, which we have extracted in the foregoing pages, the following is constructed by our author:

The Clergymen receive, on an average, per million of hearers,

In France—National Stipend	£ 35,000
In Scotland—National Stipend, Manse, and Glebe	135,000
In Spain—National Stipend	100,000
In Portugal—National Stipend	100,000
In Hungary, Catholics, National Stipend	80,000
In do. Calvinists, do.	60,000
In do. Lutherans, do.	40,000

The average number of People for whom there is a Church,

In France	1,150
In Scotland	1,500
In Spain	1,000
In Portugal	1,000
In Hungary, Catholics	1,240
In do. Calvinists	750
In do. Lutherans	1,500

The average number of Persons for whom there is a Clergyman provided,

In France	1,150
In Scotland	1,500
In Spain	700
In Portugal	700
In Hungary, Catholics	730

In do. Calvinists 750
In do. Lutherans 1,500

There are in France, about 9,000 clergymen generally engaged in tuition, who have not got employments in the Church, but who render occasional and regular aid to the ministers of the Churches; they are the remnants of the times before the revolution; their number is diminishing fast and is not renewed. Taking these into consideration, there is in France one clergyman for every 830 persons.

The average number of Persons for whom there is an Archbishop; and for whom there is a Prelate, whether Archbishop or Bishop,

In France....to an Archbishop, 3,200,000, a Prelate,.....600,000
In Scotland, none, being Calvinists.
In Spain.....to an Archbishop, 1,400,000, a Prelate,.....211,000
In Portugal, to an Archbishop, 1,500,000, a Prelate, ...200,000
In Hungary, Catholics to do. 1,333,000, a Prelate,.....190,000
In do. Calvinists, none.
In do. Lutherans, superintendents not known.

(The Hungarian Titular Bishops are only coadjutors to the Prelates.)

The next table gives us the estimated expenditure on the clergy in the United States of America. We shall lay it before our readers with a few remarks upon it.

Hearers 9,600,000

8,000,000 White People.
1,600,000 People of Colour and Black People.

All religions are on an equal footing; there is no state religion; a man's religion is deemed a consideration safely entrusted to himself; the State takes no note of it. Mr Bristed says, in his work on the resources of America, 'on days of public worship, the individuals of the same family set out together; each goes to hear the minister of his own sect; and they afterwards return home to employ themselves in common in their domestic concerns. This diversity of religious opinions does not seem to produce any contradiction or discordance in their sentiments as to other things. Whence, if there happen to arrive from Europe an ambitious sectary, eager to afford a triumph to his own particular tenets, by inflaming the passions of men, so far from finding, as in other countries, multitudes disposed to enlist under his banners, and ready to second his violence, his very existence is scarcely perceived by his nearest neighbors.'

The Baptist is thought the most numerous persuasion. The Presbyterians, Unitarians, Episcopalians, (the Episcopalians agree with the Church of England in all things, except the Athanasian creed, which they have put out of their liturgy,) the Roman Catholics, the Methodists, the Lutherans, and the Quakers, are amongst the most conspicuous sects. A vast variety of independent churches are to be found here.

Places of Worship 8,000

{ At one for every 1200 persons. It is matter of notoriety, that a growing attention is paid to religion within the last few years, throughout America, and that places of worship are every where erected agreeably to the increase and spread of the population. From one point near Boston twenty-five steeples are seen: most churches have steeples; all are at liberty to have them; and their effect is at the same time cheering to the sight, and satisfactory to the mind of the friend of general Christianity. }

Clergymen 8,000

{ One to each place of worship. Some churches have more than one; but some clergymen serve two or three places of worship, in new and thinly peopled districts, going to each every second or third Sunday. }

One place of worship for every 1200 persons.
One Clergyman for every 1200 persons.

Income £560,000

{ Estimated at 300 dollars or about £70 each for 8,000 clergymen; all voluntary contributions. An assessment on every man for some place of worship to be named by him, was enforced for some time in a few states, but the clergy joined in getting the law repealed, for it was found in the states leaving contribution free, places of worship and clergymen were more liberally supported than in the others. Rich men frequently are regular contributors to two or three sects besides their own. }

9,600,000 people, at £60,000 per million of people . . . £576,000

The great objection to the statements in this table is one, which runs through almost all European speculations on American affairs. Accustomed to a population in a considerable degree homogeneous, to states in which the relation of territory and population is the reverse of that which holds between the two in America, foreigners sometimes ascribe to remote regions of our country a progress in the arts of civilization found only in its early settlements, and far more commonly on the other hand attribute to our oldest and most improved communities, what is true only of the distant frontiers. In the large towns on the coast of America, men are as well educated, as accomplished, and as well informed, as in any part of the world: law is as well administered, being the essence of the English jurisprudence rid of a world of forms; the offices of religion far more generally attended and the standard of character in those who fulfil them higher, and the population as a mass possessing more than that of any cities in the world the energy and concentration, without the depravity of large towns. We speak this, of course, with the prejudices of Americans, but from actual acquaintance with many of the considerable capitals in the world. On the other hand, it is equally true

that we have an almost endless frontier, a natural garden, but inhabited by savage nations, as distant from the abodes of the civilization which we have described as Archangel from Madrid, over which the enterprising and adventurous of our poorer class are spreading themselves like a rushing tide; and here no doubt a semibarbarous society, or rather no society at all exists. Intelligent and candid men are able to comprehend this contrast of condition, and no more think of describing America *en masse*, than they would talk of Europe, in general, as covered with wattled huts like the villages of Bulgaria, or cultivated by the Tullian method like the county of Norfolk. But there is a class of foreign writers, who will understand or seem to understand nothing of this. If their error be wilful, we hold it quite naughty, and if involuntary, not less absurd. To return to our topic, Mr Bristed as we have shown in former numbers of our journal, is an indifferent authority on American affairs; and the fact, which he states, though intended to be honorable, we presume, is one which can of course have no general existence. That there is no necessity that the members of a family think alike on religion is true, not less so we imagine than in England. But that in general each member of a family attends his own sect is as little the case here as any where else.

The 'matter of notoriety,' which the author of the pamphlet states, that a *growing* attention is paid to religion within the last *few* years throughout America is equally incorrect. That one particular form of religious activity viz. foreign or distant missions, is of origin somewhat recent is true indeed, but no more so in America than in England. That part of America most distinguished for religious zeal now, and from which the author of the pamphlet draws his only specified example, was signalized for the same zeal from its first settlement.

Nor is there more accuracy in the statement that 'an assessment on every man for some place of worship to be named by him, was enforced *for some time*, in a few states, but the clergy joined in getting the law repealed, for it was found in the states, leaving contribution free, that places of worship and clergymen were more liberally supported than in the others.' There are here at least as many errors as propositions, but we forbear to enlarge on them.—That the public service of religion any more than government, education, the army, or the navy, can ultimately subsist, without the patronage of the state, may be a truth; but it is not one, of which America affords conclusive

proof. The experiment has not yet decided itself, but we are inclined to think our country will in this case, furnish no exception to the experience of all other nations. The question of course does not regard the natural sentiment of religion, which (crudely enough) is said to be a thing in which the state has no concern; but whether the external source of religion, places of worship, places of education to fit men to minister to a cultivated people, and salaries to induce men of ability to engage in the profession, whether all these can be supplied permanently and adequately, without the aid of government, is a question which this country has not yet settled in the affirmative; and which every other Jewish, Pagan, Christian and heathen has settled in the negative.

In the next table is contained the estimated expenditure on the clergy in Italy, as follows:

ESTIMATED EXPENDITURE ON THE CLERGY IN ITALY.

Hearers	19,391,200
The Italians are all Roman Catholics. According to a late publication, 'prospetto geografico, statistico, degli stati Europei,' printed at Milan, 1820. They are distributed as follows:	
Kingdom of Sardinia (of which the island 520,900)	3,985,000
Lombardo Venetian kingdom, subject to Austria	4,117,000
Dutchy of Parma	390,000
Dutchy of Modena (Reggio and Mirandola)	350,000
Dutchy of Massa and Carara	30,000
Dutchy of Lucca	127,000
Grand Dutchy of Tuscany	1,198,000
State of the Church	2,430,000
Republic of San Marino	7,000
Kingdom of the two Sicilies, or Naples	7,576,000
(Of which the Island of Sicily 1,660,000)	
	19,391,200
Malta....104,600	
Corsica 180,000	
284,600	
Italians, but detached from Italy.	
Places of worship	16,170
Clergymen	20,400
Estimated at one working clergyman for every 1000 persons, (being more than in France, and less than in Spain,) and 1000 dignitaries, as follows:	
1 Pope,	
46 Cardinals,	
38 Archbishops, } Estimated at one prelate for every 200,000	
62 Bishops..... } people	
853 Other dignitaries,	
19,400 Working Clergymen.	
20,400	

One Clergyman for every 950 persons.
One place of worship for every 1200 persons.

Income £776,000
Being at the rate of £40,000 per million of hearers.

19,391,200 hearers, at £40,000 per million of hearers £776,000

This table has been framed with the assistance of a gentleman who has resided a considerable time in the great cities of Italy, particularly in Rome, and whose observations and inquiries were very much directed to these subjects, and greatly facilitated by his being of their persuasion.

In the following tables are comprised the remaining states of Europe.

ESTIMATED EXPENDITURE ON THE CLERGY IN AUSTRIA.

Austrian subjects		28,136,000
In the Churches of Hungary and Italy already given, there are included, in Hungary	5,100,000	9,217,200
Italy	4,117,200	

Hearers 18,918,800
(Austrian subjects, remaining to be treated of.)

Places of worship 15,800
(At one for every 1200 persons.)

Clergymen 19,000
(At one for every 1000 persons.)

One place of worship for every 1200 persons.
One Clergyman for every 1000 persons.

Income £950,000
(At £50,000 per million of hearers.)

THE CLERGY IN SWITZERLAND.

Hearers 1,720,000
(The Swiss are about two-thirds Calvinists and one-third Catholics.)

Places of worship 1,430
(At one for every 1200 persons.)

Clergymen 1,700
(At one for every 1000 persons.)

Income £87,000
(At £50,000 per million of hearers.)

THE CLERGY IN PRUSSIA.

Hearers 10,536,571

Lutherans	6,064,379
Catholics	4,023,513
Reformed or Calvinistic	300,101
Jews	127,345
Menonites and other sects	21,233

Places of worship 8,100
(At one for every 1300 persons.)

Clergymen 9,578
(Being one for every 1100 people.)

One place of worship for every 1300 people.
One Clergyman for every 1100 people
Income £527,000

{ Estimated at £50,000 per million of hearers. As the clergy are remarkably poor in Prussia, this seems quite as much as they receive ; it is feared they do not get so much. }

10,536,571 hearers, at £50,000 per million . . . £527,000

The Clergy in the German States, exclusive of Austria and Prussia.

{ The population of the German confederation . . . 30,169,000
Catholics, 15,000,000 ; Lutherans, 12,000,000 ; Calvinists, 2,200,000 ; other Christians, 786,000 ; persons of the Jewish Faith, 183,000.
Austrian German states 9,482,200
Prussian German states 7,923,400
17,405,600 }

Hearers 12,763,500

{ Being the population of the other German States, and distributed as follows :
Kingdom of Bavaria 3,560,000
Ditto Wurtemburg 1,395,500
Ditto Hanover 1,305,400
Ditto Saxony 1,200,000
Twenty-two other sovereign states and four cities . . 5,302,600
Amongst them are ; Connected with England,
{ Dutchy of Brunswick . . . . 209,800 persons
Ditto Saxe Cobourg . . 80,000 do.
Langraviate of Hesse-Homburg 20,000 do. } }

Places of worship 9,800
(At one for every 1300 persons.)

Clergymen 11,600
(At one for every 1100 persons.)

Income £765,000
(At £60,000 per million of the people.)

THE CLERGY IN THE KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS.

Hearers 5,000,000

{ The Dutch are about half Calvinists, one-fourth Catholics, one-fourth other sects, in all about 2,000,000
The Flemish are Catholics, and are . . . . . 3,000,000 }

Places of worship 3,840
(At one for every 1,300 persons.)

Clergymen 4,540
(At one for every 1,100 persons.)

Income £265,000

{ Being at rate of £80,000 per million of the people in Holland, the dearest country on the continent of Europe ; and at rate of £35,000 for the Flemish clergy, whose stipends are on the French system ; but who serving a people richer and more given to religious observances than the French, get much larger voluntary contributions }

2 millions of Dutch at £80,000 per million £160,000
3 millions of Flemish at £35,000 per million . . . £105,000

THE CLERGY IN DENMARK.

Hearers 1,700,000

(The Danes are all Lutherans.)

Places of worship 1,300

(At one for every 1300 persons.)

Clergymen 1,586

According to the Encyclopædia Britannica, viz. 6 bishops or superintendents, 1580 working clergy.

One place of worship for every 1300 persons.

One clergyman for every 1100.

Income £119,000

(At the rate of £70,000 per million of hearers.)

1,700,000 Hearers, at £70,000 per million . . £119,000

THE CLERGY IN SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

Hearers 3,400,000

(In Sweden 2,700,000, in Norway 700,000.)

Places of worship 2,620

(At one for every 1300 persons.)

Clergymen 3,100

At one for every 1100 persons.

1 Archbishop, 13 Bishops, 192 Prepositi or Inspectors, in Sweden, and 4 Bishops in Norway.

Income £238,000

(At the rate of £70,000 per million of hearers.)

THE CLERGY IN RUSSIA.

Hearers 42,000,000

There are Russian subjects 43,800,000

Greek Church 34,000,000

Catholics, Latin and Greek 5,500,000

Lutherans 2,500,000

Mahometans 1,800,000

Places of worship 24,500

Greek Church (per Rees' Encyclopædia) . . . 18,350

Catholics and Lutherans 1 for 1300 persons . . . 6,150

Clergymen 74,270

Greek Church, (Rees' Encyclopædia) 67,000

Catholics and Lutherans, one for 1,100 7,270

Income £910,000

34,000,000 Greek Church, at £15,000 per million . . £510,000

8,000,000 Lutheran and Catholics £50,000 do. . . . £400,000

THE CHRISTIAN CLERGY IN TURKEY.

6 millions of Christians, at £30,000 per million . . £180,000

The Greeks pay their clergy much better than the Russians.

The monks in Greece must all work for their support.

THE CLERGY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

15,000,000 of people, at £30,000 per million . . . £450,000

The great bulk of this population are Indians, mixed casts, people of colour, and black people. If some dignitaries in great towns are well paid, the working clergy throughout the country are said to be in very low circumstances.

Estimated Expenditure on the clergy in small Christian communities dispersed all over the world.

3,000,000 of people at £50,000 per million . . . £150,000

Having thus despatched the other countries of Europe, the author proceeds to England, the great object of his work; and in a series of instructive tables presents us with a view of the state of the clergy in that country. We shall be obliged to abridge the tables, but will strive to retain the most important statements.

Estimated Expenditure on the Clergy of the Established Church of England,
IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

Hearers	6,000,000
The whole population is 12,000,000: if one-half are hearers of the Establishment it is certainly the outside.	
Places of worship	11,743
Clergymen	18,000
Archbishops,	2
Bishops,	24
Archdeacons,	60
Deans,	27
Canons and Prebends,	544
Dignitaries,	657
Working Clergy, Rectors, Vicars, Curates and Chaplains,	17,343

One place of worship for every 500 hearers.
One clergyman for every 333 hearers.
One Archbishop for every 3,000,000 hearers.
One Prelate for every 233,000 hearers.

Income	£7,600,000
6,000,000 of hearers, at £1,266,000 per million	7,596,000

Estimated Expenditure on the Clergy of the Established Church of England and Ireland
IN IRELAND.

Hearers	400,000
According to the population return, there are in Ireland	6,846,000
people—say	7,000,000
The following is deemed their distribution into Sects:	
Roman Catholics	5,500,000
Presbyterians	800,000
Church of England and Ireland	400,000
Methodists and other Sects	300,000
Places of worship	740
Clergymen	1,700

Archbishops,	4
Bishops,	18
Deans,	33
Archdeacons,	34
Canons, Prebends, &c.,	500
Dignitaries	587
Working Clergy,	1,113

For full particulars, see Ecclesiastical Register, printed by Nolan, Dublin.

One place of worship for every 540 hearers.
One Clergyman for every 235 hearers.
One Archbishop for every 100,000 hearers.
One Prelate for every 18,000 hearers.
Income £1,300,000
400,000 hearers, at £3,250,000 per million of hearers, £1,300,000.

Estimated expenditure on their own Clergy by the people who are not hearers of the Established Church.

IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

Hearers 6,000,000
Places of Worship 8,000
Clergymen 8,000
One place of worship to 750 hearers
One Clergyman to 750 hearers.
Income £500,000
(Voluntary contributions at an average rate of £65 for each Clergyman.)
6 millions of hearers at £85,000 per million . . £510,000

Estimated expenditure on the clergy of that part of the people whose ministers do not receive stipends from the Kirk,

IN SCOTLAND.

Hearers 500,000
(See the numbers of each Sect in the Table of the Scotch Kirk. p. 435.)
Places of worship 333
(At an average of one place of worship for every 1500 persons, as in the Kirk.)
Clergymen 400
(At an average of six clergymen to five places of worship.)
Income £44,000
(Voluntary contributions at an average of £110 each to 400 clergymen.)
A place of worship to every 1500 hearers.
A clergyman to every 1250 hearers.
500,000 hearers, at £90,000 per million . . . £45,000

Estimated expenditure on their own clergy by the people of Ireland, who are not of the established Church.

Hearers 6,600,000
Computed as follows:

Catholics	5,500,000
Presbyterians	800,000
Methodists and other Sects	300,000

Places of worship 2,378

Clergymen 2,378
One place of worship for every 2,400 hearers.
One clergyman for every 2,400 hearers.
Income £261,580
(Voluntary contribution, at an average of £110 each for 2378 clergymen.)
6,600,000 hearers, at £40,000 per million of hearers, £264,000
{ Government grant, yearly, the sum of £13,487 to certain Protestant ministers, viz. to Presbyterians, £8,697, to seceding Presbyterians £4,034, to other Protestant dissenting ministers £756. }

To these tables succeed comparative tables deduced from all the foregoing, from which it appears that in all the countries of America and Europe, except Great Britain, 198,728,000 people pay their clergy £8,852,000, while 6,000,000 people of the established church of England and Wales pay their clergy £8,896,000. The following brief table is intended to afford an abstract of the state of christianity throughout the world.

CHRISTIANS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

	Roman Catholics	Protestants.	Greek Church.
In Great Britain and Ireland.	5,800,000	15,200,000	
In all the rest of the world.	118,872,060	38,856,000	41,500,000
Total..	124,672,000	54,056,000	41,500,000

Catholics . . .	124,672,000	Pay to their clergy	£6,106,000
Protestants . .	54,056,0 0	„	11,906,000
Greek Church	41,500,000	„	760,000
Total of Christians	220,228,000	Pay to their clergy	£18,772,000

Of which England for 21 millions of people pays more than one half.

Having stated the present amount of the church revenues in England, our author proceeds to his plan for a revision of the establishment. It is expressed as follows.

PROJECT OF A PROVISION

For the Clergy of the Established Church and of all other Denominations, in Great Britain and Ireland.

The Episcopal Body and other Dignitaries of the Church of England, or State Church, to have national stipends as follows:

EPISCOPAL BODY.

The Archbishops to have each £8000 per annum; Bishops, each £3000 per annum; Archdeacons, each £1000; Deans, each £1000 per annum.

OTHER DIGNITARIES.

Canons, Prebends, &c. each £200 per annum.

PROVISION FOR THE WORKING CLERGY,

Of the Established Church, and of all other Denominations.

Every clergyman having a congregation of 3300 persons, with a place of worship capable of accommodating $\frac{3}{5}$ of them, or 2000 persons, to have a national stipend of £350 a year: with a congregation of 2500 persons, and a place of worship to accommodate 1500 persons, £320 a year: with a congregation of 1700 persons, and a place of worship to accommodate 1000 persons, £290 a year; and with a congregation of 1100 persons, and a place of worship to accommodate 666 persons, £250 a year. Smaller congregations or places of worship not to be entitled to National Stipends. New congregations and new places of worship not to be entitled to National Stipends until they have existed three years. Proper precautions to be taken to ascertain the numbers of the congregations, and the accommodation in the places of worship.

The following table shows the practical operation of this scheme in England and Wales.

Projected Expenditure on the Clergy of all denominations in England and Wales.

Episcopal Body and other Dignitaries of the Church of England.

EPISCOPAL BODY.

2 Archbishops	at £8000 each		£16,000
24 Bishops	at 3000 "		72,000
60 Archdeacons	at 1000 "		60,000
27 Deans	at 1000 "		27,000
113 persons, the Episcopal Body, to receive			£175,000

OTHER DIGNITARIES.

200 Canons, Prebends, &c.	at £200 each	£40,000
Whatever number of Canons and Prebends enjoy the honor of the title, only 200 to receive the national stipend.		
313 persons, Episcopal Body, and other Dignitaries of 6 millions of hearers, to receive		£215,000

Estimate of the projected Expenditure on the Working Clergy, both of the Established Church and of all other denominations.

Number of Clergymen.	Number of persons accommodated in each place of worship	Number of persons to each congregation.	Total number of people in their congregations.	Amount of Annual Stipend	Total Amount of Stipend.
500	2000	3300	1,650,000	£350	£175,000
1000	1500	2500	2,500,000	320	320,000
2500	1000	1700	4,250,000	290	725,000
2500	666	1100	2,750,000	250	625,000

6650 clergymen, pastors of 11,150,000 people, to receive.....	£1,845,000
Episcopal Body and other Dignitaries of the Established Church,.....	215,000
Total amount for all the Clergy of all the people of England and Wales.....	£2,060,000

A table is also given showing the application of the same plan to Ireland, but we have not room to quote it.

The rest of the pamphlet is occupied with discussions of the mode of levying the funds for the support of the new establishment, and of secularizing the old; details, into which we think it not necessary to enter, in the utter improbability that this or any similar plan will be adopted. No one conversant with the style, in which questions of reform are treated in England, will think it possible that a plan like this can be brought forward, with any prospect of success. It is not that the plan is not sufficiently reasonable and the provision sufficiently ample. But the proposition amounts to an invitation to a certain set of men, who are now paid nearly nine millions of pounds sterling, to accept in lieu thereof one million, and all for the sake of the public good. Such invitations are accepted at the point of the pike alone.

It has been proved, by the event, unfortunate for England, that she was before most of the nations of Europe, in the reform of her church establishment. Henry VIII. laid his hand heavily on the estates of the Catholic church, and what he spared has been regarded as a sacred remnant, which ought not to be touched. This remnant, in the prosperity of the succeeding ages in England, has grown to a sum enormously out of proportion to the occasions of the establishment, which it supports. Had the old Catholic establishment subsisted in England to the present day, there would have been a revolution in that country, as in the other countries, and all would have been put on an economical footing.

The history of the world teaches, morever, that there are but two ways, in which these great abuses can be corrected. One is the disastrous way of revolution; that terrible cautery, with which an exhausted and maddened majority attempts to extirpate the deep seated corruptions of the government. Revolutions are anomalies, which cannot be calculated upon. They come when least expected; and they come not, for long centuries of misgovernment. The other way in which great abuses are remedied is the personal energy of the monarch.

Henry VIII. of England, Henry IV. of France, Peter the Great of Russia, Joseph II. of Austria, and Frederic of Prussia severally accomplished great reforms, by the energy of their characters or the skill of their policy. It is not easy to put limits to what might be done, by a monarch of great character in England, no specimen of such a character (happily it is common to say for the nation) having appeared on the English throne, since the days of Elizabeth. It cannot be dissembled, indeed, that a monarch of strong character would be ill placed at the head of a nation, so freely governed in the main as the English. It is most probable that should the sovereign attempt, by any strong exercise of power, to remedy the great abuses of the state, the first consequence would be to enlist the parliament in their defence. And besides, why reform the establishment of the church? One of the most liberal English statesmen has declared that her £9,000,000 are 'but a pittance;' and were it ever so extravagant, it rests on the same basis of arbitrary law, as the hereditary succession to the crown and the law of primogeniture. While the author of this pamphlet was drawing up his tables to show how 6,000,000 of the established church are patronized, at the expense of the other 6,000,000 dissenters, why did it not enter into his head to draw up another table, to show how some 200,000 elder sons are patronized at the expense of all the other sons and all the daughters in the kingdom? If the reason of the thing did not prompt this question, the experience of the French revolution would do it. The same assembly that sold the church property, abolished the law of primogeniture and substitutions at first beyond the second degree,* and soon altogether. Mr Sismondi, in the work to which we have already alluded, has a chapter to prove the ruinous effects of entails (not less on those in whose favor they subsist, than the mass of the nation) by reasonings as plausible as any, which can be brought against expensive hierarchies. The reasonings are good, but kings and ministers will not hear them. Napoleon restored the clergy and revived entails, and the present French government has in this followed him; nor will the church establishment in England be reformed, till it is done by a convention of the good people of England chosen in districts, and assembled in London to take into consideration the present state of affairs, and to report the plan of a constitution of representative govern-

* Hugo's Lehrbuch der juristischen Encyclopædie. p. 187, 189.—6th. edit.

ment. The day for this will not arrive without convulsions to the civilized world, by which we should be any thing but gainers, and much as we deplore the abuses existing in that country we think that they cannot be healed without a revolution, which should drench in blood the land of our fathers.

Ἀλλά με τεθνειῶτα χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτοι
Πρὶν γ' ἔτι σῆς τε βοῆς, σοῦ θ' ἑκηβολίοιο πυθέσθαι.

Art. XXII.—*Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War in America, with Sketches of Character of persons the most distinguished, in the Southern States, for Civil and Military Services. By Alexander Garden, of Lee's Partisan Legion; Aid-de-Camp to Major General Greene: and honorary member to the Historical Society of New York.* Charleston, S. C. E. A. Miller; 1822.

The perusal of the title page and index of this work, must be alone sufficient to excite a strong interest in its contents. It is principally composed of memoirs of those individuals, who distinguished themselves by their conduct in civil or military life, in the southern states, during the American revolution. It is written by one who shared in the achievements and sufferings of that contest, who was an eye witness to the facts which he relates, or derived his information concerning them from sources of the highest respectability. In his choice of subjects he has confined himself neither to rank nor sex, nor party, and his sketches of character are drawn with a moderation and a liberality, which, were all other evidence wanting, would alone be strong proof of his general correctness. That he has never been misinformed, or that all which he relates is equally interesting, is more than we shall venture to assert: but we remember no collection of anecdotes, which seems to have been formed with more discrimination. The style is distinguished for the most part by unaffected liveliness. The author seems every where to have a just sense of the real importance of the facts which he communicates, and leaves them to speak for themselves without vainly striving to enhance their value by a labored pomposity of diction.

With his sentiments and opinions in general we heartily coincide. We deeply regret, however, the terms in which he speaks on the subject of duelling, a practice which certainly

stands in need of no encouragement, and think the anecdote of the combat between general Cadwalader and general Conway, at least utterly superfluous. Whether an individual can be expected to stem the steady and strong current of opinion which sanctions this species of homicide, in some parts of the United States, is, with many, a pretty difficult question, but whether the question itself be otherwise than absurd, is, we think, no question at all. We object also to the author's remarks on the effects of peace on the soldier's consequence in society, not only because we deny their correctness, but because they may be construed into a reflection upon the conduct of our own country, which we are sure was altogether unintended.

In page fourth of the introduction, there are some severe censures on the preference given in our systems of education, to ancient history over that of our own country. We do not deny either the superior importance of the latter, or the mortifying fact that it is much too imperfectly known to Americans in general. This defect, however, is probably owing to other causes than any fault in our plans of instruction. If Livy and Thucydides are more studied in our schools and colleges, than any historian of our revolution, it is principally because they are written in languages which should be acquired at some time or other, and cannot well be understood without the aid of an instructer. The study of history, *as such*, is almost wholly left, and we will add, unavoidably, to voluntary industry, and is pursued to a considerable extent, by our well educated youth, in their intervals of leisure. That our own annals seldom receive their due share of attention, is owing chiefly to the simple circumstance, (upon which we shall not dilate) that the most important works are not always the most interesting.

As a specimen of our author's style of pourtraying character, we quote a few remarks on general Marion, who seems to be, with good reason, a particular favorite.

'What greater praise can be bestowed on his character, than to say—and where is there a man that will deny its justice—that to the most exalted sentiments, he united the most charming simplicity of manners; and to the courage of a soldier, an inexhausible fund of humanity. Of his pre-eminent ability as a partisan officer, successfully opposing an active and enterprising enemy, with an inferiority of force that is scarcely credible, there can exist no doubt. He entered the field without men, without resources of any kind, and at a period, when a great proportion of the inabitants of the district in which he commanded, either from a conviction of the

inutility of resistance, or the goadings of unceasing persecution, had made their submission to the enemy. To concealment, he was indebted for security—and stratagem supplied the place of force. Yet always on the alert—striking where least expected—retiring when no advantage could be hoped for by exposure, he progressively advanced in the career of success, till a superiority was obtained that put down all opposition. Far more disposed essentially to benefit his country, than to give, by brilliant enterprise, increase to his own military reputation, his first care was the preservation of the troops whom he commanded, by studiously avoiding an unnecessary hazard of their lives. It was this prudential conduct, that so frequently occasioned a temporary retirement into fastnesses, where pursuit was rarely ventured on, and if persisted in, invariably attended with discomfiture and disgrace. But, did occasion invite to victory—did carelessness in command, or the idea of security arising from distance put the enemy, though but for an instant, off their guard—the rapidity of his movements, the impetuosity of his attacks never failed to render the blow inflicted decisive, and their destruction complete. Victory afforded additional claim to applause. Giving the rein to the most intrepid gallantry, and in battle exhibiting all the fire and impetuosity of youth, there never was an enemy who yielded to his valor, who had not cause to admire and eulogize his subsequent humanity. The strictness of the discipline invariably maintained, prevented every species of irregularity among his troops. His soul was his country's; his pride, the rigid observance of her laws; his ambition to defend her rights, and preserve immaculate her honor and her fame.

'Of his military prowess, innumerable instances crowd upon my memory. But before I attempt to detail them, I would gladly speak of his uniform forbearance, tenderness and attention to the unfortunates, who had, in the unguarded moments of despondency, swerved from the strict line of duty, and appeared to have forgotten the devotion pledged to their country. He was never heard to upbraid them. He sought not by the exercise of implacable resentment to drive them to desperation. He knew the frailty of human nature, and made proper allowances for it. He was sensible that many an individual, to save his family from the impending encroachments of absolute want—to protect them under the ravages of disease, likely to rob him of the children of his affection, the wife of his bosom, his friends, his fortune—had reluctantly given his promise of submission, while every sentiment of his heart, every wish that it cherished, was in unison, and coincided with the patriotic principles of his country. He blamed their errors, but attempted not to correct them by coercion. The impolicy of the enemy he justly counted upon as a powerful auxiliary, and making mercy and gentleness the guides of his conduct, by the suavity

and conciliation of his manners, not only reconciled them to themselves, and revived the hopes of a pardon despaired of, but added greater increase to the strength of the armies of his country than could have been obtained by the most decisive victory.

'I shall close my eulogy with one anecdote, which I consider highly characteristic of his unerring virtue. A friend, to whom he was attached by the warmest affection, who had shared all his dangers, had transgressed the law by refusing to submit to the regular process of justice, hoping, by the interposition of friends, and his high reputation, to escape censure. "Deliver yourself," said Marion, "into the hands of the sheriff; submit to be conducted to gaol, and my hand and heart are yours. Refuse to do so, and trust, by the influence of friendship, to elude justice, and the line of separation is forever drawn betwixt us.'

Much as has been written on the life of general Greene, we have no where seen his most peculiar merit so happily pointed out, as in the following remark of the Chevalier de la Luzerne.

'Other generals subdue their enemy by the means with which their country or sovereign furnishes them; but Greene appears to subdue his enemy by his own means. He commenced his campaign, without either an army, provisions or military stores. He has asked for nothing since; and yet, scarcely a post arrives from the south, that does not bring intelligence of some new advantage gained over the foe. He conquers by magic. History furnishes no parallel to this.'

We have already observed that our author's remarks are confined principally to the citizens of the southern states. He has also given us many novel and interesting particulars relating to the conduct of the British army and its leaders. Of many of these he speaks in terms of high praise, and of all, as far as we can judge, with perfect fairness. It is peculiarly gratifying to every friend of our country to find, that while doing justice to the citizens of his own state, he displays no weak and unfounded local prejudices against the inhabitants of others. The little which he says of his northern brethren is highly liberal and friendly. The following is the only remark which we recollect to have found, on the character of our New England soldiery:

'The Irish and northern soldiers, though insensible of danger in the field, were more than all others subject to despondency, insomuch that it was constantly said, "Let a Yankee or an Irishman say *I will die*, and all medical aid might be withheld, since *die he would.*"'

We shall conclude our extracts by the following amusing story of Michael Docherty.

'MICHAEL DOCHERTY.

'The character of the soldier of fortune, so inimitably well drawn, and which constitutes the chief merit of the popular tale, "A Legend of Montrose," has been considered altogether imaginary, and the careless facility with which he changed sides, and embraced opposite principles, regarded as the sportive invention of the author's brain. I will briefly relate the adventures of a sentinel in the continental service, as received from his own lips, and leave it to my readers to determine whether the character of Dalgetty, "though it never did, might not have existed."

'At the moment of retreat, on the 12th of May, 1782, when colonel Laurens, commanding the light troops of general Greene's army, beat up the quarters of the enemy near Accabee, Michael Docherty, a distinguished soldier of the Delawares, said to a comrade who was near—"by Jasus, it does my heart good to think that little blood has been spilt this day, any how, and that we are likely to see the close of it without a fight." No notice was taken of his speech at the time, but meeting him shortly after in camp, I inquired, "how *he*, who was so much applauded for uncommon gallantry, should have expressed so great delight on finding the enemy indisposed for action." "And who, besides myself, had a better right to be pleased, I wonder," said Docherty. "Wounds and captivity have no charms for me, and Michael has never yet fought, but as bad luck would have it, *both* have been his portion. When I give you a little piece of the history of my *past life*, you will give me credit for my wish to be careful of the *part that is to come*. I was unluckly from the jump. At the battle of Brandywine, acting as sergeant of a company in the Delaware regiment, my captain killed, and lieutenant absenting himself from the field for the greater safety of his mother's son, I fought with desperation till our ammunition was expended, and my comrades being compelled to retire, I was left helpless and wounded on the ground, and fell into the hands of the enemy. Confinement was never agreeable to me. I could never be *aisy* within the walls of a prison. A recruiting sergeant of the British, who was at home in his business, and up to all manner of cajolery, by dint of perpetual blarny, gained my good will, slipped the king's bounty into my hand, which I pocketed, and entered a volunteer into the 17th regiment. Stoney Point was our station, and I thought myself snugly out of harm's way, when one ugly night, when I did not even dream of such an accident, the post was carried at the point of the bayonet, and an unlucky thrust laid me prostrate on the earth. It was a great consolation, however, although this was rather rough treatment from the hand of a friend, that the Old Delawares were covered with glory, and that as their prisoner, I was sure to meet the kindest attention. My wound once cured, and white-washed of my sins, my ancient comrades received we with

kindness; and light of heart, and hoping to gain any quantity of laurels in the south, I marched forward with the regiment, as a part of the command, destined to recover the Carolinas and Georgia. The bloody battle of Camden, fought on the 16th of August, bad luck to the day, brought me once again into trouble. Our regiment was cut up root and branch, and poor Pilgarlic, my unfortunate self, wounded and made prisoner. My prejudices against a jail I have frankly told, and being pretty confident that I should not a whit better relish a lodging in the inside of a prison-ship, I once again suffered myself to be persuaded, and listed in the infantry of Tarleton's Legion. O, botheration, what a mistake. I never before had kept such bad company; as a man of honour, I was out of my *element*, and should certainly have given them leg bail, but that I had no time to brood over my misfortunes, for the battle of the Cowpens quickly following, Howard and Old Kirkwood gave us the bayonet so handsomely, that we were taken one and all, and I should have escaped unhurt, had not a dragoon of Washington's added a scratch or two to the account already scored on my unfortunate carcass. As to all the miseries that I have since endured, afflicted with a scarcity of every thing but appetite and musquitoes, I say nothing about them. My love for my country gives me courage to support that, and a great deal more when it comes. I love my comrades, and they love Docherty. Exchanging kindnesses, we give care to the dogs; but surely you will not be surprised, after all that I have said, that I feel *some qualms* at the thought of battle, since, take *whatever* side I will, I am always sure to find it the *the wrong one*.' "

This work is disfigured by typographical errors, too numerous and glaring to be passed over unnoticed. It does not, in this respect, appear to have received common attention from the printers.

ART. XXIII.—Ἡ καινὴ Διαθήκη. *Novum Testamentum Græce, ex recensione Jo. Jac. Griesbachii, cum selecta lectionum varietate. Lipsiæ, G. J. Göschen*, 1805. Cantabrigiæ, Novanglorum, 1809. Wells & Hilliard. 8vo.

FROM the apostolic age to the beginning of the sixteenth century, a period of more than fourteen hundred years, the writings of the New Testament existed in manuscript. They must consequently have been exposed, like all other writings, to the various errors arising from transcription. And, as the multiplication of copies was far greater than of any other writing, these errors, to say nothing of the alterations which were

designedly made to favor the purposes of a party, must have been proportionally more numerous. When the autographs of the sacred writers became lost, as it is impossible for human accuracy to produce a transcript, which shall be a perfect *facsimile* of its original, the genuine text of the New Testament was no longer to be found in any single manuscript, but was scattered among them all. Like that of any ancient author, it can now be determined only by a comparison of manuscripts, and, out of the number of the various readings, which they present, by the selection of that, in every instance, which is recommended by the highest authority. The authority of the readings must depend principally upon the value of the manuscripts in which they are found; and the value of the manuscripts, upon the nearness of their connexion with the originals, and the degree of accuracy with which they were written.

But there are two other sources, besides the testimony of Greek manuscripts, which are of the highest importance in estimating the authority of a reading. These are the very ancient and literal versions of the New Testament into the languages of the East; and the exceedingly numerous quotations, which are found in the writings of the early Greek fathers. These both furnish evidence of the readings of the manuscripts from which they were made; and which were of an antiquity, greater, by several centuries, than the oldest which have come down to us.

Manuscript authority then, confirmed by the testimony of versions and fathers, is the only authority, which can be lawfully regarded by an editor of the Greek Testament. The press can give no sanction to a text which is destitute of this support.

The *Received Text*, which has for the last two hundred years, been scrupulously printed, word for word, in all editions of the Greek Testament, with a very few exceptions, and which the christian world has all this time not only acquiesced in, but regarded with a superstitious veneration, as containing the very *words* and *letters* of inspiration, which it would be nothing short of impiety for man to attempt to alter, can, *of itself*, have no authority; but must depend for this, as we have seen, entirely upon the sources, from which it was derived.

The *Received Text* is that, which proceeded from the celebrated press of the Elzevirs, at Leyden, in the year 1624. It was derived, with but few alterations, and these of but lit-

tle importance, through Beza and Stephens, from the fifth edition of Erasmus, somewhat altered by the Complutensian. Its value will depend upon the *authorities*, which these several editors possessed for settling the true reading, and the *use* which they made of them. We shall commence with its formation by Erasmus, and trace its descent thence, through the hands of the subsequent editors.

Erasmus, while engaged in the superintendance of the publication of the works of Jerom, at Bâle, in Switzerland, received an application from Froben, the printer, to prepare an edition of the New Testament in Greek; which it was desired should be finished as soon as possible, as the profits of the sale would depend, in a great measure, upon its being delivered to the public before the Complutensian Polyglot, which was already printed, and awaiting only a license from Pope Leo X. This application was made on the 17th of April, 1515, and repeated on the 30th of the same month. The subscription to the work is dated February 1516. Supposing then Erasmus to have commenced immediately upon the second application, not more than nine months could have been employed in the preparation and printing. But it appears from the account of Erasmus himself, in a letter from Antwerp, dated June, 1516, that the work was accomplished even in less time than this; for he says, 'I have at length escaped from my confinement at Bâle, where I have performed the work of six years in *eight months*.' Now, in this short period, he was obliged to prepare, besides the Greek text, a Latin version, to be printed in a parallel column, and a large collection of notes. And all this too, at a time when he was enaged in the publication of the works of Jerom, which he says, 'demanded a great part of his attention.' It appears besides, from his letters, which Wetstein has produced in his Prolegomena, that he was himself dissatisfied with his first edition; that he was sensible he had prepared it with too much haste, considering the novelty and importance of the undertaking; having been required to supply the press with a new sheet every day. '*Præcipitatum fuit*,' are his words, '*verius quam editum*.'

However great then were the learning and critical abilities of Erasmus, it could not be otherwise than that his first edition, from the great haste with which it was prepared, should abound with errors. Not to mention the remarkable omis-

sions and typographical mistakes—as παραθῆτε for πειραθῆτε, γῆς for ζωῆς, &c. which are every where apparent, it has hence happened, that the Latin version frequently differs from the Greek, and the quotations from the text, in the annotations, from both; of which last kind of errors, *eighteen* examples were pointed out to him by Lee, his English opponent.*

The errors, however, occasioned by haste in the preparation, printing, and correction of the press, are of but little importance, in estimating the authority of the first edition of Erasmus, compared with other means we possess; which are the materials he used in forming his text. These materials consisted of *four* Greek manuscripts, and a manuscript of Theophylact, containing the Greek text, with his commentary on the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles. Three of these manuscripts were particularly examined, and carefully collated, by Wetstein, during his residence at Bâle, where they are still preserved in the public library. Consequently his account of them, if any one's, is worthy of our regard.

They did not contain, each, the whole New Testament, nor even the greater part of it. One contained only the Gospels; another, only the Acts and Epistles; a third, only the Apocalypse; and these three, constituting together one copy of the New Testament, were corrected by Erasmus from his other documents, and from conjecture; and afterwards used by the printer in setting the types, as is evident from the marks which are still to be seen in the margin.

The first manuscript, containing the gospels, was written, according to Wetstein, as late as the fifteenth century, is incorrect, and of very little value. The letters and diphthongs, η, ι, and ει, ω and ο, αι and ε, β and υ, are frequently confounded; and there are many omissions on account of ὁμοιοτέλευτα. Numerous hasty and erroneous alterations, made by Erasmus from the vulgate, and his other documents, and even from conjecture, are mentioned by Wetstein as being still visible in the margin of this manuscript.†

The second of the above manuscripts, containing the Acts and Epistles, is likewise a very modern one; though more ancient, and more accurate, than the former. Mill, from a specimen which he procured of its Greek character, judged it to have been written in the twelfth or thirteenth century. Erasmus appears to have followed it much more closely than

* Wetstein's Prolegomena, p. 123. † Prolegomena, p. 44.

the preceding. Indeed, in the Acts, it was so scrupulously adhered to, that, according to the computation of Mill,* the editor corrected its text, in only about forty places; of which number of corrections, not less than one quarter part were made at the expense of the genuine reading. In the Epistles, Erasmus departed from this manuscript in about one hundred and eighty places; in thirty-two of which he altered the reading of its text upon insufficient authority.

The third manuscript, containing the Apocalypse, is no longer to be found. But Erasmus has very highly extolled it, on account of its antiquity, describing it, as '*tantæ vetustatis, ut apostolorum ætate scriptum videri possit;*' notwithstanding to the Greek text was subjoined the exposition of Arethas, who, according to Fabricius, was archbishop of Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, as late as the year 914. There is, however, a great uncertainty with regard to the time, when this Arethas lived. Wetstein, upon the authority of Mill, refers him to the eleventh century. Cave, though he has placed his name as far back as the middle of the sixth century, finally concludes it to be a subject of mere conjecture. If this cannot be determined, we have no means, as the manuscript is now lost, of ascertaining its age and value. However, this is of but little importance; as Erasmus has not very scrupulously adhered to its readings, though it was the only Greek document he possessed for the Apocalypse; but has frequently adopted those, which seem to have had no better authority than his own conjecture.

The above three manuscripts, constituting together one complete copy of the New Testament, were, we have observed, corrected by his other documents, viz: his remaining Greek manuscript, and his manuscript of Theophylact.

The former, containing the whole New Testament, except the Apocalypse, was, according to Wetstein, who examined it at Bâle, written in the tenth century. But though it was the most ancient and valuable manuscript Erasmus possessed, but little use was made of it in preparing his edition; and this, by the correcters of the press, in some cases, without his knowledge, and contrary to his direction; because he suspected it to contain readings, which had been derived from the vulgate.† Erasmus must therefore have principally depended, for the correction of his manuscripts, upon the text

* Prolegomena, p. 112, § 1120. † Wetst. Proleg. pp. 43, 44.

and commentary of Theophylact. But the quotations of Theophylact, who was the last of the Greek fathers, are of no more authority in deciding the genuineness of a reading, than a manuscript written at the end of the eleventh century.

Besides these authorities, if deserving the name, Erasmus professes to have derived occasional assistance from the works of Origen, Chrysostom, and Cyril. But, considering the haste with which his first edition was prepared; that the writings of these fathers had not, at that time, been printed in Greek, but only in Latin translations, which abounded with errors and corrupted readings, the intended amendments of recent editors; that Erasmus had no means of detecting these errors and corruptions; and that he was furnished with no facilities for reference to the works of Origen and Cyril, throughout which the quotations from the New Testament are scattered promiscuously, we can hardly believe it possible that the writings of these fathers could have rendered him any essential service in the formation of his text.

But there were two sources of correction, merely alluded to above, of which Erasmus, more probably through necessity than choice, appears to have made considerable use, throughout the New Testament. These were his conjecture and the modern vulgate. But the former must have wanted authority in proportion as he wanted means of judging; and the latter had, at that time, become so corrupted, by mistakes of transcribers, and by innumerable interpolations from the old Latin versions before the time of Jerom, as to call soon after for repeated revision under papal authority. And it is the more surprising that it should have been recurred to by Erasmus, as he had objected to the use of his most ancient and valuable manuscript, merely on the ground of a suspicion, that its readings had been derived from this source. It is more probable, however, that he was driven to this alternative by the want of authorities, than that he acted from any bias of his own in favor of the vulgate, or any deference to the high regard in which it had for ages been held. In one place, indeed, at the end of the Apocalypse, he has made this acknowledgment; where, the only Greek document he possessed, being defective, he has taken the liberty of supplying the want by Greek of his own making, from the Latin version. He acknowledges, however, but one verse, the 19th, to have been made in this manner; though it is evident that the whole of the *six* last

verses had no better origin; for the Greek, in this short passage, differs from manuscripts no less than thirty times.* Besides three other places in the Apocalypse, mentioned by Wetstein, where Erasmus has given Greek of his own making, and where perhaps his manuscript was defective, the same liberty seems to have been taken in other parts of the New Testament, where nothing of the kind could be urged in his justification; as, for instance, Acts ix. 5 and 6, a long passage, which has not been found in a single Greek manuscript.†

In the account which has thus been given of the manner in which the first edition of Erasmus was formed, it was necessary to be the more particular, as it was taken as the *basis* of all his following editions.

The text of the second, published in 1519, was much more pure and correct than that of the former. He restored the genuine reading, according to Mill's computation, in about three hundred and thirty places; but departed from it, where it was contained in the preceding edition, in not less than seventy.‡

The third edition, 1522, so closely follows the second, as to differ from it in only about one hundred and eighteen places; in nearly one third of which it follows the Aldine edition of 1518,‖ which is of the least authority, in a critical point of view; being little else than a reimpression of the first of Erasmus, retaining even the errors of the press. In this third edition, the editor seems to have made some alterations, out of regard to popular prejudice, even against his own conviction; of which the insertion of 1 John, v. 7, may be mentioned as an instance.

In preparing his second and third editions, Erasmus had access to some other authorities than those which he used for his first. It is doubtful, however, whether they were any thing more than extracts, which were sent him by his friends, from Greek manuscripts, the number, character, and value of which are unknown; and the works of one or two other of the fathers, to which the same remarks may be extended, that were made respecting those used for the first edition, and to which he seems but seldom to have had recourse. The consequence then is, as might have been expected, though in a

* Wetst. Proleg. p. 126.
† See Marsh's Michaelis, vol. ii. P. 1. pp. 496—498. ed. 2d.
‡ Prolegomena, § 1134. ‖ Ibid. § 1138.

somewhat greater degree it must be confessed, that numerous errors, and corrupted readings, which existed in the first edition, were retained in the two following; and this is true, in a great number of instances, even with regard to the errors of the press.

The fourth edition, 1527, is somewhere said by Erasmus to agree, in almost every respect, with the Complutensian New Testament, which had been delivered to the public five years before. But so far is this assertion from being true, that it contains, according to Mill,* but one hundred and six readings, derived from the Complutensian edition; of which no less than ninety are in the Apocalypse alone; and, in all the other books of the New Testament, it agrees with the third edition, except in the sixteen readings from the Complutensian, four from manuscript authority, and three from the correctors of the press. The influence then of the Complutensian edition upon the fourth of Erasmus was but small, except in the Apocalypse; consequently it will be sufficient to make a few general remarks respecting its character.

It was printed at Alcala, the ancient Complutum, in Spain, under the patronage of Cardinal Ximenes, by whose liberality some of the most distinguished Greek scholars of the age were employed to prepare the text of the New Testament; and furnished with manuscripts which had been procured at a great expense. Of these the editors have given no particular account; but have highly extolled them, on account of their antiquity and accuracy; and it has been generally supposed, that the celebrated Codex Vaticanus, one of the most ancient and valuable manuscripts which are known, was of the number. Excepting, for the present, the Vaticanus; none of the manuscripts of the New Testament, used by the Complutensian editors, are now known; they probably have been destroyed. The question then respecting their antiquity and value, can be determined only by the character of the readings of the Complutensian text. With regard to these, it seems now to be clearly ascertained, that they almost invariably agree with those readings of the modern manuscripts—manuscripts of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries—in which these are united, in opposition to the readings of the ancient manuscripts and the quotations of the early Greek fathers. It must therefore be inferred, that the text of the Complutensian New Testa-

*Proleg. §1141.

ment was formed from manuscripts the most modern, and of the least authority. Respecting the Codex Vaticanus, Bishop Marsh says, that he has carefully collated the Complutensian edition, with those complete extracts, which were published by Birch from this manuscript, but has not found, in the former, a single reading, which is *peculiar* to the latter. These *peculiar* readings are exceedingly numerous. In the three first chapters of Matthew, for instance, they amount to no less than twenty-five; and even in one chapter in John, the last, Birch has quoted as many as twenty eight, not one of which is to be discovered in the Complutensian edition.* Now, whether this manuscript were, or were not, of the number of those, which were used by the Complutensian editors; the only question of any importance seems to be decided, viz. that it had no influence upon the text of their edition.

The number of readings, which were taken from the Complutensian edition, and thence transmitted, through the fourth of Erasmus, into the Received Text, is as we have said, small, except in the Apocalypse; where seventy-four, out of the ninety readings derived from this source, are esteemed by Mill to be genuine. Here Erasmus acted judiciously, in preferring a better authority to his single mutilated manuscript of this book. But it is, at the same time, somewhat remarkable that he did not avail himself of the same authority to correct the errors, which he had committed in giving his own translation from the Vulgate, where his manuscript was defective; whence it has happened, that many of them have been suffered to be retained, and to appear, at this day, in the text, through the negligence of subsequent editors; of those even, who have most highly extolled the value of Greek manuscripts, and condemned the Latin version.

The fifth edition, printed in 1535, and the last, which was published by Erasmus, differs, according to Mill,† in only *four* places from the preceding.

The next editor, by whom the text of the fifth edition of Erasmus was transmitted in the direct line to the Elzevirs, is Robert Stephens. It will be unnecessary to notice either of his two first editions, because they appear to have had no influence upon the following, the celebrated folio edition of 1550. Stephens has boasted much of his diligence and fidelity in collating his Greek manuscripts a second and even a third time,

* Marsh's Michaelis, vol II. P. 2, pp. 818—820. † Proleg. § 1150.

to prepare the text for this edition, so as to suffer not even a letter to be printed otherwise than the greater and better part of them approved. 'But,' says Griesbach, 'all this is most vain and false. Every one can see with his own eyes, that Stephens had almost no regard to his manuscripts, that he examined neither the age, value, agreement, nor even number of his authorities; but adopted, in almost every instance, by a blind impulse, as it were, whatever Erasmus presented. Nay, he has often followed in the steps or Erasmus, *against the authority of all his manuscripts.*'* His pretensions are contradicted even by his own margin, where, in more than one hundred places, he has quoted *all* his authorities for readings different from that which he has given in his text. So closely indeed does this third edition of Stephens follow the fifth of Erasmus, that it can be regarded as but little more than a *reimpression;* except in the Apocalypse, where it follows the Complutensian text; though the preference of the editor seems to have been arbitary. According to Wetstein, who speaks upon the authority of Mill, these two editions of Stephens and Erasmus differ scarcely *twenty* times, throughout the whole of the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles. 'Nor,' continues Griesbach, 'have I read any thing, whether produced by Stephens or his admirers, which can excuse his servile submission to Erasmus, in preference to the authority of his manuscripts; among which he says were some almost entitled to adoration from their appearance of antiquity.'

But though the manuscripts of Stephens were not consulted for the correction of his text, they were made to contribute a large collection of various readings, to be exhibited in his margin. Of these some notice should be taken, as they have had an influence, though small indeed, upon following editions.

The manuscripts from which they were taken, amounting, with the Complutensian edition, to sixteen, were not particularly described by Stephens. Some of them appear to have been valuable, particularly the Codex Cantabrigiensis, or Bezæ, one of the most ancient; and the manuscript denoted by the letter L in Griesbach's New Testament, which he refers to the eighth or ninth century, and considers of the highest importance, as remarkably coinciding with the readings of Origen, the representative of the Alexandrine Recension. They were not however collated by Robert Stephens, but by his son

* Griesbachii Proleg. ed. 2d. p. xviii.

Henry, who, on account of his youth (he was at this time but eighteen years of age) and inexperience in criticism, must have been inadequate to the undertaking. This appears too from the imperfect manner, in which the collation was made, and the result exhibited in the margin of Robert. For, in noting the various readings of the Complutensian edition, which amounted to *thirteen hundred*, more than *seven hundred* were entirely omitted; and of those, which were quoted, no less than one *twelfth* part were quoted falsely. The same negligence appears with regard to his other documents, as far as they have been re-collated. It is not even mentioned what books of the New Testament each manuscript contains. Numerous *errata* were committed in the letters, by which the manuscripts were denoted; whence different manuscripts were frequently confounded, and quoted for readings in books, which they did not contain.

Such being the truth, and, considering the great pretensions, which the editor made to accuracy, and the attention he bestowed upon the splendor of his edition, we cannot but perceive the propriety of the words of Mill, who says of the collection of various readings exhibited in Stephens' margin, '*in pompam, magis quam in usum, congesta videtur.*'*

We now come to Beza's edition of 1582; for the preparation of which he was furnished with more and better authorities, than had fallen to the lot of any former editor. For, besides the editions then existing, he possessed the autograph of Henry Stephens, containing a larger collection of various readings than the margin of Robert's edition. He had also in his possession those two very ancient manuscripts, the Cambridge and Clermont; besides the Syriac Version, and an Arabic Version of the Acts, and two Epistles to the Corinthians. But these valuable materials seem to have been lost in the hands of Beza. For, deficient in critical ability, and blinded by theological prejudice, he was influenced less, in determining the genuineness of readings by *manuscript authority*, than by the *analogy of faith*. His text is the same as that of the third edition of Robert Stephens, fifty places only being excepted; many of which emendations are taken from the margin of Stephens, and founded upon the insufficient authority of a single manuscript. The principal use, which he made of his critical materials, was to explain his sense of Scripture, and serve the purposes of polemic divinity. With this view, he

* Proleg. §1157.

has approved, in his notes, of one hundred and fifty readings, differing from those in the text; and esteemed as of equal authority, four times the number. For it appears that his judgment respecting them was often but mere conjecture; or was founded upon the uncertain evidence of a corrupted copy of the Syriac, or of the Latin version alone, or upon some one manuscript, or the Complutensian edition; in opposition to the concurrent testimony of the most ancient manuscripts, fathers, and versions.

Wetstein, who is somewhat severe in his remarks upon Beza, has charged him with not only suppressing the largest number, and the most important of the readings of his Codices Cantabrigiensis and Claromontanus, but with denying that they came to his knowledge; with strenuously maintaining, in places where Robert Stephens, through negligence, has quoted no various reading, that all his seventeen manuscripts (making, by the way, one more than Stephens possessed,) agreed in the reading of the text; and lastly, with quoting, as two distinct and independent authorities, his Codex Cantabrigiensis, and the Codex Stephani β, as by turns confirming each other; though it is difficult to suppose Beza to have been ignorant of the fact, that these are but two names for one and the same manuscript.* From this, which appears to be a just representation of the unfairness, or of the carelessness of Beza, we may estimate the degree of authority, which is due to his fifty emendations of the text of Stephens, and his one hundred and fifty approved readings.

From the texts of Stephens and Beza was compiled that of the celebrated edition, which was printed by the Elzevirs, in 1624. Who was the editor, Wetstein endeavored in vain to ascertain. He appears to have made no use of manuscripts, nor of any other critical authority. He followed principally the third edition of Robert Stephens. His emendations, which amount, according to Griesbach's particular enumeration, to about one hundred, were taken, with very few exceptions, from Beza. Upon what authority these exceptions depend is unknown. But his text, recommended by nothing in particular, but the common opinion of the correctness of the Elzevir editions, and by the neatness and elegance of its typographical execution, has been adopted as the standard of subsequent editions, and thence been denominated the *Received Text.*

From the account we have now given of the manner, in

* Vide Prolegomena, p. 148.

which the *Received Text* of the New Testament has been formed, it appears, that no document, though possessed, has been used by either of the editors as the means of correction, which has any claims to a higher antiquity than the tenth century. Manuscript criticism, which was in its infancy at the time when the editions of Erasmus issued from the press, was by no means advanced by the subsequent labors of Robert Stephens, Beza, or the editors of the Elzevir text. It is to the assiduous researches and valuable discoveries of the learned, for the last hundred and fifty years, that we are indebted for the possession of a *critical apparatus*, and the rules of its application, which furnish the only means for the restoration of the text of the New Testament to its primitive purity. To whose labors we are indebted for these discoveries, what are the materials which compose this apparatus, and the rules by which the sacred critic must be governed in its application, we will now proceed as distinctly as possible to explain.

The first, who deserves our particular notice, is Brian Walton; to whose exertions, aided by several of his distinguished literary friends, we are indebted for the London Polyglot, published in 1653—1657, in six volumes, folio. The editor says, in his preface, that he had examined the most celebrated editions, ancient and recent; had carefully inspected the ancient versions; made diligent search through the public libraries for the best manuscripts, collated them, and compared his results with the labors of those who had gone before him; so as to notice what was excellent in each, what was deficient in all; whereby he was enabled to supply the defects of preceding editions, and make some valuable accessions to the stock of critical materials. The Greek text of the New Testament, which is contained in the fifth volume, is the same with that of Stephens' folio edition; which the editor preferred to adopt, as it was the only one, to which the various readings of Stephens' margin could be applied. Besides the Greek text, and the vulgate, the same volume contains the Syriac, Arabic, and Ethiopic versions, and, in the gospels, the Persic; each of which is accompanied with a literal translation in Latin, for the benefit of those, who are unacquainted with the oriental languages. Under the Greek text are placed several readings from that manuscript of venerable antiquity, which is known by the name of the Codex Alexandrinus. The sixth volume contained by far the most copious collection of various read-

ings, that had appeared ; comprising those from Stephens' margin, the readings of sixteen Velesian manuscripts, so called from Peter Faxard, marquis of Velez, who is said to have collated them, and of sixteen other manuscripts, collated under the direction of archbishop Usher ; which, it is true, with the exception of two or three, are very modern, and of little authority. The Velesian readings were esteemed by Wetstein of no value, and unworthy of quotation ; as he supposed Velez to have used only Latin manuscripts, and to have translated their readings into Greek. Griesbach says of them, 'Lectiones Velesianæ, ex editione Stephani Latina anni 1540 collata cum ejusdem editione Græca anni 1550 collectæ, et Græcis vocabulis expressæ.'* Marsh is also of the same opinion. The London Polyglot then is valuable to the critic, principally on account of the oriental versions, which it contains ; as all the manuscripts of any importance, that are here quoted, have been since more accurately collated. Some of them, however, not having been further examined, Mill and Wetstein have taken their readings from the Polyglot.

The edition of the Greek Testament which was published by Dr Fell, bishop of Oxford, in 1675, in one volume octavo, though it far surpassed the London Polyglot, in its collection of various readings, it will be unnecessary particularly to notice, as the bishop delivered all his papers to Mill, who thoroughly revised them, and greatly augmented their critical materials.

'Here,' says Michaelis, 'ends the infancy of criticism, in respect to the New Testament; and the age of manhood commences with the celebrated edition of John Mill, which he finished only fourteen days before his death, after having bestowed on it the labor of thirty years.'†

It was published at Oxford, in 1707, in one volume, folio. In his preliminary dissertation, the editor says, that he entertains no small hope, that by the assistance of the various readings, which he has from all quarters accumulated, the attentive reader will be able to discover, in almost every place, what was the genuine reading of the sacred text. He says, that he had labored almost incessantly, for nearly thirty years, in laying open, and examining the treasures of the ancient fathers and ecclesiastical writers, of the oriental and other most ancient versions, and of the best manuscripts ; (not to mention the

* Prolegomena, p. 112. † Marsh's Michaelis, vol. ii. P. 1. p. 454, 455.

editions) as well as others of every age and character, that the reader might immediately perceive what had been the condition of the Greek text of the New Testament, in the manuscripts of every age, from the time of the first formation of the canon.

The text is that of Stephens' third edition, accompanied with the readings of his sixteen manuscripts. To these, Mill has added the readings of the London Polyglot, including the Velesian; those which were printed in Fell's edition, with others which the bishop afterwards added in manuscript; among which should be mentioned the readings of twenty-two Greek manuscripts, including the Codex Vaticanus, which were collated by Caryophilus, at Rome, under order of pope Urban VIII. for the purpose of preparing a new edition of the Greek Testament, which, however, never was printed; and, lastly, the extracts from numerous manuscripts, which had, till then, been either wholly neglected, or only partially collated. Preceding editors had contented themselves with giving the mere extracts, without any particular description of the character and value of their authorities. But Mill has abundantly supplied their deficiencies in this respect, in the full and distinct account he has given in his Prolegomena, of the sources from which he has drawn; and has thereby enabled every reader to judge for himself of the comparative weight of evidence, by which different readings are supported. Of the value of the writings of the fathers, as a means of estimating the authority of various readings, Mill was the first who seems to have been sensible. He widely differed in opinion upon this subject, from his great patron and predecessor, Fell; who endeavored to dissuade him from devoting his time to the study of the fathers, under the conviction that no dependence could be placed upon the accuracy of their quotations. That Mill has sometimes erred in over estimating their value, and has enumerated amongst his various readings, citations which were made from memory, will not, we presume, be denied. Indeed, in a work of so great extent and nicety, numerous errors must have been unavoidable; and the rather, as he did not travel for the purpose of examining the documents himself, but was obliged to depend upon the accuracy of the collation of others.

The two principal defects in Mill's edition arise—the one, from his having suffered himself to be influenced, in his selec-

tion of readings, by an undue bias in favor of the Vulgate; and the other, from his ignorance of the oriental languages; whence he was under the necessity, in quoting the readings of the Syriac, Arabic, and Ethiopic versions, of depending upon the Latin translations, which are annexed to them in the London Polyglot. From this latter cause alone, Michaelis says, have arisen *thousands* of mistakes; to be convinced of which, one needs only to have recourse to his 'Curæ in Actus Apostolorum Syriacos;' where he has shown them to amount to at least *five hundred*, in the Acts of the Apostles alone.* These errors of Mill were corrected in a work published by professor Bode, in 1767, entitled, '*Pseudo-critica Millio Bengeliana.*' Mill appears likewise to have erred in many instances by giving a positive decision respecting readings, when there was ground only for conjecture.

The labors of Mill to furnish the materials for restoring the original purity of the sacred text, and the publication of such a vast collection of various readings, amounting to *thirty thousand*, were regarded with concern by the friends of christianity, as being of a tendency injurious to the religion, and threatening to undermine the foundation of their faith. The '*free thinkers*' of the day were alert to take advantage of this alarm; and Whitby's weak attempt to support the position, that the reading of the Received Text may in all places be defended,† was applied by Collins as proof of the uncertainty and precariousness of the very text of the word of God. But the prevailing false notions of the time, which ascribed absolute perfection and verbal integrity, to the Received Text—as though the hand of every transcriber, for the space of fourteen centuries, had been guided by inspiration, and Erasmus had printed from manuscripts, which corresponded in every minute particular to the original writings—were corrected, and the attacks of infidelity upon divine revelation repelled, in an able and acute reply to Collins by Dr Bentley, under the assumed name of 'Philelentherus Lipsiensis.'

In this work, the author shows it to be 'a fact undeniable,

* Marsh's Michaelis, vol. ii. P. 1. p. 459.

† Lectiones variantes, quæ sunt momenti alicujus, aut sensum textus mutent, paucissimas esse atque *in iis omnibus lectionem textus defendi posse.*'
Examen Variantium Lectionum Johannis Millii. 'Doleo,' he says on the first page of his preface, 'et moleste fero tam multa me in Millii Prologomenis invenisse, quæ fidei nostræ normam vel plane labefactare videantur, vel saltem aliis ansam nimis speciosam præbeant de ea dubitandi.'

that the sacred books have suffered *no more alteration than common and classic authors;* that it has been the common sense of men of letters, that numbers of manuscripts do not make a text *precarious*, but are useful, nay, necessary to its establishment and certainty.'*

'*Terence*,' he says, 'is now in one of the best conditions of any of the classic writers. The oldest and best copy of him is now in the Vatican library, which comes nearest to the poet's own hand; but even that has hundreds of errors, most of which may be mended out of other exemplars, that are otherwise more recent, and of inferior value. I myself have collated several; and do affirm, that I have seen twenty thousand various lections in that little author, not near so big as the whole *New Testament;* and am morally sure, that if half the number of manuscripts were collated for *Terence* with that niceness and minuteness, which have been used in twice as many for the *New Testament*, the number of the *variations* would amount to above fifty thousand.'†

'Not frighted, therefore, with the present thirty thousand, (various readings of Dr Mill,) I, for my part, and, as I believe, many others, would not lament, if, out of the old manuscripts yet untouched, ten thousand more were faithfully collected; some of which, without question, would render the text more beautiful, just, and exact; though of no consequence to the main of religion; nay, perhaps wholly synonymous, in the view of common readers, and quite insensible to any modern version.'‡

'Terence has as many variations as any book whatever, in proportion to its bulk; and yet, with all its interpolations, omissions, additions, or glosses, (choose the worst of them on purpose,) you cannot deface the contrivance and plot of one play; no, not of one single scene; but its sense, design, and subserviency to the last issue and conclusion shall be visible and plain through all the mist of *various lections.* And so it is with the sacred text; make your thirty thousand as many more, if numbers of copies can ever reach that sum; all the better to a knowing and serious reader, who is thereby more richly furnished to select what he sees genuine. But even put them into the hands of a knave or a fool; and yet, with the most sinistrous and absurd choice, he shall not extinguish the light of any one chapter, nor so disguise christianity, but that every feature of it will still be the same.'‖

* Remarks upon a late discourse of Free-thinking, edit. 4th. London, 1714. p. 74.

† Ibid. p. 66. ‡ Ibid. p. 72. ‖ Ibid. p. 76

Mill's New Testament was published after his death by Küster, at Amsterdam, in 1710, who corrected none of the errors of the former edition, but added to the collection the readings of twelve new manuscripts. In his preface, Küster has given an account of the sources and character of all the various readings, to show that the difference of the manuscripts of the New Testament is of much less importance, than the friends of religion had apprehended, or its enemies boasted.*

Mill's edition of the New Testament, though the authorities he consulted have been since more accurately examined, his deficiencies supplied, and errors corrected, still retains much of its original value; as the readings of a large number of his manuscripts have been entirely omitted by subsequent editors; and as he has given, in his valuable Prolegomena, a more full account of many things connected with the criticism of Greek text, than has ever appeared.

Passing over the edition, published at Tübingen, in 1734, by Bengel, who contributed not a little to advance the knowledge of sacred criticism, by adding to the materials already existing, by giving a *selection* of various readings; expressing his opinion by Greek letters in the margin, respecting their comparative claims to genuineness; and above all, by his '*Introductio in Crisin Novi Testamenti*,' and '*Apparatus Criticus*,' which was subjoined to his Greek Testament, and republished, after his death, with the numerous alterations and additions, which he had left in manuscript; we come to the edition, by which all preceding ones were surpassed, of the celebrated Wetstein, printed in 1751 and 1752, in two volumes folio, at Amsterdam.

From Bâle, the place of his nativity, where he had early evinced a remarkable fondness for critical studies, he travelled through Switzerland, France, England, and Germany, for the purpose of collating, with his own hand, all the manuscripts he could discover of the Greek Testament, and published, in 1730, his 'Prolegomena ad Novi Testamenti Græci editionem accuratissimam, e vetustissimis codicibus manuscriptis denuo procurandam; in quibus agitur de codicibus manuscriptis Novi Testamenti, scriptoribus Græcis, qui Novo Testamento usi sunt, versionibus veteribus, editionibus prioribus, et claris interpretibus; et proponuntur animadversiones et cautiones ad examen variarum lectionum Novi Testamenti necessariæ.' It appears from this title-page, that it was his original intention

* Le Long, Bibliotheca Sacra, ed. Masch.

to form the text of his Greek Testament upon the best manuscript authority; but Michaelis says, that 'as he was suspected of entertaining Socinian principles, and the world might have supposed, that his chief object was to propagate his own religious opinions, it was requested, if I mistake not, by the Arminians themselves, that he would make no alterations whatsoever.'* His Greek Testament accordingly came out under the title, '*Novum Testamentum Græcum Editionis Receptæ.*'

The critical apparatus, furnished by Wetstein, is far more extensive and valuable, than that of all preceding editions united. He was not obliged to depend, like his predecessors, for the collation of his documents, except in a few instances, upon the accuracy of others; and consequently was enabled, by having personal access to the sources, whence others had drawn, to revise, and greatly augment, their materials, to correct their errors, and supply their defects. This is particularly observable, by a comparison of his collection of various readings with that of Mill; from which it appears, that the readings of a few manuscripts, which he had not the means of examining himself, he has copied from Mill; but, for the readings of the other manuscripts, and the printed editions, he applied directly to the original source; the readings of the Oriental Versions, for which Mill was obliged to depend upon the Latin translations in the London Polyglot, Wetstein has taken immediately from the Versions themselves; and has corrected those numerous mistakes, committed by Mill in making extracts from the writings of the Fathers, which almost necessarily attended the first attempt to apply them to the purposes of sacred criticism. In fine, he opened sources, which had remained till then unexplored; and 'gave,' says Bishop Marsh, 'a new turn to the criticism of the Greek Testament, and laid the foundation, on which later editors have built.'

By some it has been suspected, that Wetstein allowed his judgment with regard to his various readings, to be influenced by his theological opinions. But Michaelis, though by no means a friend, pronounces, after a particular examination, that there is no ground for the suspicion. But while he testifies to the strict honesty and impartiality of Wetstein, in the character of a critic, it is otherwise in respect to his diligence and accuracy; for he has produced eighteen examples in proof of his confident assertion, that Wetstein was negligent and in-

* Marsh's Michaelis, Vol. II. P. 1. p. 475.

acurrate in the collation of his documents. But, suprising as it may seem, Bishop Marsh, having carefully examined the proofs, which Michaelis had adduced, positively contradicts the assertion, and declares, that, of the eighteen examples, upon which it is founded, 'thirteen are decidedly false, and the fourteenth doubtful.'* We must therefore conclude, that it was prejudice against Wetstein, which induced Michaelis to make so confident a charge where he was possessed of but insufficient means of information.

In a work of such vast extent, where, it is said, above a *million* of quotations are imbodied, which required the most minute and painful attention, mistakes must have been unavoidable, except to an infallible editor. Wetstein seems, it must be acknowledged, to have been sometimes precipitate in his judgments; and was probably hereby led into an error, in omitting altogether the various readings of the twenty two manuscripts collated by Caryophilus at Rome; whether, on account of a suspicion, that they were unworthy of notice as Latinizing manuscripts, or that the whole collection was an imposture.

The principal faults in Wetstein's Greek Testament seem to have arisen from his hostility to the Vulgate; which led him to depreciate every manuscript where he perceived a coincidence, and to condemn its readings as corrupted. Probably from this cause some of his best and most valuable manuscripts suffered materially in his estimation.

The account we have given of Wetstein's Greek Testament relates of course solely to its critical merits, and the means it affords for the emendation of the sacred text. Of its value to the interpreter it would be foreign to our purpose to speak.

We will now, in the last place, proceed to the account of the labors of Griesbach; the materials he used, and the rules he applied, for the formation of an *amended text*. Manuscript criticism had been the study of his life. He travelled, like Wetstein, particularly to examine himself the most ancient manuscripts wherever deposited in the public libraries abroad; and, regarding the great mass of various readings as entirely unimportant, otherwise than as they led to a judgment respecting the character of the manuscripts, in which they were found, made it his object to *revise* rather than *augment* the critical apparatus, furnished by the works of Mill, Bengel, and Wetstein. In re-collating the original documents, from which

* See Marsh's Michaelis, vol. ii. P. II. pp. 858—873

they had drawn their materials, he has given to the public an honourable testimony in favor of their accuracy and fidelity. 'Very seldom,' says he, 'have the authors of those collections of various readings so erred, as to assign to the manuscripts, versions, or fathers, readings different from those which really exist. I can speak with the greater confidence upon this subject, since, having examined many manuscripts anew, which were formerly collated by Mill and Wetstein, I have discovered indeed many omissions, but few erroneous quotations.'*

As it was Griesbach's intention to publish a Greek Testament, the text of which, though formed upon the basis of that of the Elzevir edition, should be corrected as required by the best and most ancient manuscript authority; he deemed it necessary to make only a *selection* of the most important and characteristic of the various readings; omitting all such as were mere errata, or corrections, or supported only by the trifling testimony of some modern document.

It will be unimportant to notice his first edition printed at Halle, in 1775—1777, as all the materials it contained, together with additional extracts from two hundred new manuscripts were transferred to the second, published in two volumes 8vo. the one in 1796, and the other in 1806.

These additional manuscripts had been collated, with great labor and diligence, since the publication of his first edition, by Matthæi, Alter, Birch, Moldenhawer, and others; and many of them discovered to be of considerable antiquity, and of influence in deciding between the comparative claims of various readings. Of these, above fifty were carefully collated by Matthæi, professor at Moscow, who published their various readings in an edition of the Greek Testament, printed at Riga, in 1782—1788; the text of which was formed entirely upon their authority. The best catalogue of them is given by Griesbach, in his Prolegomena. They were all Moscow manuscripts, several of them in the *uncial* character, and supposed by Griesbach to have been written before the eighth century.

About the same time, Professor Alter of Vienna, published an edition, the text of which was formed solely upon the authority of one modern manuscript in the Imperial Library, the Codex Lambecii 1, and which, by way of eminence, he calls, in the title, *Codex Vindobonensis.* At the end is printed separately a collection of various readings, taken with great

* Prolegomena, p. 48.

care from about twenty manuscripts, most of which had been before either entirely overlooked, or but superficially examined. To these are subjoined readings from the Coptic and Slavonian versions.

Professor Birch, of Copenhagen, published, in 1788, the result of his labors, together with that of those of Professor Adler and Moldenhawer; after having travelled through Germany, Italy, France and Spain, for the purpose of examining materials which had till then been neglected. About one hundred Greek manuscripts were collated, some wholly and carefully, others but partially and superficially, by Birch himself, in the libraries of Venice, Florence, and Rome; twelve Codices Escurialenses were collated by Moldenhawer, in Spain; extracts were made by Adler from the Syriac versions; particularly from one of great critical value, written in a peculiar dialect, and called by him the Syra Hierosolymitana; and, lastly, a complete and accurate collation was made of that most ancient and valuable manuscript, distinguished above all others as *the* Codex Vaticanus, of which it was impossible before to estimate the importance.

All these valuable critical materials, furnished by the works of Matthæi, Alter, and Birch, were transferred, we have said, by Griesbach, into his second edition. But, in addition to these, he was possessed of authorities, superior to those of any former editor. He had access to the copy of Mill's Greek Testament, which is preserved in the Bodleian library, at Oxford, containing numerous marginal readings in manuscript, which are said to have been written by Mill's own hand, from a large number of manuscripts, fathers, and versions, and which were unknown both to Küster, and to Wetstein,* who used only Küster's edition. 'These marginal readings,' says Griesbach, in the preface to the first volume of his Symbolæ Criticæ, 'were faithfully extracted from manuscripts, and compose no contemptible supplement to the collections of various readings.' Perfect *fac similes* of two manuscripts of the highest antiquity, the Alexandrinus and Cantabrigiensis, published by Woide and Kipling, enabled Griesbach to revise with accuracy Wetstein's quotations, and easily correct his errors.

* The error of Bishop Marsh, in supposing this copy of Mill to have been used by Wetstein, contained in his translation of Michaelis' Introduction, ed. 2d. vol. ii. P. II. p. 871, note 64, may be corrected by comparing note *, page 51. Griesbach's Proleg. ed. 2d. with the preface and page 245, vol. i. Symbolæ Criticæ.

In his opinion of the character of these two manuscripts, and, in general of the Codices Græco-Latini, Griesbach differed essentially from Wetstein; who, supposing them all to contain texts, which had been corrupted throughout from the Latin versions, was willing to allow to their testimony, in favor of the claims of particular readings, but a slight degree of authority. But Griesbach, who was better qualified, by farther and more minute examination, as well as by natural temperament, to form a cool and impartial judgment, while he does not deny that the charge may be grounded with respect to some modern manuscripts, is confident in the conclusion, that the coincidence between these ancient manuscripts and the Latin versions, which has extended the suspicion of corruption even to the Codex Alexandrinus, may be most easily and satisfactorily accounted for, by the supposition, that they were all derived from common sources, or from very ancient copies, which were allied to each other by their characteristic readings. This conclusion is confirmed by the discovery, that not only the most ancient versions, as the Syriac and Coptic, which were made immediately from the original Greek, but also the quotations of Origen, frequently contain those very readings, upon which the accusation was grounded against the Codices Græco-Latini.* Griesbach has consequently admitted the testimony of a large number of manuscripts, whose value Wetstein depreciated by an unfounded suspicion; and among these, are many of the most venerable antiquity, the influence of whose authority must essentially affect the decision, that is formed respecting the genuineness of the various readings.

The whole number of Greek manuscripts which were used by Griesbach, for the correction of his text, amounted to three hundred and fifty-five on the Gospels, one hundred and thirty on the Acts and Catholic Epistles, one hundred and sixty on the Epistles of Paul, and fifty-seven on the Apocalypse. Of these he has given a complete catalogue in his Prolegomena, with an account of the age and character of each, its state of preservation, and the portion of the New Testament it contains. Some of the most ancient have been repeatedly examined. Of what Griesbach has added by his own labors to the

* The justice of this charge of Wetstein against the Codices Græco-Latini was first called in question by Semler, at a time when perhaps it was universally admitted by critics, in the 3d. vol. of his 'Hermeneutische Vorbereitung,' printed in 1765. He has been followed by Griesbach, in his Symbolæ Criticæ, and by Woide and Kipling, in their prefaces to the fac-similes of the Codices Alexandrinus and Cantabrigiensis.

critical apparatus, and the important discoveries he has made, with regard to the character of some of the most valuable manuscripts, a full account is given in his Symbolæ Criticæ. In the second volume is contained a complete and accurate collation of the quotations from the New-Testament, which are found in the writings of Origen and Clement of Alexandria. These quotations in the works of the fathers are so numerous, that, had all other documents been lost, nearly the whole text of the New Testament might have been restored from the quotations of Origen alone.

Bode's *Pseudo-critica Millio-Bengeliana*, rendered Griesbach very important service, in enabling him to correct the errors, which had been committed by Mill, Bengel, and Wetstein, in their quotations from the Oriental versions. He acknowledges himself to have been under great obligations to Bredenkamp of Bremen, and Dabrowsky of Prague, for their collations of the Armenian and Slavonian versions; to Woide, Georgi, and Münter, for the readings of the Sahidic; to White, for the publication of the Philoxenian version, at Oxford; and, lastly, to Sabatier and Blanchini, for their publications of the old Latin versions, the collation of which has supplied him with many valuable readings.

Such are the materials which Griesbach applied to the restoration of the text of the New Testament to its original integrity. They comprise every thing valuable, that had been furnished by the labors of biblical critics for nearly three centuries, besides the vast and important accessions, which were made by himself. But notwithstanding all that had been done to open the sources of sacred criticism, and provide the means for the correction of the text, something more was wanting, than mere *number* of witnesses, to guide the critic in his estimation of the weight of authority, by which different readings were supported. The materials, which were collected, were abundantly sufficient to warrant a decision, but arrangement was wanting, and something to separate what was valuable from the great mass, in which it was lost. The mind became fatigued, in examining particularly, one by one, a hundred different and contradictory witnesses, and was confused in the attempt to balance the amount. When even the witnesses were but few in support of a particular reading, still no confidence could be placed in the accuracy of the judgment, which they might seem to require, as a farther collation of documents might change the weight of authority. Hence appears the

cause of the great want of uniformity in estimating the claims of various readings, which Griesbach has observed in Mill, Bengel, and Wetstein. Indeed, as all the manuscripts, that could ever be found, must bear but a small proportion to the immense numbers, which were written, certainty could never have been attained, nor uniformity of opinion produced.

But against all these evils, provision was made by the *systematical classification* adopted by Griesbach. He perceived the want of a *system*, to be applied to the purposes of sacred criticism, which might not only be easily adapted to use, but, being built upon a sure foundation, should preserve the text from the dangers of perpetual fluctuation, should force our assent, and leave nothing to a partial decision.

From the express testimony of the ancient fathers, as well as from their quotations compared with the readings of manuscripts and versions, he says, he discovered, that, as early as the third century, there was a remarkable difference *throughout* between the manuscript copies of the New Testament; that even then there existed several *recensions* or editions of the sacred text, which were distinguished from each other by numerous important and characteristic readings; and that, in process of time, as their distinctive features disappeared, others succeeded to their place, far less different from those which characterize the manuscripts of a modern date.*

This discovery accordingly suggested to him the necessity or dividing all the authorities he possessed—manuscripts, versions, and fathers, into distinct and separate classes, which should correspond, as nearly as possible, to the several recen-

* Vid. Curæ in Hist. textus Græci, Epist. Paul. sect. i. § 1.

The origin of the different recensions Griesbach explains, by supposing two manuscripts as nearly alike as possible, to be represented by the letters *A* and *B*. From *B* suppose copies were taken, denoted by *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, &c. as far as *z*. If the transcriber of *c* committed ten mistakes, which would be a very moderate supposition indeed, these would not only be repeated in *d*, but increased by the addition of ten more. Mistakes would thus continue to accumulate, till in *z*, the text would be very different from that exhibited in *A*; and even more so, from that of the copies taken from *A*. When the text of *z* became multiplied in the copies, α, β, γ, etc., if those intervening between *B* and *z* had been destroyed or lost, α, β, γ, &c. though differing perhaps but little from the copies immediately preceding, viz. *x*, *y*, *z*, would be found to contain a text, differing *throughout*, and in many important readings, from *A*; and therefore would be said, with propriety, to belong to a different *recension* or edition. Other recensions would be likely to be formed in a similar manner; and each would be distinguished by characteristic differences, arising from the different countries in which they were formed. Thus the origin of the several recensions of the sacred text may be accounted for, by the supposition only of what, in the natural course of things, would most probably occur. Ibid. sect. i. § 17.

sions of the ancient text. These witnesses then he considered as bearing *direct* testimony only to the readings of the *recensions* to which they respectively belonged. The claims of the various readings to be regarded as genuine, he decided solely, by the weight of authority which was due to the recensions themselves. And this authority depended upon their antiquity, and their general character for purity and integrity. However great then was the number of witnesses of the same class, which were adduced in support of a particular reading, they were entitled to but *one voice.* Manuscripts, to the number of not less than thirty, quoted by Wetstein, as independent authorities, upon the Epistles of Paul, being found by Griesbach to belong to the same class, were reduced to a single testimony.* And, lastly, as the manuscripts which remain of the most ancient and pure recensions, are but few, in comparison with the large numbers which belong to the more modern, corrupt, and interpolated; the weight of one witness was sometimes sufficient to counterbalance a hundred.

These, in brief, are the *outlines* of that critical system, which was adopted by Griesbach, in preparing the text of his edition of the Greek Testament, and which furnishes the rules by which the critic must be guided in estimating the weight of *external* evidence. The rules of *internal* evidence are drawn from a knowledge of the *causes* which operated to produce the various readings. From his intimate acquaintance with manuscripts, he discovered that transcribers had been more prone to add than to omit; that they had been disposed to explain obscure and difficult passages; that they disliked ellipses, hebraisms, solecisms, and harsh and unusual modes of expression. From a knowledge of these circumstances he deduced the rules, that *cæteris paribus*, the readings which are shorter, those, that are more difficult and obscure, the harsh, elliptic and hebraistic, are the preferable; with several other rules, for which reference must be had to the third section of his Prolegomena. Of all of them the sum is, that we must consider that reading as deserving the preference, which, being assumed as the genuine, will most satisfactorily explain the origin of the rest.

Such are the most important of the advantages, which have accrued to the cause of sacred criticism from the labors of Griesbach. That nothing remains to be done by the efforts of others, was not his opinion. The Syriac and Armenian

* Ibid. sect. i. § 7.

versions would afford more aid to the critic, if their texts were corrected by the readings of the best manuscript copies. Fragments only have been published of the Sahidic and Syriac of Jerusalem. Many Greek manuscripts, of no little value, have been but partially and negligently collated ; and the Florence library alone is said to contain no less than a thousand, which have never been examined. But this is probably of far less importance than it might, at first view, appear. By means of the manuscripts which have been already collated, together with the versions and quotations of the fathers, the several classes of authorities have become so established, as to leave to the exertions of future critics but little prospect of a change.

From the survey we have now taken of the vast and valuable accessions, which have been made to the stock of critical materials, by the labors of Mill, Wetstein, and Griesbach ; the advantages possessed by the modern critic for the emendation of the sacred text, it is obvious, must surpass, in an almost inestimable degree, the humble pretensions of the editors of the *Received Text.*

They copied, as we have seen, almost solely from the third edition of Stephens ; a few variations of no authority being taken from Beza. Stephens closely followed the fifth edition of Erasmus ; a very few places only, together with Apocalypse, being excepted, where he preferred the Complutensian edition. And Erasmus, who alone appears to have had any pretensions as a critical editor, being destitute of all aids for determining the genuine reading, prepared his text, *as well as he could*, from a very few modern manuscripts, by means of inaccurate editions of a few of the fathers, an interpolated vulgate, and his own conjecture.

But the labors of Mill, Wetstein, and Griesbach, in the collation of hundreds of manuscripts that have since been discovered, some of which have claims to as high an antiquity as the fifth century ; together with the eastern versions, made in the earliest ages of christianity ; and the quotations from the New Testament in the writings of the fathers, have furnished a collection of various readings, amounting probably to more than *one hundred thousand*, by means of which an editor of the Greek Testament is enabled, at the present day, to give to the world a *text*, alike freed from the errors, which have arisen from the unavoidable mistakes of transcription, or intentional corruptions.

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ERRATA.

p. 392, sixth line from bottom, for 'course' read 'the course.'
401, last line read 'Quiēēts *and* Tartlelum.'

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